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THE  
POETS  
OF  
***GREAT BRITAIN,***

IN SIXTY-ONE DOUBLE-VOLUMES.

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VOL. XXVIII.

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***POMFRET and CONGREVE.***

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THE  
POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN POMFRET:

WITH

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON, L.L.D.

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I'd be concern'd in no litigious jar;  
Be lov'd by all, not vainly popular.  
Whate'er assistance I had pow'r to bring,  
T' oblige my Country, or to serve my King,  
Where'er they call'd, I'd readily afford  
My tongue, my pen, my counsel, or my sword—  
If heav'n a date of many years would give,  
Thus I'd in pleasure, ease, and plenty, live—  
And when committed to the dust, I'd have  
Few tears; but friendly, dropp'd into my grave;  
Then would my exit so propitious be,  
All men should wish to live and die like me.

THE CHOICE

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IN ONE VOLUME.

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1807.



THE LIFE  
OF  
JOHN POMFRET.

BY  
SAMUEL JOHNSON, L.L.D.

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OF Mr. JOHN POMFRET nothing is known but from a slight and confused account prefixed to his poems by a nameless friend ; who relates that he was the son of the Rev. Mr. Pomfret, rector of Luton, in Bedfordshire ; that he was bred at Cambridge\* ; entered into orders, and was rector of Malden, in Bedfordshire, and might have risen in the Church ; but that when he applied to Dr. Compton, bishop of London, for institution to a living of considerable value, to which he had been presented, he found a troublesome obstruction raised by a malicious interpretation of some passage in his *Choice* ; from which it was inferred,

\* He was of Queen's College there, and, by the University register, appears to have taken his Bachelor's degree in 1664, and his Master's in 1668. H.

that he considered happiness as more likely to be found in the company of a mistress than of a wife.

Thus reproach was easily obliterated : for it had happened to Pomfret as to almost all other men who plan schemes of life; he had departed from his purpose, and was then married.

The malice of his enemies had however a very fatal consequence; the delay constrained his attendance in London, where he caught the small-pox, and died in 1703, in the thirty-sixth year of his age.

He published his poems in 1699; and has been always the favourite of that class of readers, who, without vanity or criticism, seek only their own amusement.

His *Choice* exhibits a system of life adapted to common notions, and equal to common expectations; such a state as affords plenty and tranquility, without exclusion of intellectual pleasures. Perhaps no composition in our language has been so often perused than Pomfret's *Choice*.

In his other poems there is an easy volubility; the pleasure of smooth metre is afforded to the ear, and the mind is not oppressed with ponderous or entangled with intricate sentiment. He pleases many, and he who pleases many must have some species of merit.

# MISCELLANIES.

## THE CHOICE.

If Heav'n the grateful liberty would give,  
That I might choose my method how to live,  
And all those hours propitious Fate should lend  
To blissful ease and satisfaction spend:

Near some fair town I'd have a private seat,  
Built uniform; not little, nor too great;  
Better if on a rising ground it stood,  
On this side fields, on that a neighbouring wood:  
It should within no other thing contain  
But what are useful, necessary, plain:  
Methinks 'tis nauseous, and I'd ne'er endure  
The needless pomp of gaudy furniture.  
A little garden, grateful to the eye,  
And a cool rivalet run murmuring by,  
On whose delicious banks a stately row  
Of shady limes or sycamores should grow,  
At th' end of which a silent study plac'd,  
Should be with all the ablest authors grac'd:  
Horace and Virgil, in whose mighty lines  
Immortal wit, and solid learning shines;  
Sharp, Juvenal, and antient Ovid too,  
Who all the turns of love's soft passion know;  
He that with judgment reads his charming lines,  
In which strong art with stronger nature joins.

Must grant his fancy does the best excell,  
 His thoughts so tender, and express'd so well ;  
 With all those Moderns, men of steady sense,  
 Esteem'd for learning and for eloquence.  
 In some of these, as Fancy should advise,  
 I'd always take my morning exercise ;  
 For sure no minutes bring us more content  
 Than those in pleasing useful studies spent.

I'd have a clear and competent estate,  
 That I might live genteelly, but not great ;  
 As much as I could moderately spend ;  
 A little more, sometimes t'oblige a friend :  
 Nor should the sons of Poverty repine  
 Too much at Fortune, they should taste of mine ;  
 And all that objects of true pity were  
 Should be reliev'd with what my wants could spare :  
 For that our Maker has too largely giv'n  
 Should be return'd in gratitude to Heav'n.  
 A frugal plenty should my table spread,  
 With healthy, not luxurious dishes fed ;  
 Enough to satisfy, and something more,  
 To feed the stranger and the neighb'ring poor.  
 Strong meat indulges vice, and pamp'ring food  
 Creates diseases, and inflames the blood :  
 But what 's sufficient to make nature strong,  
 And the bright lamp of life continue long,  
 I'd freely take ; and, as I did possess,  
 The bounteous Author of my plenty bless.

I'd have a little vault, but always stor'd  
 With the best wines each vintage could afford.

Wine whets the wit, improves its native force,  
 And gives a pleasant flavour to discourse;  
 By making all our spirits debonair,  
 Throws off the lees, the sediment of care;  
 But as the greatest blessing Heaven lends  
 May be debauch'd, and serve ignoble ends,  
 So, but too oft', the grape's refreshing juice  
 Does many mischievous effects produce.  
 My house should no such rude disorders know,  
 As from high drinking consequently flow.  
 Nor would I use what was so kindly giv'n  
 To the dishonour of indulgent Heav'n.  
 If any neighbour came he should be free,  
 Us'd with respect, and not uneasy be  
 In my retreat, or to himself or me. }  
 What freedom, prudence, and right reason give,  
 All men may with impunity receive;  
 But the least swerving from their rule's too  
                   much;  
 For what's forbidden us, 'tis death to touch.  
     That life may be more comfortable yet,  
 And all my joys refin'd, sincere, and great,  
 I'd choose two friends, whose company would be  
 A great advance to my felicity;  
 Well born, of humours suited to my own,  
 Discreet, and men as well as books have known;  
 Brave, gen'rous, witty, and exactly free  
 From loose behaviour or formality;  
 Airy and pleasant; merry, but not light;  
 Quick in discerning, and in judging right;

Secret they should be, faithful to their trust,  
 In reas'ning cool, strong, temperate, and just ;  
 Obliging, open, without puffing brave,  
 Brisk in gay talking, and in sober grave ;  
 Close in dispute, but not tenacious ; try'd  
 By solid reason, and let that decide ;  
 Not prone to lust, revenge, or envious hate,  
 Nor busy meddlers with intrigues of state ;  
 Strangers to slander, and sworn foes to spite ;  
 Not quarrelsome, but stout enough to fight ;  
 Loyal and pious, friends to Cæsar ; true,  
 As dying martyrs to their Maker too :  
 In their society I could not miss  
 A permanent, sincere, substantial, bliss.  
 Would bounteous Heav'n once more indulge, I'd  
 choose

(For who would so much satisfaction lose  
 As witty nymphs in conversation give ?)  
 Near some obliging modest fair to live ;  
 For there's that sweetness in a female mind,  
 Which in a man's we cannot hope to find ;  
 That, by a secret but a pow'ful art,  
 Winds up the spring of life, and does impart  
 Fresh vital heat to the transported heart.

I'd have her reason all her passion sway ;  
 Easy in company, in private gay ;  
 Coy to a fop, to the deserving free ;  
 Still constant to herself, and just to me :  
 A soul she should have for great actions fit,  
 Prudence and wisdom to direct her wit ;



Courage to look bold Danger in the face ;  
 No fear, but only to be proud or base ;  
 Quick to advise, by an emergence prest,  
 To give good counsel, or to take the best :  
 I'd have th' expression of her thoughts be such,  
 She might not seem reserv'd, nor talk too much ;  
 That shows a want of judgment and of sense ;  
 More than enough is but impertinence :  
 Her conduct regular, her mirth refin'd,  
 Civil to strangers, to her neighbours kind ;  
 Averse to vanity, revenge, and pride,  
 In all the methods of deceit untry'd ;  
 So faithful to her friend, and good to all,  
 No censure might upon her actions fall :  
 Then would ev'n Envy be compell'd to say—  
 She goes the least of woman-kind astray.

To this fair creature I'd sometimes retire,  
 Her conversation would new joys inspire,  
 Give life an edge so keen, no surly care  
 Would venture to assault my soul, or dare  
 Near my retreat, to hide one secret snare. }  
 But so divine, so noble, a repast  
 I'd seldom, and with moderation taste ;  
 For highest cordials all their virtue lose  
 By a too frequent and too bold a use ;  
 And what would cheer the spirits in distress  
 Ruine our health when taken to excess.

I'd be concern'd in no litigious jar ;  
 Belov'd by all, not vainly popular.

Whate'er assistance I had pow'r to bring,  
I' oblige my country, or to serve my king,  
Whene'er they call'd, I'd readily afford  
My tongue, my pen, my counsel, or my sword.  
Law-suits I'd shun with as much studious care  
As I would dens where hungry lions are,  
And rather put up injuries than be  
A plague to him who'd be a plague to me.  
I value quiet at a price too great  
To give for my revenge so dear a rate ;  
For what do we by all our bustle gain  
But counterfeit delight for real pain ;

    If Heav'n a date of many years would give,  
Thus I'd in pleasure, ease, and plenty live ;  
And as I near approach'd the verge of life,  
Some kind relation (for I'd have no wife)  
Should take upon him all my worldly care,  
Whilst I did for a better state prepare :  
Then I'd not be with any trouble vex'd,  
Nor have the ev'ning of my days perplex'd,  
But, by a silent and a peaceful death,  
Without a sigh resign my aged breath :  
And when committed to the dust, I'd have  
Few tears, but friendly, dropp'd into my grave :  
Then would my exit so propitious be,  
All men would wish to live and die like me.

## LOVE TRIUMPHANT OVER REASON.

## A VISION.

Two' gloomy thoughts disturb my anxious breast  
 All the long night, and drove away my rest,  
 Just as the dawning day began to rise  
 A grateful slumber clos'd my waking eyes ;  
 But active fancy to strange regions flew,                   5  
 And brought surprising objects to my view.

Methought I walk'd in a delightful grove,  
 The soft retreat of gods, when gods make love ;  
 Each beauteous object my charm'd soul amaz'd,  
 And I on each with equal wonder gaz'd,                   10  
 Nor knew which most delighted ; all was fine,  
 The noble product of some Pow'r divine :  
 But as I travers'd the obliging shade,  
 Which myrtle, jessamin, and roses, made,  
 I saw a person whose celestial face                   15  
 At first declar'd her goddess of the place ;  
 But I discover'd, when approaching near,  
 An aspect full of beauty but severe :  
 Bold and majestic, ev'ry awful look  
 Into my soul a secret horror struck :                   20  
 Advancing farther on she made a stand,  
 And beckon'd me ; I, kneeling, kiss'd her hand ;  
 Then thus began——' Bright Deity ! (for so  
 ' You are, no mortals such perfections know) . .

' I may intrude ; but how I was convey'd      25  
 ' To this strange place, or by what pow'rful aid,  
 ' I'm wholly ignorant, nor know I more,  
 ' Or where I am, or whom I do adore :  
 ' Instruct me, then, that I no longer may  
 ' In darkness serve the goddess I obey.'      30  
     ' Youth !' she reply'd, ' this place belongs to one  
 ' By whom you'll be, and thousands are, undone.  
 ' These pleasant walks, and all these shady bow'rs,  
 ' Are in the government of dang'rous pow'rs.  
 ' Love 's the capricious master of this coast,      35  
 ' This fatal labyrinth, where fools are lost.  
 ' I dwell not here amidst these gaudy things,  
 ' Whose short enjoyment no true pleasure brings,  
 ' But have an empire of a nobler kind ;  
 ' My regal seat 's in the celestial mind,      40  
 ' Where, with a godlike and a peaceful hand,  
 ' I rule, and make those happy I command :  
 ' For while I govern all within 's at rest ;  
 ' No stormy passion revels in my breast :  
 ' But when my pow'r is despicable grown,      45  
 ' And rebel appetites usurp the throne,  
 ' The soul no longer quiet thoughts enjoys,  
 ' But all is tumult and eternal noise.      {apis'd ;  
 ' Know, Youth ! I'm Reason, which you've oft de-  
 ' I am that Reason which you never priz'd ;      50  
 ' And tho' my argument successful prove,  
 ' (For reason seems impertinence in love,)  
 ' Yet I'll not see my charge (for all mankind  
 ' Are to my guardianship by Heav'n assign'd)

- ' Into the grasp of any ruin run 55  
 ' That I can warn 'em of, and they may shun.  
 ' Fly, Youth ! these guilty shades ; retreat in time,  
 ' Ere your mistake 's converted to a crime ;  
 ' For ignorance no longer can atone  
 ' When once the error and the fault is known. 60  
 ' You thought, perhaps, as giddy youth inclines,  
 ' Imprudently, to value all that shines,  
 ' In these retirements freely to possess  
 ' True joy, and strong substantial happiness :  
 ' But here gay Folly keeps her court, and here, 65  
 ' In crowds, her tributary fops appear,  
 ' Who, blindly lavish of their golden days,  
 ' Consume them all in her fallacious ways.  
 ' Pert Love with her, by joint commission, rules  
 ' In this capacious realm of idle fools, 70  
 ' Who, by false arts and popular deceits,  
 ' The careless, fond, unthinking mortal cheats.  
 ' 'Tis easy to descend into the snare,  
 ' By the pernicious conduct of the fair ;  
 ' But safely to return from this abode 75  
 ' Requires the wit, the prudence of a god ;  
 ' Tho' you who have not tasted that delight,  
 ' Which only at a distance charms your sight,  
 ' May, with a little toil, retrieve your heart,  
 ' Which lost, is subject to eternal smart. 80  
 ' Bright Delia's beauty, I must needs confess,  
 ' Is truly great, nor would I make it less ;  
 ' That were to wrong her where she merits most ;  
 ' But dragons guard the fruit, and rocks the coast ;

- ' And who would run, that 's moderately wise, 85  
 ' A certain danger for a doubtful prize?  
 ' If you miscarry, you are lost so far,  
 ' (For there 's no erring twice in love and war,)  
 ' You'll ne'er recover, but must always wear  
 ' Those chains you'll find it difficult to bear. 90  
 ' Delia has charms, I own; such charms would move  
 ' Old age and frozen Impotence to love;  
 ' But do not venture where such danger lies;  
 ' Avoid the sight of those victorious eyes,  
 ' Whose pois'nous rays do to the soul impart 95  
 ' Delicious ruin and a pleasing smart.  
 ' You draw, insensibly, destruction near,  
 ' And love the danger which you ought to fear.  
 ' If the light pains you labour under now 99  
 ' Destroy your ease, and make your spirits bow,  
 ' You'll find 'em much more grievous to be borne,  
 ' When heavier made by an imperious scorn;  
 ' Nor can you hope she will your passion hear  
 ' With softer notions, or a kinder ear, 104  
 ' Than those of other swains, who always found  
 ' She rather widen'd than clos'd up the wound.  
 ' But grant she should indulge your flame, and give  
 ' Whate'er you'd ask, nay, all you can receive;  
 ' The short-liv'd pleasure would so quickly cloy,  
 ' Bring such a weak and such a feeble joy, 110  
 ' You'd have but small encouragement to boast  
 ' The tinsel rapture worth the pains it cost.  
 ' Consider, Strephon! soberly of things,  
 ' What strange inquietudes love always brings;

- ' The foolish fears, vain hopes, and jealousies, 115  
 ' Which still attend upon this fond disease ;  
 ' How you must cringe and bow, submit and whine,  
 ' Call ev'ry feature, ev'ry look, divine ;  
 ' Commend each sentence with an humble smile ;  
 ' Tho' nonsense, swear it is a heav'nly style ; 120  
 ' Servilely rail at all she ~~dis~~approves,  
 ' And as ignobly flatter all she loves ;  
 ' Renounce your very sense, and silent sit  
 ' While she puts off impertinence for wit :  
 ' Like setting-dog new whipp'd for springing game,  
 ' You must be made, by due correction, tame. 125  
 ' But if you can endure the nauseous rule  
 ' Of women, do ; love on, and be a fool.  
 ' You know the danger, your own methods use,  
 ' The good or evil 's in your pow'r to choose : 130  
 ' But who'd expect a short and dubious bliss  
 ' On the declining of a precipice,  
 ' Where, if he slips, not Fate itself can save  
 ' The falling wretch from an untimely grave ?  
 ' Thou great directress of our minds,' said I, 135  
 ' We safely on your dictates may rely,  
 ' And that which you have now so kindly prest  
 ' Is true, and, without contradiction, best ;  
 ' But with a steady sentence to control  
 ' The heat and vigour of a youthful soul, 140  
 ' While gay temptations hover in our sight,  
 ' And daily bring new objects of delight,  
 ' Which on us with surprising beauty smile,  
 ' Is difficult, but is a noble toil.

'The best may slip, and the most cautious fall; 145

'He's wiser than mortal that ne'er err'd at all:

'And this fair Delia has my soul possess,

'I'll chase her bright idea from my breast;

'At least I'll make one essay: if I fail,

'And Delia's charms o'er Reason do prevail, 150

'I may be, sure, from rigid censures free;

'Love was my foe, and Love's a deity.'

Then she rejoin'd; 'May you successful prove

'In your attempt to curb imperious Love;

'Then will proud passion own her rightful lord; 155

'You to yourself, I to my throne restor'd:

'But to confirm your courage, and inspire

'Your resolution with a bolder fire,

'Follow me, Youth! I'll show you that shall move

'Your soul to curse the tyranny of Love. 160

Then she convey'd me to a dismal shade

Which melancholy yew and cypress made,

Where I beheld an antiquated pile

Of rugged building in a narrow aisle;

The water round it gave a nauseous smell, 165

Like vapours steaming from a sulph'rous cell;

The ruin'd wall, compos'd of stinking mud,

O'ergrown with hemlock, on supporters stood,

As did the roof, ungrateful to the view;

'Twas both an hospital and bedlam top: 170

Before the entrance mould'ring bones were spread

Some skeletons entire, some lately dead;

A little rubbish loosely scatter'd o'er

Their bodies uninterr'd, lay round the door:



No fun'ral rites to any here were paid, 175  
 But dead, like dogs, into the dust convey'd.  
 From hence, by Reason's conduct I was brought,  
 Thro' various turnings to a spacious vault,  
 Where I beheld, and 'twas a mournful sight,  
 Vast crowds of wretches all debat'd from light, 180  
 But what a few dim lamps, expiring, had  
 Which made the prospect more amazing sad ;  
 Some wept, some rav'd, some musically mad ; }  
 Some swearing loud, and others laughing ; some  
 Were always talking, others always dumb : 185  
 Here one a dagger in his breast expires,  
 And quenches with his blood his am'rous fires :  
 There hangs a second ; and, not far remov'd,  
 A third lies poison'd, who false Celia lov'd.  
 All sorts of madness, ev'ry kind of death, 190  
 By which unhappy mortals lose their breath,  
 Were here expos'd before my wond'ring eyes,  
 The sad effects of female treacheries.  
 Others I saw, who were not quite bereft  
 Of sense, tho' very small remains were left, 195  
 Cursing the fatal folly of their youth,  
 For trusting to perjurious woman's truth.  
 These on the left—upon the right a view  
 Of equal horror, equal mis'ry, too ;  
 Amazing, all employ'd my troubled thought, 200  
 And with new wonder new aversion brought.  
 There I beheld a wretched num'rous throng  
 Of pale lean mortals : some lay stretch'd along

On beds of straw, disconsolate and poor;  
 Others extended naked on the floor: 205  
 Exil'd from human pity here they lie,  
 And know no end of mis'ry till they die:  
 But death, which comes in gay and prosperous days,  
 Too soon in time of misery delays.

These dreadful spectacles had so much pow'r, 210  
 I vow'd, and solemnly, to love no more;  
 For sure that flame is kindled from below  
 Which breeds such sad variety of woe.

Then we descending, by some few degrees,  
 From this stupendous scene of miseries, 215  
 Bold Reason brought me to another cave,  
 Dark as the inmost chambers of the grave:  
 ' Here, Youth !' she cry'd, ' in the acutest pain  
 ' Those villains lie who have their fathers slain, 219  
 ' Stabb'd their own brothers, nay, their friends, to  
 ' Ambitious, proud, revengeful, mistresses, [please  
 ' Who, after all their services, preferr'd  
 ' Some rugged fellow of the brawny herd  
 ' Before those wretches ; who, despairing, dwell  
 ' In agonies no human tongue can tell. 225  
 ' Darkness prevents the too amazing sight,  
 ' And you may bless the happy want of light.'  
 But my tormented ears were fill'd with sighs,  
 Expiring groans, and lamentable cries,  
 So very sad, I could endure no more; 230  
 Methought I felt the miseries they bore.

Then to my guide said I, ' For pity, now  
 ' Conduct me back ; here I confirm my vow,

' Which if I dare infringe, be this my fate,  
 ' To die thus wretched, and repent too late. 235  
 ' The charms of beauty I'll no more pursue ;  
 ' Delia ! farewell ; farewell for ever too.'

Then we return'd to the delightful grove,  
 Where Reason still dissuaded me from love.

' You see,' she cry'd, what misery attends 240  
 ' On love, and where too frequently it ends ;  
 ' And let not that unwieldy passion sway  
 ' Your soul, which none but whining fools obey.  
 ' The masculine brave spirit scorns to own  
 ' The proud usurper of my sacred throne, 245  
 ' Nor with idolatrous devotion pays  
 ' To the false god or sacrifice or praise.  
 ' The syren's music charms the sailor's ear,  
 ' But he is ruin'd if he stops to hear ;  
 ' And if you listen Love's harmonious voice 250  
 ' As much delights as certainly destroys.  
 ' Ambrosia mix'd with aconite may have  
 ' A pleasant taste, but sends you to the grave ;  
 ' For tho' the latent poison may be still  
 ' A while, it very seldom fails to kill. 255  
 ' But who'd partake the food of gods to die  
 ' Within a day, or live in misery ?  
 ' Who'd eat with emperors, if o'er his head  
 ' A poniard hung but by a single thread\* ?  
 ' Love's banquets are extravagantly sweet, 260  
 ' And either kill or surfeit all that eat,

\* The Feast of Democles.

- ' Who, when the sated appetite is tir'd,  
 ' Ev'n loath the thoughts of what they once admir'd.  
 ' You've promis'd, Strephon, to forsake the charms  
 ' Of Delia, tho' she courts you to her arms; 265  
 ' And sure I may your resolution trust;  
 ' You'll never want temptation, but be just.  
 ' Vows of this nature, Youth! must not be broke;  
 ' You're always bound, tho' 'tis a gentle yoke.  
 ' Would men be wise, and my advice pursue, 270  
 ' Love's conquests would be small, his triumphs few;  
 ' For nothing can oppose his tyranny  
 ' With such a prospect of success as I.  
 ' Me he detests, and from my presence flies,  
 ' Who know his arts, and stratagems despise, 275  
 ' By which he cancels mighty Wisdom's rules,  
 ' To make himself the deity of fools:  
 ' Him dully they adore, him blindly serve; [starve;  
 ' Some while they're sots, and other whiles they  
 ' For those who under his wild conduct go, 280  
 ' Either come coxcombs, or he makes 'em so:  
 ' His charms deprive, by their strange influence,  
 ' The brave of courage, and the wise of sense:  
 ' In vain Philosophy would set the mind  
 ' At liberty, if once by him confin'd: 285  
 ' The scholar's learning and the poet's wit  
 ' A while may struggle, but at last submit:  
 ' Well-weigh'd results and wise conclusions seem  
 ' But empty chat, impertinence, to him:  
 ' His opiates seize so strongly on the brain, 290  
 ' They make all prudent application vain:

' If therefore you resolve to live at ease,  
 ' To taste the sweetness of internal peace,  
 ' Would not for safety to a battle fly,  
 ' Or choose a shipwreck if afraid to die;      295  
 ' Far from these pleasurable shades remove,  
 ' And leave the fond inglorious toil of Love.'

This said, she vanish'd; and methought I found  
 Myself transported to a rising ground,  
 From whence I did a pleasant vale survey;      300  
 Large was the prospect, beautiful and gay:  
 There I beheld th' apartments of delight,  
 Whose curious forms oblig'd the wond'ring sight;  
 Some in full view upon the champaign plac'd,  
 With lofty walls and cooling streams embrac'd; 305  
 Others in shady groves retir'd from noise,  
 The seat of private and exalted joys:  
 At a great distance I perceiv'd there stood  
 A stately building in a spacious wood.      309  
 Whose gilded turrets rais'd their beauteous heads  
 High in the air, to view the neighb'ring meads,  
 Where vulgar lovers spend their happy days  
 In rustic dancing and delightful plays:  
 But while I gaz'd with admiration round,  
 I heard from far celestial music sound;      315  
 So soft, so moving, so harmonious, all  
 The artful charming notes did rise and fall;  
 My soul, transported with the graceful airs,  
 Shook off the pressures of its former fears;  
 I felt afresh the little god begin      320  
 To stir himself, and gently move within;

MISCELLANIES.

I repented I had vow'd no more  
 or Delia's beauteous eyes adore.  
 'Am I now condemn'd to banishment,  
 made an exile by my own consent?' 325  
 I sighing cry'd: 'Why should I live in pain,  
 Those fleeting hours which ne'er return again?  
 'O Delia! what can wretched Strephon do?  
 'Inhuman to himself, and false to you!  
 'Tis true, I've promis'd Reason to remove 330  
 From these retreats, and quit bright Delia's love:  
 'But is not Reason partially unkind?  
 'Are all her votaries, like me, confin'd?  
 'Must none that under her dominion live,  
 'To love and beauty veneration give? 335  
 'Why then did Nature youthful Delia grace  
 'With a majestic mien and charming face?  
 'Why did she give her that surprising air,  
 'Make her so gay, so witty, and so fair,  
 'Mistress of all that can affection move, 340  
 'If Reason will not suffer us to love?  
 'But since it must be so, I'll haste away;  
 'Tis fatal to return, and death to stay.  
 'From you, bless'd shades! (If I may call you so  
 'Inculpable) with mighty pain I go: 345  
 'Compell'd from hence, I leave my quiet here;  
 'I may find safety, but I buy it dear.'  
 Then, turning round, I saw a beauteous boy,  
 Such as of old were messengers of joy:  
 'Who art thou, or from whence? If sent,' said I,  
 'To me, my haste requires a quick reply.' 351

' I come,' he cry'd, ' from yon celestial grove,  
 ' Where stands the temple of the God of Love,  
 ' With whose important favour you are grac'd,  
 ' And justly in his high protection plac'd. 355  
 ' Be grateful, Strephon, and obey that god,  
 ' Whose sceptre ne'er is chang'd into a rod ;  
 ' That god, to whom the mighty and the proud,  
 ' The bold, the bravest, nay, the best, have bow'd ;  
 ' That god, whom all the lesser gods adore, 360  
 ' First in existence and the first in pow'r :  
 ' From him I come on embassy divine,  
 ' To tell thee, Delia, Delia may be thine ;  
 ' To whom all beauties rightful tribute pay ;  
 ' Delia, the young, the lovely, and the gay ! 365  
 ' If you dare push your fortune, if you dare  
 ' But be resolv'd, and press the yielding fair,  
 ' Success and glory will your labours crown,  
 ' For fate does rarely on the valiant frown ;  
 ' But were you sure to be unkindly us'd, 370  
 ' Coldly receiv'd, and scornfully refus'd,  
 ' He greater glory and more fame obtains  
 ' Who loses Delia, than who Phyllis gains.  
 ' But to prevent all fears that may arise,  
 ' (Tho' fears ne'er move the daring and the wise) 375  
 ' In the dark volumes of eternal doom,  
 ' Where all things past, and present, and to come,  
 ' Are writ, I saw these words—' It is decreed  
 ' That Strephon's love to Delia shall succeed.' 379  
 ' What would you more ?—While youth and vigour  
 ' Love, and be happy ; they decline too fast. [last,

' In youth alone you're capable to prove  
 ' The mighty transports of a gen'rous love ;  
 ' For dull Old Age with fumbling labour cloy  
 ' Before the bliss, or gives but wither'd joys. 385  
 ' Youth's the best time for action mortals have ;  
 ' That past, they touch the confines of the grave.  
 ' Now, if you hope to lie in Delia's arms,  
 ' To die in raptures, or dissolve in charms,  
 ' Quick to the blissful happy mansion fly, 390  
 ' Where all is one continu'd ecstasy ;  
 ' Delia impatiently expects you there,  
 ' And sure you will not disappoint the fair :  
 ' None but the impotent or old would stay  
 ' When love invites, and beauty calls away.' 395  
 ' Oh ! you convey,' said I, ' dear charming Boy !  
 ' Into my soul a strange disorder'd joy.  
 ' I would, but dare not, your advice pursue,  
 ' I've promis'd Reason, and I must be true :  
 ' Reason's the rightful empress of the soul, 400  
 ' Does all exorbitant desires control,  
 ' Checks ev'ry wild excursion of the mind,  
 ' By her wise dictates happily confin'd ;  
 ' And he that will not her commands obey,  
 ' Leaves a safe convoy in a dang'rous sea. 405  
 ' True, I love Delia to a vast excess,  
 ' But I must try to make my passion less ;  
 ' Try if I can ; if possible I will ;  
 ' For I have vow'd, and must that vow fulfil  
 ' Oh ! had I not, with what a vigorous flight 410  
 ' Could I pursue the quarries of delight ?



' How could I press fair Delia in these arms,  
 ' Till I dissolv'd in love, and she in charms !  
 ' But now no more must I her beauties view,  
 ' Yet tremble at the thoughts to leave her too. 415  
 ' What would I give I might my flame allow !  
 ' But 'tis forbid by Reason and a vow,  
 ' Two mighty obstacles ; thro' love of old  
 ' Has broke thro' greater, stronger pow'rs controll'd.  
 ' Should I offend, by high example taught, 420  
 ' 'Twould not be an inexpiable fault :  
 ' The crimes of malice have found grace above,  
 ' And sure kind Heav'n will spare the crimes of love.  
 ' Could'st thou, my Angel ! but instruct me how  
 ' I might be happy and not break my vow ; 425  
 ' Or by some subtle art dissolve the chain,  
 ' You'd soon revive my dying hopes again.  
 ' Reason and Love, I know, could ne'er agree ;  
 ' Both would command, and both superior be.  
 ' Reason 's supported by the sin'wy force 430  
 ' Of solid argument and wise discourse ;  
 ' But Love pretends to use no other arms  
 ' Than soft impressions and persuasive charms.  
 ' One must be disobey'd ; and shall I prove  
 ' A rebel to my reason, or to love ? 435  
 ' But then, suppose I should my flame pursue,  
 ' Delia may be unkind and faithless too,  
 ' Reject my passion with a proud disdain,  
 ' And scorn the love of such an humble swain :  
 ' Then should I labour under mighty grief, 440  
 ' Beyond all hopes or prospect of relief ;

' So that, methinks, 'tis safer to obey  
 ' Right Reason, tho' she bears a rugged sway,  
 ' Than Love's soft rule, whose subjects undergo,  
 ' Early or late; too sad a share of woe. 445  
 ' Can I so soon forget that wretched crew  
 ' Reason just now expos'd before my view?  
 ' If Delia should be cruel, I must be  
 ' A sad partaker of their misery:  
 ' But your encouragements so strongly move, 450  
 ' I'm almost tempted to pursue my love;  
 ' For sure no treacherous designs should dwell  
 ' In one that argues and persuades so well;  
 ' For what could Love by my destruction gain?  
 ' Love's an immortal god, and I a swain; 455  
 ' And sure I may, without suspicion, trust  
 ' A god, for gods can never be unjust.  
 ' Right you conclude, reply'd the smiling boy;  
 ' Love ruins none; 'tis men themselves destroy;  
 ' And those vile wretches which you lately saw, 460  
 ' Transgress'd his rules as well as Reason's law:  
 ' They're not Love's subjects, but the slaves of lust;  
 ' Nor is their punishment so great as just:  
 ' For Love and Lust essentially divide,  
 ' Like day and night, humility and pride: 465  
 ' One darkness hides, t'other does always shine;  
 ' This of infernal make, and that divine.  
 ' Reason no gen'rous passion does oppose;  
 ' 'Tis Lust (not Love) and Reason that are foes:  
 ' She bids you scorn a base inglorious flame, 470  
 ' Black as the gloomy shade from whence it came:

LOVE TRIUMPHANT OVER REASON.

' In this her precept<sup>s</sup> should obedience find  
 ' But yours is not of that ignoble kind.  
 ' You err in thinking she would disapprove  
 ' The brave pursuit of honourable love, 475  
 ' And therefore judge what's harmless an offence,  
 ' Invert her meaning, and mistake her sense.  
 ' She could not such insipid counsel give  
 ' As not to love at all; 'tis not to live;  
 ' But where bright virtue and true beauty lies, 480  
 ' And that in Delia, charming Delia's eyes!  
 ' Could you, contented, see th' angelic maid  
 ' In old Alexis' dull embraces laid?  
 ' Or rough-hewn Tityrus possess those charms  
 ' Which are in heav'n, the heav'n of Delia's arms?  
 ' Consider, Youth! what transport you forego, 486  
 ' The most entire felicity below,  
 ' Which is by Fate alone reserv'd for you,  
 ' Monarchs have been deny'd, for monarchs sue.  
 ' I own 'tis difficult to gain the prize, 490  
 ' Or 'twould be cheap and low in noble eyes;  
 ' But there is one soft minute, when the mind  
 ' Is left unguarded, waiting to be kind,  
 ' Which the wise lover understanding right,  
 ' Steals in like day upon the wings of light. 495  
 ' You urge your vow; but can those vows prevail  
 ' Whose first foundation and whose reason fail?  
 ' You vow'd to leave fair Delia, but you thought  
 ' Your passion was a crime, your flame a fault:  
 ' But since your judgment err'd, it has no force 500  
 ' To bind at all, but is dissolv'd of course;

# MISCELLANIES.

Therefore hesitate no longer here,  
 To banish all the dull remains of fear.

'Dare you be happy, Youth! but dare and be;  
 'I'll be your convoy to the charming she. 505

'What! still irresolute? debating still?  
 'View her, and then forsake her if you will.'

'I'll go,' said I, 'once more I'll venture all;  
 'Tis brave to perish by a noble fall.

'Beauty no mortal can resist, and Jove 510  
 'Laid by his grandeur to indulge his love.

'Reason! if I do err, my crime forgive;  
 'Angels alone without offending live.

'I go astray but as the wise have done,  
 'And act a folly which they did not shun.' 515

Then we, descending to a spacious plain,  
 Were soon saluted by a num'rous train

Of happy lovers, who consum'd their hours  
 With constant jollity in shady bow'rs

There I beheld the bless'd variety 520  
 Of joy, from all corroding troubles free:

Each follow'd his own fancy to delight;  
 Tho' all went different ways, yet all went right.

None err'd, or miss'd the happiness he sought;  
 Love to one centre ev'ry twining brought. 525

We pass'd thro' num'rous pleasant fields and glades  
 By murm'ring fountains and by peaceful shades,

Till we approach'd the confines of the wood,  
 Where mighty Love's immortal temple stood.

Round the celestial face, in goodly rows, 530  
 And beauteous order, am'rous myrtle grows,

Beneath whose shade expecting lovers wait  
 For the kind minute of indulgent Fate :  
 Each had his guardian Cupid, whose chief care,  
 By secret motions, was to warm the fair ; 535  
 To kindle eager longings for the joy ;  
 To move the slow, and to incline the coy.

The glorious fabric charm'd my wond'ring sight,  
 Of vast extent and of prodigious height :  
 The case was marble, but the polish'd stone 540  
 With such an admirable lustre shone,  
 As if some architect divine had strove  
 T' outdo the palace of imperial Jove.  
 The pond'rous gates of massy gold were made,  
 With di'monds of a mighty size inlaid : 545  
 Here stood the winged guards, in order plac'd,  
 With shining darts and golden quivers grac'd :  
 As we approach'd, they clapp'd their joyful wings,  
 And cry'd aloud, 'Tune, tune your warbling strings !  
 ' The grateful youth is come to sacrifice 550  
 ' At Delia's altar to bright Delia's eyes :  
 ' With harmony divine his soul inspire,  
 ' That he may boldly touch the sacred fire :  
 ' And ye that wait upon the blushing fair,  
 ' Celestial incense and perfumes prepare, 555  
 ' While our great god her panting bosom warms,  
 ' Refines her beauties, and improves her charms.'  
 Ent'ring the spacious dome, my ravish'd eyes  
 A wondrous scene of glory did surprise ;  
 The riches, symmetry, and brightness, all 560  
 Did equally for admiration call ;

But the description is a labour fit,  
For none beneath a laureat angel's wit.

Amidst the temple was an altar made  
Of solid gold, where adoration's paid : 565  
Here I perform'd the usual rites with fear,  
Not daring boldly to approach too near,  
Till from the god a smiling Cupid came,  
And bid me touch the consecrated flame ;  
Which done, my guide my eager steps convey'd 570  
To the apartment of the beauteous maid.

Before the entrance was her altar rais'd,  
On pedestals of polish'd marble plac'd ;  
By it her guardian Cupid always stands,  
Who troops of missionary Loves commands : 575  
To him, with soft addresses all repair ;  
Each for his captive humbly begs the fair,  
Tho' still in vain they importun'd ; for he  
Would give encouragement to none but me. [bliss,  
' There stands the youth,' he cry'd, ' must take the  
' The lovely Delia can be gone but his : 581  
' Fate has selected him ; and mighty Love  
' Confirms below what that decrees above.  
' Then press no more ; there's not another swain  
' On earth, but Strephon, can bright Delia gain, 585  
' Kneel, Youth ! and with a grateful mind renew  
' Your vows ; swear you'll eternally be true :  
' But if you dare be false, dare perjur'd prove, }  
' You'll find, in sure revenge, affronted Love }  
' As hot, as fierce, as terrible as Jove.' 590 }  
' Hear me, ye Gods !' said I, ' now hear me swear,

' By all that 's sacred, and by all that 's fair !  
 ' If I prove false to Delia, let me fall  
 ' The common obloquy, condemn'd by all !  
 ' Let me the utmost of your vengeance try, 595  
 ' Forc'd to live wretched, and unpity'd die !'

Then he expos'd the lovely sleeping maid,  
 Upon a couch of new-blown roses laid :  
 The blushing color in her cheeks exprest 599  
 What tender thoughts inspir'd her heaving breast.  
 Sometimes a sigh, half smother'd, stole away, [say ;  
 Then she would ' Strephon, charming Strephon !'  
 Sometimes she, smiling, cry'd, ' You love, 'tis true ;  
 ' But will you always, and be faithful too ?'  
 Ten thousand graces play'd about her face, 605  
 Ten thousand charms attended ev'ry grace :  
 Each admirable feature did impart  
 A secret rapture to my throbbing heart.  
 The nymph \* imprison'd in the Brazen Tow'r,  
 When Jove descended in a golden show'r, 610  
 Less beautiful I fear'd, and yet her eyes  
 Brought down that god from the neglected skies.  
 So moving, so transporting was the sight,  
 So much a goddess Delia seem'd, so bright,  
 My ravish'd soul, with secret wonder fraught, 615  
 Lay all dissolv'd in ecstasy of thought.

Long time I gaz'd ; but as I, trembling, drew  
 Nearer, to take a more obliging view,  
 It thunder'd loud, and the ungrateful noise  
 Wak'd me, and put an end to all my joys. 620

Danaë.

THE  
FORTUNATE COMPLAINT.

As Strephon in a wither'd cypress shade,  
 For anxious thought and sighing lovers made,  
 Revolving lay upon his wretched state,  
 And the hard usage of too partial Fate,  
 Thus the sad youth complain'd: 'Once happy swain,  
 ' Now the most abject shepherd of the plain!  
 ' Where's that harmonious concert of delights,  
 ' Those peaceful days and pleasurable nights,  
 ' That gen'rous mirth and noble jollity,  
 ' Which gaily made the dancing minutes fly?  
 ' Dispers'd, and banish'd from my troubled breast,  
 ' Nor leave me one short interval of rest.  
 ' Why do I prosecute a hopeless flame,  
 ' And play in torment such a losing game?  
 ' All things conspire to make my ruin sure;  
 ' When wounds are mortal they admit no cure;  
 ' But Heav'n sometimes does a mirac'lous thing,  
 ' When our last hope is just upon the wing,  
 ' And in a moment drives those clouds away  
 ' Whose sullen darkness hid a glorious day.  
 ' Why was I born? or why do I survive?  
 ' To be made wretched only kept alive?  
 ' Fate is too cruel in the harsh decree,  
 ' That I must live, yet live in misery.



' Are all its pleasing happy moments gone?  
' Must Strephon be unfortunate alone?  
' On other swains it lavishly bestows;  
' On them each nymph neglected favour throws;  
' They meet compliance still in ev'ry face,  
' And lodge their passions in a kind embrace,  
' Obtaining from the soft incurious maid,  
' True love for counterfeit, and gold for lead.  
' Success on Mævius always does attend;  
' Inconstant fortune is his constant friend;  
' He levels blindly, yet the mark does hit,  
' And owes the victory to chance, not wit:  
' But let him conquer ere one blow be struck;  
' I'd not be Mævius to have Mævius' luck:  
' Proud of my fate, I would not change my chains  
' For all the trophies purring Mævius gains,  
' But rather still live Delia's slave than be  
' Like Mævius silly, and like Mævius free,  
' But he is happy, loves the common road,  
' And pack-horse like, jogs on beneath his load:  
' If Phillis peevish or unkind does prove,  
' It ne'er disturbs his grave mechanic love.  
' A little joy his languid flame contents,  
' And makes him easy under all events:  
' But when a passion's noble and sublime,  
' And higher still would ev'ry moment climb,  
' If 'tis accepted with a just return,  
' The fire's immortal, will for ever burn,  
' And with such raptures fills the lover's breast,  
' That sighs in Paradise are scarce more blest,

' But I lament my miseries in vain,  
 ' For Delia hears me pitiless complain.  
 ' Suppose she pities, and believes me true,  
 ' What satisfaction can from thence accrue,  
 ' Unless her pity makes her love me too? }  
 ' Perhaps she loves, (tis but perhaps, I fear,  
 ' For that's a blessing can't be bought too dear )  
 ' If she has scruples that oppose her will,  
 ' I must, alas ! be miserable still,  
 ' Tho', if she loves, those scruples soon will fly  
 ' Before the reas'ning of the deity ;  
 ' For where love enters he will rule alone,  
 ' And suffer no co-partner in his throne ;  
 ' And those false arguments that would repel  
 ' His high injunctions, teach us to rebel.  
 ' What method can poor Strephon then pro-  
 pound  
 ' To cure the bleeding of his fatal wound,  
 ' If she who guided the vexatious dart  
 ' Resolves to cherish and increase the smart ?  
 ' Go, Youth, from these unhappy plains remove,  
 ' Leave the pursuit of unsuccessful love ;  
 ' Go, and to foreign swains thy griefs relate ;  
 ' Tell 'em the cruelty of frowning Fate ;  
 ' Tell 'em the noble charms of Delia's mind ;  
 ' Tell 'em how fair, but tell 'em how unkind ;  
 ' And when few years thou hast in sorrow spent,  
 ' (For sure they cannot be of large extent,)  
 ' In prayers for her thou lov'st resign thy breath,  
 ' And bless the minute gives thee ease and death.'

Here paus'd the swain—when Delia driving by  
 Her bleating flock to some fresh pasture nigh,  
 By Love directed, did her steps convey  
 Where Strephon, wrapt in silent sorrow, lay:  
 As soon as he perceiv'd the beauteous maid,  
 He rose to meet her, and thus, trembling, said:

‘ When humble suppliants would the gods ap-  
 ‘ And in severe afflictions beg for ease, [peace,  
 ‘ With constant importunity they sue,  
 ‘ And their petitions every day renew.  
 ‘ Grow still more earnest as they are deny'd,  
 ‘ Nor one well-weigh'd expedient leave untry'd,  
 ‘ Till Heav'n those blessings they enjoy'd before  
 ‘ Not only does return, but gives 'em more.

‘ O! do not blame me, Delia, if I press  
 ‘ So much, and with impatience, for redress:  
 ‘ My pond'rous griefs no ease my soul allow,  
 ‘ For they are next t' intolérable now:  
 ‘ How shall I then support 'em when they grow  
 ‘ To an excess, to a distracting woe?  
 ‘ Since you're endow'd with a celestial mind,  
 ‘ Relieve, like Heav'n, and, like the gods, be kind.  
 ‘ Did you perceive the torments I endure,  
 ‘ Which you first caus'd, and you alone can cure.  
 ‘ They would your virgin soul to pity move,  
 ‘ And pity may at last be chang'd to love.  
 ‘ Some swains, I own, impose upon the fair,  
 ‘ And lead th' incautious maid into a snare;  
 ‘ But let them suffer for their perjury,  
 ‘ And do not punish others' crimes in me.

‘ If there ’s so many of our sex untrue,  
 Your’s should more kindly use the faithful few ;  
 Tho’ innocence too oft incurs the fate

‘ Of guilt, and clears itself sometimes too late.

‘ Your nature is to tenderness inclin’d ;

‘ And why to me, to me alone, unkind ?

‘ A common love, by other persons shown,

‘ Meets with a full return, but mine has none ;

‘ Nay, scarce believ’d, tho’ from deceit as free

‘ As angels’ flames can for archangels be.

‘ A passion feign’d at no repulse is griev’d,

‘ And values little if it be not receiv’d ;

‘ But love sincere resents the smallest scorn,

‘ And the unkindness does in secret mourn.

‘ Sometimes I please myself, and think you are

‘ Too good to make me wretched by despair ;

‘ That tenderness which in your soul is plac’d

‘ Will move you to compassion sure at last :

‘ But when I come to take a second view

‘ Of my own merits, I despond of you ;

‘ For what can Delia, beautiful Delia ! see

‘ To raise in her the least esteem for me ?

‘ I’ve nought that can encourage my address ;

‘ My Fortune’s little, and my worth is less :

‘ But if a love of the sublimest kind

‘ Can make impression on a gen’rous mind ;

‘ If all has real value that ’s divine,

‘ There cannot be a nobler flame than mine.

‘ Perhaps you pity me ; I know you must,

‘ And my affection can no more distrust :

# THE FORTUNATE COMPLAINT.

' But what, alas ! will helpless pity do ?  
 ' You pity, but you may despise me too.  
 ' Still I am wretched if no more you live ;  
 ' The starving orphan can't on pity live ;  
 ' He must receive the food for which he cries,  
 ' Or he consumes, and, tho' much pain he tries.  
 ' My torments still do with my pain increase ;  
 ' The more I love, the more I understand ;  
 ' But suffer me no longer to remain  
 ' Beneath the pressure of so vast a pain :  
 ' My wound requires some speedy remedy ;  
 ' Delays are fatal when despair is nigh.  
 ' Much I've endur'd, much more than I can tell ;  
 ' Too much, indeed, for one that loves so well.  
 ' When will the end of all my sorrows be ?  
 ' Can you not love ? I'm sure you pity me :  
 ' But if I must new miseries sustain,  
 ' And be condemn'd to more and stronger pain,  
 ' I'll not accuse you, since my fate is such,  
 ' I please too little, and I love too much.'  
 ' Strephon, no more,' the blushing Delia said ;  
 ' Excuse the conduct of a tim'rous maid :  
 ' Now I'm convinc'd your love's sublime and true,  
 ' Such as I always wish'd to find in you :  
 ' Each kind expression, ev'ry tender thought,  
 ' A mighty transport in my bosom wrought ;  
 ' And tho' in secret I your flame approv'd,  
 ' I sigh'd and griev'd, but durst not own I lov'd :  
 ' Tho' now—O Strephon ! be so kind to guess  
 ' What shame will not allow me to confess.

#### MISCELLANIES.

The youth, encompass'd with a joy so bright,  
Had hardly strength to bear the vast delight :  
By too intense an ecstasy possess'd,  
He trembl'd, gaz'd, and clasp'd her to his breast ;  
Ador'd the smile that did his pain remove,  
Vow'd eternal truth and everlasting love.

### A PASTORAL ESSAY

#### THE DEATH OF QUEEN MARY.

ANNO MDCXCIV.

As gentle Strephon to his fold convey'd  
A wand'ring lamb which from the flocks had stray'd,  
Beneath a mournful cypress shade he found  
Cosmelia weeping on the dewy ground :  
Amaz'd, with eager haste he ran to know  
The fatal cause of her untemp'rate woe,  
And clasping her to his impatient breast,  
In these soft words his tender care express :

STREPH. Why mourns my dear Cosmelia ? why  
My life, my soul, dissolv'd in briny tears ? [appears  
Has some fierce tiger thy lov'd heifer slain,  
While I was wand'ring on the neighb'ring plain ?  
Or has some greedy wolf devour'd thy sheep ?  
What sad misfortune makes Cosmelia weep ?

A PASTORAL ESSAY, &c.

Speak, that I may prevent thy grief's increase, 15  
Partake thy sorrows, or restore thy peace.

Cos. Do you not hear from far that mournful  
bell?

'Tis for—I cannot the sad tidings tell.

Oh! whither are my fainting spirits fled!

'Tis for Celestia—Strephon, oh!—she's dead! 20  
The brightest nymph, the princess of the plain,  
By an untimely dart untimely slain!

STREPH. Dead! 'tis impossible! she cannot die!  
She's too divine, too much a deity:

'Tis a false rumour some ill swains have spread, 25  
Who wish, perhaps, the good Celestia dead.

Cos. Ah! no; the truth in ev'ry face appears,  
For ev'ry face you meet's o'erflow'd with tears.  
Trembling and pale I ran thro' all the plain,  
From flock to flock, and ask'd of ev'ry swain, 30  
But each, scarce lifting his dejected head,  
Cry'd, 'Oh! Cosmelia; oh! Celestia's dead.'

STREPH. Something was meant by that ill-bo-  
Of the prophetic raven from the oak, [ding croak }  
Which straight by lightning was in shivers broke; }  
But we our mischief feel before we see, 36  
Seiz'd and o'erwhelm'd at once with misery.

Cos. Since then we have no trophies to bestow,  
No pompous things to make a glorious show,  
(For all the tribute a poor swain can bring, 40  
In rural numbers is to mourn and sing.)

Let us beneath the gloomy shade rehearse  
Celestia's sacred name in no less sacred verse.

MISCELLANIES.

**STRAPH.** Celestia dead! then 'tis in vain to live;  
 What's all the comfort that the plains can give, 45  
 Since she, by whose bright influence alone  
 Our flocks increas'd, and we rejoic'd, is gone?  
 Since she, who round such beams of goodness spread  
 As gave new life to ev'ry swain, is dead?

**COS.** In vain we wish for the delightful spring; 50  
 What joys can flow'ry May or April bring,  
 When she, for whom the spacious plains were spread  
 With early flow'rs and cheerful greens, is dead?  
 In vain did courtly Damon warm the earth,  
 To give to summer fruits a winter birth; 55  
 In vain we autumn wait, which crowns the fields  
 With wealthy crops, and various plenty yields;  
 Since that fair nymph, for whom the boundless store  
 Of Nature was preserv'd, is now no more.

**STRAPH.** Farewell for ever then to all that's gay;  
 You will forget to sing and I to play: 61  
 No more with cheerful songs, in cooling bow'rs,  
 Shall we consume the pleasurable hours:  
 All joys are banish'd, all delights are fled,  
 Ne'er to return, now fair Celestia's dead! 65

**COS.** If e'er I sing, they shall be mournful lays  
 Of great Celestia's name, Celestia's praise;  
 How good she was, how generous, how wise!  
 How beautiful her shape, how bright her eyes!  
 How charming all! how much she was ador'd, 70  
 Alive!—when dead, how much her loss deplor'd!  
 A noble theme, and able to inspire  
 The humblest Muse with the sublimest fire.



And since we do of such a princess sing,  
 Let ours ascend upon a stronger wing, 75  
 And while we do the lofty numbers join,  
 Her name will make the harmony divine.  
 Raise, then, thy tuneful voice, and be the song  
 Sweet as her temper, as her virtue strong. 79

STREPH. When her great Lord to foreign wars,  
 And left Celestia here to rule alone, [was gone,  
 With how serene a brow, how void of fear,  
 When storms arose, did she the vessel steer!  
 And when the raging of the waves did cease,  
 How gentle was her sway in times of peace! 85  
 Justice and Mercy did their beams unite,  
 And round her temples spread a glorious light:  
 So quick she eas'd the wrongs of ev'ry swain,  
 She hardly gave them leisure to complain:  
 Impatient to reward, but slow to draw 90  
 Th' avenging sword of necessary law;  
 Like Heav'n, she took no pleasure to destroy;  
 With grief she punish'd, and she sav'd with joy.

Cos. When godlike Belliger, from war's alarms,  
 Return'd in triumph to Celestia's arms, 95  
 She met her hero with a full desire,  
 But chaste as light, and vigorous as fire:  
 Such mutual flames, so equally divine,  
 Did in each breast with such a lustre shine,  
 His could not seem the greater, her's the less; 100  
 Both were immense, for both were in excess.

STREPH. Oh! godlike princess! oh! thrice happy  
 While she presid'd o'er the fruitful plains! [swains!

While she, for ever ravish'd from our eyes,  
 To mingle with her kindred of the skies, 105  
 Did for your peace her constant thoughts employ,  
 The nymph's good angel, and the shepherd's joy !

Cos. All that was noble beautified her mind ;  
 There Wisdom sat, with solid Reason join'd ;  
 There, too, did Piety and Greatness wait, 110  
 Meekness on Grandeur, Modesty on State.  
 Humble amidst the splendours of a throne,  
 Plac'd above all, and yet despising none ;  
 And when a crown was forc'd on her by Fate,  
 She with some pain submitted to be great. 115

STREPH. Her pious soul with emulation strove  
 To gain the mighty Pan's important love,  
 To whose mysterious rites she always came  
 With such an active, so intense a flame,  
 The duties of religion seem'd to be 120  
 No more her care than her felicity.

Cos. Virtue unmix'd, without the least allay,  
 Pure as the light of a celestial ray,  
 Commanded all the motions of the soul  
 With such a soft but absolute control, 125  
 That as she knew what best great Pan would please,  
 She still perform'd it with the greatest ease ;  
 Him for her high exemplar she design'd,  
 Like him benevolent to all mankind.  
 Her foes she pity'd, not desir'd their blood, 130  
 And, to revenge their crimes, she did them good ;  
 Nay, all affronts so unconcern'd she bore,  
 (Maugre that violent temptation pew'r)

As if she thought it vulgar to resent,  
Or wish'd forgiveness their worst punishment. 135

STREPH. Next mighty Pan was her illustrious  
lord,

His high vicegerent, sacredly ador'd;  
Him with such piety and zeal she lov'd,  
The noble passion ev'ry hour improv'd,  
Till it ascended to that glorious height, 140  
'Twas next (if only next) to infinite:

This made her so entire a duty pay,  
She grew at last impatient to obey,  
And met his wishes with as prompt a zeal  
As an archangel his Creator's will. 145

Cos. Mature for heav'n, the fatal mandate came,  
With it a chariot of ethereal flame,  
In which, Elijah-like, she pass'd the spheres,  
Brought joy to heav'n, but left the world in tears.

STREPH. Methinks I see her on the plains of light  
All glorious, all incomparably bright! 151  
While the immortal minds around her gaze  
On the excessive splendour of her rays,  
And scarce believe a human soul could be  
Endow'd with such stupendous majesty. 155

Cos. Who can lament too much? O! who can  
mourn

Enough o'er beautiful Celestia's urn?  
So great a loss as this deserves excess  
Of sorrow; all's too little that is less,  
But to supply the universal woe, 160  
Tears from all eyes, without cessation, flow:

All that have pow'r to weep, or voice to groan,  
 With throbbing breasts Celestia's fate bemoan ;  
 While marble rocks the common griefs partake,  
 And echo back those cries they cannot make. 165

STREPH. Weep then, (once fruitful) Vales ! and  
 spring with yew ;

Ye thirsty barren Mountains ! weep with dew ;  
 Let ev'ry flow'r on this extended plain  
 Not droop, but shrink into its womb again,  
 Ne'er to receive anew its yearly birth ; 170  
 Let ev'ry thing that's grateful leave the earth ;  
 Let mournful cypress, with each noxious weed,  
 And baneful venoms in their place succeed.  
 Ye purling quer'lous brooks ! o'ercharg'd with grief,  
 Haste swiftly to the sea for more relief ; 175  
 Then tiding back, each to his sacred head,  
 Tell your astonish'd springs Celestia's dead !

Cos. Well have you sung, in an exalted strain,  
 The fairest nymph e'er grac'd the British plain.  
 Who knows but some officious angel may 180  
 Your grateful numbers to her ears convey,  
 That she may smile upon us from above,  
 And bless our mournful plains with peace and love ?

STREPH. But see ! our flocks do to their folds  
 repair,  
 For night, with sable clouds, obscures the air ; 185  
 Cold damps descend from the unwholesome sky,  
 And safety bids us to our cottage fly.  
 Tho' with each morn our sorrows will return,  
 Each ev'n, like nightingales, we'll sing and mourn, }  
 Till death conveys us to the peaceful urn. 190 }

ON THE MARRIAGE OF  
THE EARL OF A —

WITH THE COUNTESS OF S—.

**T**RIUMPHANT beauty never looks so gay  
As on the morning of a nuptial day;  
Love then within a larger circle moves,  
New graces adds, and ev'ry charm improves.  
While Hymen does his sacred rites prepare,  
The busy nymphs attend the trembling fair,  
Whose veins are swell'd with an unusual heat,  
And eager pulses with strange motions beat;  
Alternate passions various thoughts impart,  
And painful joys distend her throbbing heart;  
Her fears are great, and her desires are strong;  
The minutes fly too fast—yet stay too long:  
Now she is ready—the next moment not;  
All things are done—then something is forgot:  
She fears—yet wishes the strange work were done;  
Delays—yet is impatient to be gone.  
Disorders thus from ev'ry thought arise;  
What Love persuades I know not what denies.  
Achates' choice does his firm judgment prove,  
And shows at once he can be wise, and love,  
Because it from no spurious passion came,  
But was the product of a noble flame;

Bold without rudeness, without blazing, bright,  
Pure as fix'd stars, and uncorrupt as light,  
By just degrees it to perfection grew,  
An early ripeness, and a lasting too.  
So the bright sun ascending to his noon  
Moves not too slowly, nor is there too soon.

But tho' Achates was unkindly driv'n  
From his own land, he's banish'd into heav'n;  
For sure the raptures of Cosmelia's love  
Are next, if only next, to those above.  
Thus pow'r divine does with his foes engage,  
Rewards his virtues, and defeats their rage;  
For first it did to fair Cosmelia give  
All that a human creature could receive;  
Whate'er can raise our wonder or delight,  
Transport the soul, or gratify the sight,  
Then, in the full perfection of her charms,  
Lodg'd the bright virgin in Achates' arms.

What angels are is in Cosmelia seen,  
Their awful glories and their godlike mien;  
For in her aspect all the graces meet,  
All that is noble, beautiful, or sweet;  
There ev'ry charm in lofty triumph sits,  
Scorns poor defect, and to no fault submits;  
There symmetry, complexion, air, unite,  
Sublimely noble, and amazing bright.  
So, newly finish'd, by the hand divine,  
Before her fall, did the first woman shine:  
But Eve in one great point she does excel;  
Cosmelia never err'd at all; she fell:

From her temptation, in despair, withdrew,  
Nor more assaults whom it could ne'er subdue.

Virtue confirm'd, and regularly brought  
To full maturity by serious thought,  
Her actions with a watchful eye surveys,  
Each passion guides, and every moment sways  
Not the least failure in her conduct lies,  
So gaily modest, and so freely wise.

Her judgment sure, impartial, and refin'd,  
With wit that's clear and penetrating join'd,  
O'er all the efforts of her mind presides,  
And to the noblest end her labours guides :  
She knows the best, and does the best pursue,  
And treads the maze of life without a clue;  
That the weak only and the wav'ring lack,  
When they're mistaken, to conduct 'em back :  
She does, amidst ten thousand ways, prefer  
The right, as if not capable to err.

Her fancy, strong, vivacious and sublime,  
Seldom betrays her converse to a crime,  
And tho' it moves with a luxuriant heat,  
'Tis ne'er precipitous, but always great;  
For each expression, ev'ry teeming thought,  
Is to the scanning of her judgment brought,  
Which wisely separates the finest gold,  
And casts the image in a beauteous mould.

No trifling words debase her eloquence,  
But all's pathetic, all is sterling sense,  
Refin'd from drossy chat and idle noise,  
With which the female conversation cloy:

So well she knows, what's understood by few,  
 To time her thoughts, and to express 'em too,  
 That what she speaks does to the soul transmit  
 The fair ideas of delightful wit.

Illustrious born, and as illustrious bred,  
 By great example to wise actions led,  
 Much to the fame her lineal heroes bore  
 She owes, but to her own high genius more;  
 And by a noble emulation mov'd,  
 Excell'd their virtues, and her own improv'd,  
 Till they arriv'd to that celestial height,  
 Scarce angels greater be, or saints so bright.

But if Cosmelia could yet lovelier be,  
 Of nobler birth, or more a deity,  
 Achates merits her, tho' none but he,  
 Whose generous soul abhors a base disguise,  
 Resolv'd in action, and in council wise;  
 Too well confirm'd and fortify'd within  
 For threats to force, or flattery to win;  
 Unmov'd amidst the hurricane he stood;  
 He dare be guiltless, and he will be good.

Since the first pair in Paradise were join'd,  
 Two hearts were ne'er so happily combin'd.  
 Achates life to fair Cosmelia gives;  
 In fair Cosmelia great Achates lives:  
 Each is to other the divinest bliss;  
 He is her heav'n, and she is more than his,  
 Oh! may the kindest influence above  
 Protect their persons, and indulge their love!



*An Inscription for the Monument of*  
**DIANA,**

COUNTESS OF OXFORD AND ELGIN.

DIANA OXONII ET ELGINI COMITISSA,

Quæ

Illustri orta sanguine, sanguinem illustravit :

Ceciliorem meritis, clara, suis clarissima ;

Ut quæ nesciret minor esse maximis.

Vitam incuntem innocentia ;

Procedentem ampla virtutum cohors :

Excuntem mors beatissima decoravit ;

(Volente Numine)

Ut nuspiam deesset aut virtus aut felicitas,

Duobus conjuncta maritis,

Utrique charissima :

Primum

(Quem ad annum habuit)

Impense dilexit :

Secundum

(Quem ad annos viginti quatuor)

Tanta pietate et amore coluit ;

Ut qui, vivens,

Obsequium, tanquam patri, præstitit ;

Moriens,

Patrimonium, tanquam filio, reliquit.

Noverca cum esset,

Maternam pietatem facile superavit.  
 Famulitii adeo mitem prudentemque curam gessit,  
 Ut non tam domina familiæ præesse,  
 Quam anima corpori inesse videretur.  
 Denique,  
 Cum pudico, humili, forti, sancto animo,  
 Virginibus, conjugibus, viduis, omnibus,  
 Exemplum consecrasset integerrimum,  
 Terris anima major, ad similes evolavit superos.

## THE FOREGOING INSCRIPTION

ATTEMPTED IN ENGLISH.

DIANA COUNTESS OF OXFORD AND ELGIN,

Who from a race of noble heroes came,  
 And added lustre to its ancient fame ;  
 Round her the virtues of the Cecils shone,  
 But with inferior brightness to her own,  
 Which she refin'd to that sublime degree,  
 The greatest mortal could not greater be.  
 Each stage of life peculiar splendor had ;  
 Her tender years with innocence were clad ;  
 Maturer grown, whate'er was brave and good  
 In the retinue of her virtues stood ;  
 And at the final period of her breath,  
 She crown'd her life with a propitious death.

That no occasion might be wanting here  
To make her virtues faun'd or joys sincere,  
Two noble lords her genial bed possess't,  
A wife to both the dearest and the best:  
Oxford submitted in one year to Fate,  
For whom her passion was exceeding great;  
To Elgin full six *lustra* were assign'd,  
And him she lov'd with so intense a mind,  
That, living, like a father she obey'd;  
Dying, as to a son, left all she had.  
When a stepmother, she soon soar'd above  
The common height ev'n of maternal love.  
She did her num'rous family command  
With such a tender care, so wise a hand,  
She seem'd no otherwise a mistress there,  
Than godlike souls in human bodies are:  
But when to all she had example show'd,  
How to be great and humble, chaste and good,  
Her soul, for earth too excellent, too high,  
Flew to its peers, the princes of the sky.

# ELEAZAR'S LAMENTATION

## OVER JERUSALEM.

PARAPHRASED OUT OF JOSEPHUS.

### I.

ALAS ! Jerusalem ! alas ! where's now  
 Thy pristine glory, thy unmatched renown,  
 To which the heathen monarchies did bow !  
 Ah ! hapless, miserable town !  
 Where's all thy majesty, thy beauty, gone ?  
 Thou once most noble, celebrated place,  
 The joy and the delight of all the earth,  
 Who gav'st to godlike princes birth,  
 And bred up heroes, an immortal race,  
 Where's now the vast magnificence which made  
 The souls of foreigners adore  
 Thy wond'rous brightness, which no more  
 Shall shine, but lie in an eternal shade ?  
 Oh ! misery ! where's all her mighty state,  
 Her splendid train of num'rous kings,  
 Her noble edifices, noble things,  
 Which made her seem so eminently great,  
 That barb'rous princes in her gates appear'd,  
 And wealthy presents, as their tribute, brought  
 To court her friendship ? for her strength they fear'd,  
 And all her wide protection sought.

But now, ah ! now they laugh and cry,  
' See how her lofty buildings lie !  
' See how her flaming turrets gild the sky !'

## II.

Where's all the young, the valiant, and the gay,  
That on her festivals were us'd to play  
Harmonious tunes, and beautify the day ?  
The glitt'ring troops which did from far  
Bring home the trophies and the spoils of war,  
Whom all the nations round with terrors view'd,  
Nor durst their godlike valour try ?  
Where'er they fought they certainly subdu'd,  
And ev'ry combat gain'd a victory.  
Ah ! where's the house of the Eternal King,  
The beauteous temple of the Lord of Hosts,  
To whose large treasures our fleets did bring  
The gold and jewels of remotest coasts ?  
There had the infinite Creator plac'd  
His terrible, amazing name,  
And with his more peculiar presence grac'd  
That heav'nly *Sanctum* where no mortal came,  
The high-priest only ; he but once a-year  
~~In that~~ divine apartment might appear ;  
So full of glory, and so sacred, then ;  
But now corrupted with the heaps of slain,  
Which, scatter'd round with blood, defile the  
mighty fane.

## III.

Alas ! Jerusalem ! each spacious street  
Was once so fill'd, the num'rous throng  
Was forc'd to jostle as they pass'd along,  
And thousands did with thousands meet ;  
The darling then of God, and man's belov'd retreat.  
In thee was the bright throne of Justice fix'd,  
Justice impartial, and with fraud unmix'd.  
She scorn'd the beauties of fallacious gold,  
Despising the most wealthy bribes, ♪.  
But did the sacred balance hold  
With godlike faith to all our happy tribes.  
Thy well-built streets, and ev'ry noble square,  
Were once with polish'd marble laid,  
And all thy lofty bulwarks made  
With wond'rous labour and with artful care.  
Thy pond'rous gates, surprising to behold,  
Were cover'd o'er with solid gold,  
Whose splendour did so glorious appear,  
It ravish'd and amaz'd the eye,  
And strangers passing, to themselves would cry,  
' What mighty heaps of wealth are here !  
' How thick the bars of massy silver lie !  
' O happy people ! and still happy be,  
' Celestial city ! from destruction free,  
' May'st thou enjoy a long entire prosperity !' ]

## IV.

But now, O ! wretched, wretched place !  
Thy streets and palaces are spread  
With heaps of carcasses, and mountains of the dead,

The bleeding relics of the Jewish race :  
Each corner of the town, no vacant space,  
But is with breathless bodies fill'd,  
Some by the sword and some by famine kill'd.  
Natives and strangers are together laid :  
Death's arrows all at random flew  
Amongst the crowd, and no distinction made,  
But both the coward and the valiant slew.  
All in one dismal ruin join'd,  
(For swords and pestilence are blind,)  
The fair, the good, the brave, no mercy find.  
Those that from far with joyful haste,  
Came to attend thy festival,  
Of the same bitter poison taste,  
And by the black destructive poison fall,  
For the avenging sentence pass'd on all.  
Oh ! see how the delight of human eyes  
In horrid desolation lies !  
See how the burning ruins flame,  
Nothing now left but a sad empty name,  
And the triumphant victor cries,  
' This was the fam'd Jerusalem !'

## V.

The most obdurate creature must  
Be griev'd to see thy palaces in dust,  
Those ancient habitations of the just ;  
And could the marble rocks but know  
The mis'ries of thy fatal overthrow,  
They'd strive to find some secret way unknown,  
Maugre the senseless nature of the stone,

Their pity and concern to show :  
For now where lofty buildings stood  
Thy sons' corrupted carcasses are laid,  
And all by this destruction made  
One common Golgotha, one field of blood.  
See how these ancient men who rul'd thy state  
And made thee happy, made thee great,  
Who sat upon the awful chair  
Of mighty Moses, in long scarlet clad,  
The good to cherish and chastise the bad,  
Now sit in the corrupted air,  
In silent melancholy, and in sad despair !  
See how their murder'd children round 'em lie !  
Ah ! dismal scene ! hark, how they cry !  
' Woe ! woe ! one beam of mercy give,  
' Good Heav'n ! Alas ! for we would live !  
' Be pitiful, and suffer us to die !'  
Thus they lament, thus beg for ease,  
While in their feeble aged arms they hold  
The bodies of their offspring stiff and cold,  
To guard 'em from the rav'nous savages,  
Till their increasing sorrows Death persuade  
(For death must sure with pity see  
The horrid desolation he has made)  
To put a period to their misery.  
Thy wretched daughters that survive  
Are by the Heathen kept alive  
Only to gratify their lust,  
And then be mixed with the common dust.



Oh ! insupportable, stupendous woe !  
 What shall we do ? ah ! whither shall we go ?  
 Down to the grave, down to those happy shades  
     below,  
 Where all our brave progenitors are blest  
 With endless triumph and eternal rest.

VI.

But who, without a flood of tears, can see  
 Thy mournful sad catastrophe ?  
 Who can behold thy glorious Temple lie  
 In ashes, and not be in pain to die ?  
 Unhappy, dear Jerusalem ! thy woes  
 Have rais'd my griefs to such a vast excess,  
 Their mighty weight no mortal knows,  
 Thought cannot comprehend, or words express ;  
 Nor can they possibly, while I survive, be less.  
 Good Heav'n had been extremely kind  
 If it had struck me dead, or struck me blind,  
 Before this cursed time, this worst of days.  
 Is Death quite tir'd ? are all his arrows spent ?  
 If not, why then so many dull delays ?  
 Quick, quick, let the obliging dart be sent !  
 Nay, at me only let ten thousand fly,  
 Whoe'er shall wretchedly survive, that I  
 May, happily, be sure to die.  
 Yet still we live, live in excess of pain ;  
 Our friends and relatives are slain ;  
 Nothing but ruins round us see,  
 Nothing but desolation, woe, and misery !  
 Nay, while we thus with bleeding hearts complain

Our enemies without prepare  
Their direful engines to pursue the war,  
And you may slavishly preserve your breath,  
Or seek for freedom in the arms of Death.

## VII.

Thus then resolve, nor tremble at the thought;  
Can glory be too dearly bought?  
Since the Almighty wisdom has decreed  
That we and all our progeny should bleed,  
It shall be after such a noble way,  
Succeeding ages will with wonder view  
What brave despair compell'd us to :  
No, we will ne'er survive another day.  
Bring then your wives, your children, all  
That's valuable, good, or dear,  
With ready hands, and place 'em here ;  
They shall unite in one vast funeral.  
I know your courages are truly brave,  
And dare do any thing but ill :  
Who would an aged father save,  
That he may live in chains, and be a slave,  
Or for remorseless enemies to kill?  
Let your bold hands then give the fatal blow ;  
For what at any other time would be  
The dire effect of rage and cruelty,  
Is mercy, tenderness, and pity, now.  
'This, then, perform'd, we'll to the battle fly,  
And there, amid'st our slaughter'd foes, expire.  
If 'tis revenge and glory you desire,  
Now you may have them if you dare but die ;  
Nay, more, ev'n freedom and eternity.

## REASON.

**U**NHAPPY man! who, thro' successive years,  
 From early youth to life's last childhood errs;  
 No sooner born but proves a foe to truth,  
 For infant Reason is o'erpow'r'd in youth.  
 The cheats of sense will half our learning share,  
 And preconceptions all our knowledge are.  
 Reason, 'tis true, should over sense preside,  
 Correct our notions, and our judgments guide;  
 But false opinions, rooted in the mind,  
 Hoodwink the soul, and keep our reason blind.  
 Reason's a taper which but faintly burns;  
 A languid flame, that glows and dies by turns:  
 We see't a little while, and but a little way;  
 We travel by its light, as men by day;  
 But quickly dying, it forsakes us soon,  
 Like morning-stars, that never stay till noon.

The soul can scarce above the body rise,  
 And all we see is with corporeal eyes.  
 Life now does scarce one glimpse of light display:  
 We mourn in darkness, and despair of day:  
 That nat'ral light, once dress'd with orient beams,  
 Is now diminish'd, and a twilight seems;  
 A miscellaneous composition, made  
 Of night and day, of sunshine and of shade.  
 Thro' an uncertain medium now we look,  
 And find that falsehood which for truth we took:

## MISCELLANIES.

Beams projected from the eastern skies  
Show the false day before the sun can rise.

That little knowledge now which man obtains,  
From outward objects and from sense he gains;  
He, like a wretched slave, must plod and sweat,  
By day must toil, by night that toil repeat;  
And yet at last what little fruit he gains!  
A beggar's harvest, glean'd with mighty pains.

The passions still predominant will rule,  
Ungovern'd rude, not bred in Reason's school;  
Our understanding they with darkness fill,  
Cause strong corruptions, and pervert the will:  
On these the soul, as on some flowing tide,  
Must sit, and on the raging billows ride,  
Hurry'd away; for how can be withstood  
Th' impetuous torrent of the boiling blood?  
Be gone, false hopes! for all our learning's vain;  
Can we be free where these the rule maintain?  
These are the tools of knowledge which we use:  
The spirits heated will strange things produce.  
Tell me who e'er the passions could control,  
Or from the body disengage the soul:  
Till this is done our best pursuits are vain  
To conquer truth, and unmix'd knowledge gain.  
Thro' all the bulky volumes of the dead,  
And thro' those books that modern times have bred,  
With pain we travel, as thro' moorish ground,  
Where scarce one useful plant is ever found;  
O'er-run with errors, which so thick appear,  
Our search proves vain, no spark of truth is there.

## REASON.

What's all the noisy jargon of the schools  
But idle nonsense of laborious fools,  
Who fetter reason with perplexing rules?  
What in Aquinas' bulky works are found  
Does not enlighten Reason, but confound.  
Who travels Scotus' swelling tomes shall find  
A cloud of darkness rising on the mind.  
In controverted points can reason sway,  
When passion or conceit still hurries us away?  
Thus his new notions Sherlock would instill,  
And clear the greatest mysteries at will;  
But by unlucky wit perplex'd them more,  
And made them darker than they were before.  
South soon oppos'd him, out of Christian zeal,  
Showing how well he could dispute and rail.  
How shall we e'er discover which is right,  
When both so eagerly maintain the fight?  
Each does the other's arguments deride;  
Each has the Church and Scripture on his side:  
The sharp ill-natur'd combat's but a jest:  
Both may be wrong; one, perhaps, errs the least.  
How shall we know which Articles are true,  
The Old ones of the church, or Burnet's New?  
In paths uncertain and unsafe he treads,  
Who blindly follows others' fertile heads.  
What sure, what certain mark have we to know  
The right or wrong 'twixt Burgess, Wake, and  
Howe?

Should untun'd Nature crave the medic art,  
What health can that contentious tribe impart?

Every physician writes a different bill,  
 And gives no other reason, but his will.  
 No longer boast your art, ye impious race !  
 Let wars 'twixt alkalies and acids cease,  
 And proud G—ll with Colbatch be at peace. }  
 Gibbons and Radcliffe do but rarely guess ;  
 To-day they've good, to-morrow no success.  
 Ev'n Garth and Maurus \* sometimes shall prevail,  
 When Gibson, learned Hannes, and Tyson, fail.  
 And, more than once, we've seen that blund'ring  
 S—ne,

Missing the gout, by chance has hit the stone ;  
 The patient does the lucky error find ;  
 A cure he works, tho' not the cure design'd.

Custom, the world's great idol, we adore,  
 And knowing this, we seek to know no more.  
 What education did at first receive,  
 Our ripen'd age confirms us to believe :  
 The careful nurse and priest are all we need,  
 To learn opinions and our country's creed :  
 The parents' precepts early are instill'd,  
 And spoil the man, while they instruct the child.  
 To what hard fate is human-kind betray'd,  
 When thus implicit faith's a virtue made,  
 When education more than truth prevails,  
 And nought is current but what custom seals ?  
 Thus from the time we first begin to know,  
 We live and learn, but not the wiser grow.

We seldom use our liberty aright,  
 Nor judge of things by universal light;  
 Our prepossessions and affections bind  
 The soul in chains, and lord it o'er the mind;  
 And if self-int'rest be but in the case,  
 Our unexamin'd principles may pass. [ceive,  
 Good Heav'ns ! that man should thus himself de-  
 To learn on credit, and on trust believe !  
 Better the mind no notions had retain'd,  
 But still a fair unwritten blank remain'd :  
 For now, who truth from falsehood would discern,  
 Must first disrobe the mind, and all unlearn.  
 Errors contracted in unmindful youth,  
 When once remov'd, will smoothe the way to truth.  
 To dispossess the child the mortal lives,  
 But death approaches ere the man arrives. [find,  
 Those who would learning's glorious kingdom  
 The dear bought purchase of the trading mind,  
 From many dangers must themselves acquit,  
 And more than Scylla and Charybdis meet.  
 Oh ! what an ocean must be voyag'd o'er  
 To gain a prospect of the shining shore ?  
 Resisting rocks oppose th' inquiring soul,  
 And adverse waves retard it as they roll.

Does not that foolish deference we pay  
 To men that liv'd long since our passage stay ?  
 What odd prepost'rous paths at first we tread,  
 And learn to walk by stumbling on the dead ?  
 First we a blessing from the grave implore,  
 Worship old urns, and monuments adore ;

# MISCELLANIES.

The rev'rend sage, with vast esteem, we prize ;  
 He liv'd long since, and must be wondrous wise.  
 Thus are we debtors to the famous dead  
 For all those errors which their fancies bred :  
 Errors indeed ! for real knowledge stay'd  
 With those first times, nor farther was convey'd,  
 While light opinions are much lower brought,  
 For on the waves of ignorance they float ;  
 But solid truth scarce ever gains the shore,  
 So soon it sinks, and ne'er emerges more.

Suppose those many dreadful dangers past,  
 Will knowledge dawn, and bless the mind at last ?  
 Ah ! no ; 'tis now environ'd from our eyes,  
 Hides all its charms, and undiscover'd lies.  
 Truth, like a single point, escapes the sight,  
 And claims attention to perceive it right :  
 But what resembles truth is soon descry'd,  
 Spread like a surface and expanded wide.  
 The first man rarely, very rarely, finds  
 The tedious search of long inquiring minds :  
 But yet what's worse, we know not when we err ;  
 What mark does truth, what bright distinction, bear ?  
 How do we know that what we know is true ?  
 How shall we falsehood fly, and truth pursue ?  
 Let none then here his certain knowledge boast,  
 'Tis all but probability at most :  
 This is the easy purchase of the mind,  
 The vulgar's treasure, which we soon may find :  
 But truth lies hid, and ere we can explore  
 The glitt'ring gem, our fleeting life is o'er.



## PINDARIC ESSAYS.

## A PROSPECT OF DEATH.

-----  
*Sed omnes una manet nox,  
 Et calcanda semel via letiti.*  
 -----

HOR.

## I.

SINCE we can die but once, and after death  
 Our state no alteration knows,  
 But when we have resign'd our breath  
 Th' immortal spirit goes  
 To endless joys or everlasting woes,  
 Wise is the man who labours to secure  
 That mighty and important stake,  
 And by all methods strives to make  
 His passage safe and his reception sure.  
 Merely to die no man of reason fears,  
 For certainly we must,  
 As we are born, return to dust ;  
 'Tis the last point of many ling'ring years :  
 But whither then we go,  
 Whither we fain would know ;  
 But human understanding cannot show :  
 This makes us tremble, and creates  
 Strange apprehensions in the mind,  
 Fills it with restless doubts and wild debates  
 Concerning what we living cannot find.

None know what death is but the dead,  
 Therefore we all, by nature, dying dread,  
 As a strange doubtful way we know not how to tread.

## II.

When to the margin of the grave we come,  
 And scarce have one black painful hour to live,  
 No hopes, no prospect of a kind reprieve  
 To stop our speedy passage to the tomb,  
 How moving and how mournful is the sight!  
 How wondrous pitiful, how wondrous sad!  
 Where then is refuge, where is comfort, to be had  
 In the dark minutes of the dreadful night  
 To cheer our drooping souls for their amazing flight?  
 Feeble and languishing in bed we lie,  
 Despairing to recover, void of rest,  
 Wishing for death, and yet afraid to die;  
 Terrors and doubts distract our breast,  
 With mighty agonies and mighty pains oppress.

## III.

Our face is moisten'd with a clammy sweat,  
 Faint and irregular the pulses beat;  
 The blood unactive grows,  
 And thickens as it flows,  
 Depriv'd of all its vigour, all its vital heat:  
 Our dying eyes roll heavily about,  
 Their light just going out,  
 And for some kind assistance call;  
 But pity, useless pity's all  
 Our weeping friends can give  
 Or we receive;  
 Tho' their desires are great their pow'rs are small.

The tongue's unable to declare  
The pains and griefs, the miseries, we bear,  
How insupportable our torments are.  
Music no more delights our deaf'ning ears,  
Restores our joys, or dissipates our fears,  
But all is melancholy, all is sad,  
In robes of deepest mourning clad ;  
For ev'ry faculty and ev'ry sense  
Partakes the woe of this dire exigence.

## IV.

Then we are sensible, too late,  
'Tis no advantage to be rich or great ;  
For all the fulsome pride and pageantry of state  
No consolation brings ;  
Riches and honours then are useless things,  
Tasteless or bitter all,  
And, like the book which the Apostle ate,  
To the ill-judging palate sweet,  
But turn at last to nauseousness and gall.  
Nothing will then our drooping spirits cheer  
But the remembrance of good actions past :  
Virtue's a joy that will for ever last,  
And makes pale Death less terrible appear,  
'Takes out his baneful sting, and palliates our fear.  
In the dark antichamber of the grave  
What would we give (ev'n all we have,  
All that our care and industry hath gain'd,  
All that our policy, our fraud, our art, obtain'd)



Could we recall those fatal hours again  
Which we consum'd in senseless vanities,  
Ambitious follies, or luxurious ease;  
For then they urge our terrors and increase our pain.

## V.

Our friends and relatives stand weeping by,  
Dissolv'd in tears, to see us die,  
And plunge into the deep abyss of ~~wide~~ eternity.  
In vain they mourn, in vain they grieve,  
Their sorrows cannot our's relieve:  
They pity our deplorable estate;  
But what, alas! can pity do  
To soften the decrees of Fate?  
Besides, the sentence is irrevocable too.  
All their endeavours to preserve our breath,  
Tho' they do unsuccessful prove,  
Show us how much, how tenderly they love,  
But cannot cut off the entail of death.  
Mournful they look, and crowd about our bed;  
One, with officious haste,  
Brings us a cordial we want sense to taste;  
Another softly raises up our head;  
This wipes away the sweat; that, sighing, cries,  
' See what convulsions, what strong agonies,  
' Both soul and body undergo!  
' His pains no intermission know,  
' For ev'ry gasp of air he draws returns in sighs.'  
Each would his kind assistance lend  
To save his dear relation or his dearer friend,  
But still in vain with Destiny they all contend.

## VI.

Our father, pale with grief and watching grown,  
Takes our cold hand in his, and cries, ' Adieu !  
' Adieu, my child ! now I must follow you ;'  
Then weeps, and gently lays it down.  
Our sons, who in their tender years  
Were objects of our cares and of our fears,  
Come trembling to our bed, and, kneeling, cry,  
' Bless us, O Father ! now before you die ;  
' Bless us, and be you bless'd to all eternity.'  
Our friend, whom equal to ourselves we love,  
Compassionate and kind,  
Cries, ' Will you leave me here behind ?  
' Without me fly to the bless'd seats above ?  
' Without me, did I say ? ah ! no ;  
' Without thy friend thou canst not go ;  
' For tho' thou leav'st me grov'ling here below,  
' My soul with thee shall upward fly  
' And bear thy spirit company  
' Thro' the bright passage of the yielding sky.  
' Ev'n death, that parts thee from thyself, shall be  
' Incapable to separate  
' (For 'tis not in the pow'r of Fate)  
' My friend, my best, my dearest, friend and me ;  
' But since it must be so, farewell,  
' For ever ! No ; for we shall meet again,  
' And live like gods, tho' now we die like men,  
' In the eternal regions where just spirits dwell.'

## VII.

The soul, unable longer to maintain  
The fruitless and unequal strife,  
Finding her weak endeavours vain  
To keep the counterscarp of life,  
By slow degrees retires towards the heart,  
And fortifies that little fort  
With all the kind artificeries of art.  
Botanic legions guarding ev'ry port;  
But Death, whose arms no mortal can repel,  
A formal siege disdains to lay,  
Summons his fierce battalions to the fray,  
And in a minute storms the feeble citadel.  
Sometimes we may capitulate, and he  
Pretends to make a solid peace;  
But 'tis all sham, all artifice,  
That we may negligent and careless be;  
For if his armies are withdrawn to-day,  
And we believe no danger near,  
But all is peaceable and all is clear,  
His troops return some unsuspected way;  
While in the soft embrace of Sleep we lie,  
The secret murd'ers stab us, and we die.

## VIII.

Since our first parents' fall  
Inevitable death descends on all,  
A portion none of human race can miss;  
But that which makes it sweet or bitter is  
The fears of misery, or certain hopes of bliss;

For when th' impenitent and wicked die,  
Loaded with crimes and infamy,  
If any sense at that sad time remains,  
They feel amazing terrors, mighty pains,  
The earnest of that vast stupendous woe  
Which they to all eternity must undergo,  
Confin'd in hell with everlasting chains.  
Infernal spirits hover in the air,  
Like ravenous wolves, to seize upon the prey,  
And hurry the departed souls away  
To the dark receptacles of despair,  
Where they must dwell till that tremendous day  
When the loud trump shall call them to appear  
Before a Judge most terrible and most severe,  
By whose just sentence they must go  
To everlasting pains and endless woe.

## IX.

But the good man, whose soul is pure,  
Unspotted, regular, and free  
From all the ugly stains of lust and villany,  
Of mercy and of pardon sure,  
Looks thro' the darkness of the gloomy night,  
And sees the dawning of a glorious day;  
Sees crowds of angels ready to convey  
His soul, whene'er she takes her flight,  
To the surprising mansions of immortal light:  
Then the celestial guards around him stand,  
Nor suffer the black demons of the air  
T' oppose his passage to the promis'd land,

Or terrify his thoughts with wild despair,  
But all is calm within, and all without is fair.  
His pray'rs, his charity, his virtues, press  
To plead for mercy when he wants it most ;  
Not one of all the happy number's lost,  
And those bright advocates ne'er want success:  
But when the soul's releas'd from dull mortality,  
She passes up in triumph thro' the sky,  
Where she's united to a glorious throng  
Of angels, who, with a celestial song,  
Congratulate her conquest as she flies along.

## X.

If, therefore, all must quit the stage,  
When or how soon we cannot know,  
But late or early we are sure to go,  
In the fresh bloom of youth or wither'd age,  
We cannot take too sedulous a care  
In this important grand affair,  
For as we die we must remain ;  
Hereafter all our hopes are vain,  
To make our peace with Heav'n, or to return again.  
The heathen, who no better understood  
Than what the light of Nature taught, declar'd  
No future misery could be prepar'd  
For the sincere, the merciful, the good ;  
But if there was a state of rest,  
They should with the same happiness be blest  
As the immortal gods, if gods there were, possess.  
We have the promise of eternal Truth,



Those who live well, and pious paths pursue,  
To man and to their Maker true,  
Let 'em expire in age or youth,  
Can never miss  
Their way to everlasting bliss;  
But from a world of misery and care  
To mansions of eternal ease repair,  
Where joy in full perfection flows,  
And in an endless circle move  
Thro' the vast round of beatific love,  
Which no cessation knows,

ON THE  
GENERAL CONFLAGRATION,  
AND  
ENSUING JUDGMENT.

---

*Esse quoque in fatis, reminiscitur, affor<sup>et</sup> tempus  
Quo mare, quo tellus, correptaque regia cœli  
Ardeat, et mundi moles operosa laboret.* OVID MET..

---

I.

Now the black days of universal doom,  
Which wondrous prophecies foretold, are come :  
What strong convulsions, what stupendous woe,  
Must sinking Nature undergo,  
Amidst the dreadful wreck and final overthrow !  
Methinks I hear her, conscious of her fate,  
With fearful groans and hideous cries  
Fill the presaging skies,  
Unable to support the weight  
Or of the present or approaching miseries.  
Methinks I hear her summon all  
Her guilty offspring, raving with despair,  
And trembling, cry aloud, ‘ Prepare,  
Ye sublunary pow’rs ! t’ attend my funeral.’

II.

See ! see the tragical portents,  
Those dismal harbingers of dire events,

Loud thunders roar, and darting lightnings fly  
 Thro' the dark concave of the troubled sky;  
 The fiery ravage is begun, the end is nigh.  
 See how the glaring meteors blaze !  
 Like baleful torches, O, they come, .  
 To light dissolving Nature to her tomb !  
 And, scattering round their pestilential rays,  
 Strike the affrighted nations with a wild amaze.  
 Vast sheets of flame and globes of fire,  
 By an impetuous wind, are driven  
 Thro' all the regions of th' inferior heav'n,  
 Till hid in sulph'rous smoke they seemingly expire.

## III.

Sad and amazing 'tis to see  
 What mad confusion rages over all  
 This scorching ball !  
 No country is exempt, no nation free,  
 But each partakes the epidemic misery.  
 What dismal havoc of mankind is made  
 By wars, and pestilence, and dearth,  
 Thro' the whole mournful earth,  
 Which with a murd'ring fury they invade,  
 Forsook by Providence and all propitious aid !  
 Whilst fiends let loose, their utmost rage employ  
 To ruin all things here below ;  
 Their malice and revenge no limits know,  
 But in the universal tumult all destroy.

## IV.

Distracted mortals from their cities fly  
 For safety to their champaign ground;  
 But there no safety can be found;  
 The vengeance of an angry Deity,  
 With unrelenting fury, does enclose them round:  
 And whilst for mercy some aloud implore  
 The God they ridicul'd before;  
 And others, raving with their woe,  
 (For hunger, thirst, despair, they undergo,)  
 Blaspheme and curse the Pow'r they should adore:  
 The earth, parch'd up with drought, her jaws  
     extends,  
 And opening wide a dreadful tomb,  
 The howling multitude at once descends  
 Together all into her burning womb.

## V.

The trembling Alps abscond their aged heads  
 In mighty pillars of infernal smoke,  
 Which from their bellowing caverns broke,  
 And suffocates whole nations where it spreads.  
 Sometimes the fire within divides  
 The massy rivers of those secret chains  
 Which hold together their prodigious sides,  
 And hurls the shatter'd rocks o'er all the plains,  
 While towns and cities, ev'ry thing below,  
 Is overwhelm'd with the same burst of woe.

## VI.

No show'rs descend from the malignant sky  
 To cool the burning of the thirsty field ;  
 The trees no leaves, no grass the meadows, yield.  
 But all is barren, all is dry.  
 The little rivulets no more  
 To larger streams their tribute pay,  
 Nor to the ebbing ocean they,  
 Which, with a strange unusual roar, [before,  
 Forsakes those ancient bounds it would have pass'd  
 And to the monstrous deep in vain retires:  
 For ev'n the deep itself is not secure,  
 But, belching subterraneous fires,  
 Increases still the scalding calenture,  
 Which neither earth, nor air, nor water, can endure.

## VII.

The sun, by sympathy, concern'd  
 At those convulsions, pangs, and agonies,  
 Which on the whole creation seize,  
 Is to substantial darkness turn'd.  
 The neighb'ring moon, as if a purple flood  
 O'erflow'd her tott'ring orb, appears  
 Like a huge mass of black corrupting blood,  
 For she herself a dissolution fears.  
 The larger planets, which once shone so bright  
 With the reflected rays of borrow'd light,  
 Shook from their centre, without motion lie  
 Unwieldy globes of solid night,  
 And ruinous lumber of the sky.

## VIII.

Amidst this dreadful hurricane of woes  
 (For fire, confusion, horror, and despair,  
 Fill ev'ry region of the tortur'd earth and air)  
 The great archangel his loud trumpet blows;  
 At whose amazing sound fresh agonies  
 Upon expiring Nature seize:  
 For now she'll in few minutes know  
 Th' ultimate event and fate of all below.  
 Awake, ye dead! awake! he cries;  
 (For all must come)  
 All that had human breath, arise,  
 To hear your last unalterable doom!

## IX.

At this the ghastly tyrant, who had sway'd  
 So many thousand ages uncontroll'd,  
 No longer could his sceptre hold,  
 But gave up all, and was himself a captive made!  
 The scatter'd particles of human clay,  
 Which in the silent grave's dark chambers lay,  
 Resume their pristine forms again,  
 And now from mortal grow immortal men.  
 Stupendous energy of sacred pow'r!  
 Which can collect, wherever cast,  
 The smallest atoms, and that shape restore  
 Which they had worn so many years before,  
 That thro' strange accidents and num'rous changes  
 past.

## X.

See how the joyful angels fly  
 From ev'ry quarter of the sky,  
 To gather, and to convoy all  
 The pious sons of human race  
 To one capacious place,  
 Above the confines of this flaming ball.  
 See with ~~what~~ tenderness and love they bear  
 Those righteous souls thro' the tumultuous air,  
 Whilst the ungodly stand below,  
 Raging with shame, confusion, and despair,  
 Amidst the burning overthrow,  
 Expecting fiercer torments and acuter woe.  
 Round them infernal spirits howling fly ;  
 ' O horror ! curses ! tortures ! chains ! ' ~~they~~ cry,  
 And roar aloud with execrable blasphemy.

## XI.

Hark ! how the daring ~~sons~~ of Infamy,  
 Who once dissolv'd in pleasures lay,  
 And laugh'd at this tremendous day, -  
 To rocks and mountains now to hide 'em cry;  
 But rocks and mountains all in ashes lie.  
 Their shame's so mighty, and so strong their fear,  
 That, rather than appear  
 Before a God incens'd, they would be hurl'd  
 Amongst the burning ruins of the world,  
 And lie conceal'd, if possible, for ever there.



PINDARIC ESSAYS.

Time was they would not own a Deity,  
Nor after death a future state;  
But now, by sad experience, find too late  
There is, and terrible to that degree,  
That rather than behold his face they'd cease to be,  
And sure 'tis better, if Heav'n would give consent,  
To have no being; but they must remain  
For ever, and for ever be in pain.  
O inexpressible, stupendous punishment,  
Which cannot be endur'd, yet must be underwent!

XII.

But now the eastern skies expanding wide,  
The glorious Judge omnipotent descends,  
And to the sublunary world his passage bends,  
Where, cloath'd with human nature, he did once  
reside.

Round him the bright ethereal armies fly,  
And loud triumphant hallelujahs sing,  
With songs of praise, and hymns of victory,  
To their celestial king;  
' All glory, pow'r, dominion, majesty,  
' Now, and for everlasting ages, he  
' To the essential One and co-eternal Three!  
' Perish that world, as 'tis decreed,  
' Which saw the God incarnate bleed!  
' Perish, by thy almighty vengeance, those  
' Who durst thy person or thy laws expose;  
' The cursed refuse of mankind, and hell's proud  
seed.



' Now to the unbelieving nations show  
' Thou art a God from all eternity;  
' Not titular, or but by office so;  
' And let 'em the mysterious union see  
' Of human nature with the Deity.'

## XIII.

With mighty transports, yet with awful fears,  
The good behold this glorious sight;  
Their God in all his majesty appears,  
Ineffable, amazing bright,  
And seated on a throne of everlasting light.  
Round the tribunal, next to the Most High,  
In sacred discipline and order, stand  
The peers and princes of the sky,  
As they excel in glory or command.  
Upon the right hand that illustrious crowd,  
In the white bosom of a shining cloud,  
Whose souls, abhorring all ignoble crimes,  
Did, with a steady course, pursue  
His holy precepts in the worst of times,  
Maugre what earth or hell, what men or devils  
could do.  
And now that God they did to death adore,  
For whom such torments and such pains they bore,  
Returns to place them on those thrones above,  
Where, undisturb'd, uncloy'd, they will possess  
Divine substantial happiness,  
Unbounded as his pow'r, and lasting as his love,

## XIV.

' Go, bring, the Judge impartial, frowning, cries,  
 ' Those rebel sons who did my laws despise ;  
 ' Whom neither threats nor promises could  
     move,  
 ' Not all my sufferings, nor all my love,  
 ' To save themselves from everlasting miseries.'  
 At this ten millions of archangels flew  
 Swifter than lightning, or the swiftest thought,  
 And less than in an instant brought  
 The wretched, curs'd, infernal crew ;  
 Who with distorted aspects, come  
 To hear their sad intolerable doom.  
 ' Alas !' they cry, ' one beam of mercy show,  
 ' Thou all-forgiving Deity !  
 ' To pardon crimes is natural to thee ;  
 ' Crush us to nothing, or suspend our woe :  
 ' But if it cannot, cannot be,  
 ' And we must go into a gulf of fire,  
 ' (For who can with Omnipotence contend ?)  
 ' Grant, for thou art a God, it may at last expire,  
 ' And all our tortures have an end.  
 ' Eternal burnings, O ! we cannot bear,  
 ' Tho' now our bodies too immortal are,  
 ' Let 'em be pungent to the last degree ;  
 ' And let our pains innumerable be ;  
 ' But let 'em not extend to all eternity !'

## XV.

Lo ! now there does no place remain  
For penitence and tears, but all  
Must by their actions stand or fall :  
To hope for pity is in vain ;  
The die is cast, and not to be recall'd again.  
Two mighty books are by two angels brought :  
In this, impartially recorded, stands  
The law of Nature, and divine commands ;  
In that, each action, word, and thought,  
Whate'er was said in secret, or in secret wrought.  
Then first the virtuous and the good,  
Who all the fury of temptation stood, [blood,  
And bravely pass'd thro' ignominy, chains, and  
Attended by their guardian angels, come  
To the tremendous bar of final doom.  
In vain the grand Accuser, railing, brings  
A long indictment of enormous things,  
Whose guilt wip'd off by penitential tears,  
And their Redeemer's blood and agonies, ;  
No more to their astonishment appears,  
But in the secret womb of dark Oblivion lies.

## XVI.

' Come now, my Friends !' he cries ; ' ye sons of  
    grace,  
' Partakers once of all my wrongs and shame,  
' Despis'd and hated for my name ;  
' Come to your Saviour's and your God's embrace !

' Ascend, and those bright diadems possess,  
 ' For you by my eternal Father made  
 ' Ere the foundation of the world was laid;  
 ' And that surprising happiness, [less;  
 ' Immense as my own Godhead, and will ne'er be  
 ' For when I languishing in prison lay,  
 ' Naked, and starv'd almost for want of bread,  
 ' You did your kindly visits pay,  
 ' Both cloth'd my body, and my hunger fed.  
 ' Weary'd with sickness, or oppress'd with grief,  
 ' Your hand was always ready to supply;  
 ' Whene'er I wanted, you were always by  
 ' To share my sorrows or to give relief.  
 ' In all distress so tender was your love,  
 ' I could no anxious trouble bear;  
 ' No black misfortune or vexatious care,  
 ' But you were still impatient to remove,  
 ' And mourn'd your charitable hand should un-  
     successful prove:  
 ' All this you did, tho' not to me  
 ' In person, yet to mine in misery;  
 ' And shall for ever live  
 ' In all the glories that a God can give,  
 ' Or a created being's able to receive.'

## XVII.

At this the architects divine on high  
 Innumerable thrones of glory raise,  
 On which they, in appointed order, place  
 The human coheirs of eternity,  
 And with united hymns the God incarnate praise:

' O holy, holy, holy Lord,  
 ' Eternal God, almighty One,  
 ' Be thou for ever, and be thou alone,  
 ' By all thy creatures constantly ador'd !  
 ' Ineffable coequal Three,  
 ' Who from nonentity gave birth  
 ' To angels and to men, to heav'n and to earth,  
 ' Yet always wast thyself, and wilt for ever be !  
 ' But for thy mercy we had ne'er possess'd  
 ' These thrones, and this immense felicity,  
 ' Could ne'er have been so infinitely blest :  
 ' Therefore all glory, pow'r, dominion, majesty,  
 ' To thee, O Lamb of God ! to thee  
 ' For ever, longer than for ever, be !'

XVIII.

Then the incarnate Godhead turns his face  
 To those upon the left, and cries,  
 (Almighty vengeance flashing in his eyes)  
 ' Ye impious, unbelieving race !  
 ' To those eternal torments go,  
 ' Prepar'd for those rebellious sons of light,  
 ' In burning darkness and in flaming night,  
 ' Which shall no limit or cessation know,  
 ' But always are extreme, and always will be so.  
 The final sentence pass'd, a dreadful cloud  
 Enclosing all the miserable crowd,  
 A mighty hurricane of thunder rose,  
 And hurl'd 'em all into a lake of fire,  
 Which never, never, never, can expire,  
 The vast abyss of endless woes ;

Whilst with their God the righteous mount on high,  
 In glorious triumph passing thro' the sky,  
 To joys immense, and everlasting 'ecstasy.

## DIES NOVISSIMA :

OR,

### THE LAST EPIPHANY.

*On Christ's second appearance to judge the world.*

#### I.

ADIEU, ye toyish reeds ! that once could please  
 My softer lips, and lull my cares to ease :  
 Be gone ; I'll waste no more vain hours with you !  
 And smiling Sylvia too, adieu ;  
 A brighter Pow'r invokes my Muse,  
 And loftier thoughts and raptures does infuse.  
 See ! beck'ning from yon' cloud, he stands,  
 And promises assistance with his hands.  
 I feel the heavy rolling God,  
 Incumbent, revel in his frail abode.  
 How my breast heaves and pulses beat !  
 I sink, I sink, beneath the furious heat ;  
 The weighty bliss o'erwhelms my breast,  
 And overflowing joys profusely waste.  
 Some nobler bard, O sacred Pow'r ! inspire,  
 Or soul more large, th' elapses to receive ;  
 And, brighter yet, to catch the fire,

And each gay following charm from death to save!  
 —In vain the suit—the God inflames my breast;  
 I rave, with ecstasies opprest;  
 I rise, the mountains lessen and retire;  
 And now I mix, unsing'd, with elemental fire;  
 The leading Deity I have in view,  
 Nor mortal knows as yet what wonders will ensue.

## II.

We pass'd thro' regions of unsully'd light;  
 I gaz'd and sicken'd at the blissful sight;  
 A shudd'ring paleness seiz'd my look;  
 At last the pest flew off, and thus I spoke:  
 ' Say, sacred Guide! shall this bright clime  
 ' Survive the fatal test of time,  
 ' Or perish with our mortal globe below,  
 ' When yon' sun no longer shines?  
 Straight I finish'd—veiling low:  
 The visionary Pow'r rejoins,  
 ' 'Tis not for you to ask, nor mine to say,  
 ' The niceties of that tremendous day.  
 ' Know, when o'erjaded Time his round has run,  
 ' And finish'd are the radiant journeys of the sun,  
 ' The great decisive morn shall rise,  
 ' And heav'n's bright Judge appear in op'ning skies;  
 ' Eternal grace and justice he'll bestow  
 ' On all the trembling world below.'

## III.

He said; I mus'd; and thus return'd:  
 ' What ensigns, courteous stranger! tell,  
 ' Shall the brooding day reveal?'  
 1

He answer'd mild —

- ' Already, stupid with their crimes,
- ' Blind mortals prostrate to their idols lie :
- ' Such were the boding times,
- ' Ere ruin blasted from the sluicy sky ;
- ' Dissolv'd they lay in fulsome ease,
- ' And revell'd in luxuriant peace ;
- ' In Bacchanals they did their hours consume,
- ' And Bacchanals led on their swift advancing doom.

#### IV.

- ' Adulterate christs already rise,
- ' And dare t' assuage the ungrateful skies ;
- ' Erratic throngs their Saviour's blood deny,
- ' And from the cross, alas ! he does neglected sigh ;
- ' The antichristian power has rais'd his hydra head,
- ' And run, only less than Jesus' health, does spread.
- ' So long the gore thro' poison'd veins has flow'd,
- ' That scarcely ranker is a Fury's blood ;
- ' Yet specious a face and fair disguise
- ' The monster's shape and curs'd design belies :
- ' A fiend's black venom in an angel's mien
- ' He quaffs, and scatters the contagious spleen ;
- ' Straight, when he finishes his lawless reign,
- ' Nature shall paint the shining scene,
- ' Quick as the lightning which inspires the train.

#### V.

- ' Forward confusion shall provoke the fray,
- ' And Nature from her ancient order stray ;



' Black tempests, gath'ring from the seas around,  
 ' In horrid ranges shall advance ;  
 ' And as they march, in thickest sables drown'd,  
 ' The rival thunder from the clouds shall sound,  
 ' And lightnings join the fearful dance :  
 ' The blast'ring armies o'er the skies shall spread ;  
 ' And universal terror shed ;  
 ' Loud issuing peals and rising sheets of smoke  
 ' Th' encumber'd region of the air shall choke ;  
 ' The noisy main shall lash the suff'ring shore,  
 ' And from the rocks the breaking billows roar ;  
 ' Black thunder bursts, blue lightning burns,  
 ' And melting worlds to heaps of ashes turns ;  
 ' The forests shall beneath the tempest bend,  
 ' And rugged wings the nodding cedars rend.

## VI.

' Reverse all Nature's web shall run,  
 ' And spotless misrule all around  
 ' Order, its flying foe, confound, [unspun,  
 ' Whilst backward all the threads shall haste to be  
 ' Triumphant Chaos, with his oblique wand  
 ' (The wand with which, ere time begun,  
 ' His wand'ring slaves he did command, [run)  
 ' And made 'em scamper right, and in rude ranges  
 ' The hostile harmony shall chase,  
 ' And as the nymph resigns her place,  
 ' And, panting, to the neighb'ring refuge flies,  
 ' The formless ruffian slaughters with his eyes,  
 ' And following, storms the perching dame's retreat,  
 ' Adding the terror of his threat ;

' The globe shall faintly tremble round,  
' And backward jolt, distorted with the wound.

## VII.

' Swath'd in substantial shrouds of night,  
' The sick'ning sun shall from the world retire,  
' Stripp'd of his dazzling robes of fire, <sup>flight,</sup>  
' Which, dangling, once shed round a lavish flood of  
' No frail eclipse, but all essential shade,  
' Not yielding to primeval gloom;  
' Whilst day was yet an embryo in the womb;  
' Nor glimmering in its source with silver streamers  
' A jetty mixture of the darkness spread [play'd,  
' O'er murmur'ing Egypt's head;  
' And that which angels drew  
' O'er Nature's face when Jesus dy'd,  
' Which sleeping ghosts for this mistook,  
' And rising, off their hanging fun'rals shook,  
' And fleeting pass'd, expos'd their bloodless breasts  
to view,  
' Yet find it not so dark, - and to their dormitories  
glide.

## VIII.

' Now bolder fires appear,  
' And o'er the palpable obscurement sport,  
' Glaring and gay as falling Lucifer, [court,  
' Yet mark'd with fate, as when he fled th' ethereal  
' And plung'd into the op'ning gulf of night:  
' A sabre of immortal flame I bore,  
' And with this arm his flourish'ing plume I tore,  
' And straight the fiend retreated from the fight.

## IX.

‘ Mean-time the lambent prodigies on high  
 ‘ Take gamesome measures in the sky ;  
 ‘ Joy’d with his future feast the thunder roars  
 ‘ In chorus to th’ enormous harmony, [stores,  
 ‘ And halloos to his offspring from sulphureous  
 ‘ Applauding how they tilt and how they fly,  
 ‘ And their each nimble turn and radiant embassy,

## X.

‘ The moon turns paler at the sight,  
 ‘ And all the blazing orbs deny their light ;  
 ‘ The lightning with its livid tail,  
 ‘ A train of glitt’ring terrors draws behind,  
 ‘ Which o’er the trembling world prevail ;  
 ‘ Wing’d and blown on by storms of wind,  
 ‘ They show the hideous leaps on either hand  
 ‘ Of Night, that spreads her ebon curtains round,  
 ‘ And there erects her royal stand, [bound.  
 ‘ In sev’n-fold winding jet her conscious temples

## XI.

‘ The stars next, starting from their spheres,  
 ‘ In giddy revolutions leap and bound ;  
 ‘ Whilst this with double fury glares,  
 ‘ And meditates new wars,  
 ‘ And wheels in sportive gyres around,  
 ‘ Its neighbour shall advance to sight,  
 ‘ And while each offers to enlarge his right,  
 ‘ The gen’ral ruin shall increase,  
 ‘ And banish all the votaries of peace.

' No more the stars, with paler beams,  
 \* Shall tremble o'er the midnight streams,  
 ' But travel downward to behold  
 ' What mimics 'em so twinkling there,  
 ' And, like Narcissus, as they gain more near,  
 ' For the lov'd image straight expire,  
 ' And agonize in warm desire,  
 ' Or slake their lust as in the stream they roll.

## XII.

' Whilst the world burns, and all the orbs below  
 ' In their viperous ruins glow,  
 ' They sink, and, unsupported, leave the skies, [noise:  
 ' Which fall abrupt, and tell their torment in the  
 ' Then see th' almighty Judge, sedate and bright,  
 ' Cloth'd in imperial robes of light!  
 ' His wings the wind, rough storms the chariot bear,  
 ' And nimbler harbingers before him fly,  
 ' And with officious rudeness brush the air;  
 ' Halt as he halts, then doubling in their flight,  
 ' In horrid sport with one another vie,  
 ' And leave behind quick-winding tracks of light;  
 ' Then urging, to their ranks they close, [compose-  
 ' And shiv'ring, lest they start, a sailing caravan

## XIII.

' The mighty Judge rides in tempestuous state,  
 ' Whilst mighty guards his orders wait:  
 \* His waving vestments shine  
 ' Bright as the sun, which lately did its beams resign,  
 ' And burnish'd wreaths of light shall make his  
 form divine.

' Strong beams of majesty around his temples play,  
 ' And the transcendent gaiety of his face allay :  
 ' His Father's rev'rend characters he'll wear,  
 ' And both o'erwhelm with light and overawe with  
 ' Myriads of angels shall be there, [fear.  
 ' And I, perhaps, close the tremendous rear :  
 ' Angels, the first and fairest sons of day,  
 ' Clad with eternal youth, and as their vestments gay.

## XIV.

' Nor for magnificence alone,  
 ' To brighten and enlarge the pageant scenc,  
 ' Shall we encircle his more dazzling throne,  
 ' And swell the lustre of his pompous train :  
 ' The nimble ministers of bliss or woe  
 ' We shall attend, and save or deal the blow,  
 ' As he admits to joy, or bids to pain.

## XV.

' The welcome news [diffuse.  
 ' Thro' ev'ry angel's breast fresh raptures shall  
 ' The day is come [doom :  
 ' When Satan, with his pow'rs, shall sink to endless  
 ' No more shall we his hostile troops pursue  
 ' From cloud to cloud, nor the long fight renew.

## XVI.

' Then Raphael, big with life, the trump shall  
     sound;  
 ' From falling spheres the joyful music shall  
     rebound,  
 ' And seas and shores shall catch and propagate it  
     round :

- ' Louder he'll blow, and it shall speak more shrill,  
 Than when, from Sinai's hill,  
 ' In thunder, thro' the horrid redd'ning smoke,  
 ' The Almighty spoke.  
 ' We'll shout around with martial joy,  
 ' And thrice the vaulted skies shall read, and thrice  
     our shouts reply.  
     first th' Archangel's voice aloud  
     cheerfully salute the day and throng,  
 ' And Hallelujahs fill the crowd,  
 ' And I, perhaps, shall close the song.

## XVII.

- ' From its long sleep all human race shall rise,  
 ' And see the morn and Judge advancing in the  
     skies ;  
 ' To their old tenements the souls return,  
 ' Whilst down the steep of heav'n as swift the  
     Judge descends.  
 ' These look illustrious bright, no more to mourn ;  
 ' Whilst, see ! distracted looks yon' stalking shades  
     attend.  
 ' The saints no more shall conflict on the deep,  
 ' Nor rugged waves insult the lab'ring ship,  
 ' But from the wreck in triumph they arise,  
 ' And, borne to bliss, shall tread empyreal skies.'

UPON THE  
DIVINE ATTRIBUTES.

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Ἐἴς ἐστιν Θεὸς  
Ὅς ὕψανον τέλει καὶ γαίαν μακρὰν.      SOPHOC.

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I. UNITY. ETERNITY.

WHENCE sprung this glorious frame? or when  
Things to exist? they could not always be: [began  
To what stupendous energy  
Shall we ascribe the origin of man?  
That Cause from whence all beings else arose  
Must self-existent be, alone;  
Entirely perfect, and but one;  
~~No~~ equal nor superior knows:  
Two Firsts, in reason, we can ne'er suppose:  
If ~~that~~, in false opinion, we allow  
That once there absolutely nothing was,  
Then nothing could be now;  
For by what instrument, or how,  
Shall non-existence to existence pass?  
Thus, something must from everlasting be;  
Or matter, or a Deity.  
If matter only uncreate we grant,  
We shall volition, wit, and reason, want,  
An agent infinite, and action free.

Whence does volition, why does reason, how?  
 How came we to reflect, to judge, and know?  
 This from a nobler nature springs,  
 Distinct in essence from material things;  
 For thoughtless matter cannot thought bestow:  
 But if we own a God supreme,  
 And all perfection's possible in him,  
 In him does boundless excellence reside,  
 Pow'r to create, and providence to guide;  
 Unmade himself, could no beginning have,  
 But to all substance prime existence gave;  
 Can what he will destroy, and what he pleases  
 save.

II. POWER.

The undesigning hand of giddy Chance  
 Could never fill with globes of light,  
 So beautiful and so amazing bright,  
 The lofty concave of the vast expanse:  
 These could proceed from no less power than  
 infinite.

There's not one atom of this wondrous frame,  
 Nor essence intellectual, but took  
 Existence when the great Creator spoke,  
 And from the common womb of empty nothing  
 came.

'Let substance be,' he cry'd, and straight arose  
 Angelic and corporeal too;  
 All that material nature shows,  
 And what does things invisible compose,  
 At the same instant sprung, and into being flew.



Mount to the convex of the highest sphere,  
 Which draws a mighty circle round  
 Th' inferior orbs, as their capacious bound,  
 There millions of new miracles appear;  
 There dwell the eldest sons of Pow'r immense,  
 Who first were to perfection wrought,  
 First to complete existence brought,  
 To whom their Maker did disperse  
 The largest portions of created excellence:  
 Eternally now, not of necessity,  
 As if they could not cease to be,  
 Or were from possible destruction free,  
 But on the will of God depend;  
 For that which could begin can end:  
 Who when the lower worlds were made,  
 Without the least miscarriage or defect,  
 By the almighty Architect,  
 United adoration paid,  
 And with ecstatic gratitude his laws obey'd.

## III.

Philosophy of old in vain essay'd  
 To tell us how this mighty frame  
 Into such beautiful order came,  
 But by false reasonings false foundations laid:  
 She labour'd hard, but still the more she wrought,  
 The more was wilder'd in the maze of thought.  
 Sometimes she fancied things to be  
 Coeval with the Deity,  
 And in the firm which now they are  
 From everlasting ages were.

## PINDARIC ESSAYS.

times the casual event  
    ns floating in the space immense,  
Void of all wisdom, rule, and sense,  
But by a lucky accident  
Jumbled into this scheme of wondrous excel-  
    lence.

'Twas an establish'd article of old,  
Chief of the philosophic creed,  
And does in natural productions hold,  
That from mere nothing, nothing could pro-  
    ceed.

Material substance never could have rose,  
If some existence had not been before,  
In wisdom infinite, immense in pow'r.  
Whate'er is made a Maker must suppose,  
As an effect a cause that could produce it  
    shows.

Nature and art, indeed, have bounds assign'd,  
And only forms to things, not being, give;  
*That* from Omnipotence they must receive :  
But the eternal self-existent Mind  
Can, with a single fiat, cause to be  
All that the wondrous eye surveys,  
And all it cannot see.

Nature may shape a beauteous tree,  
And art a noble palace raise,  
But must not to creative pow'r aspire;  
*That* their God alone can claim,  
As pre-existing substance doth require ;  
So, where they nothing find, can nothing frame.

## IV. WISDOM.

Matter, produc'd, had still a chaos been;  
 For jarring elements, engag'd,  
 Eternal battles would have wag'd,  
 And fill'd with endless horror the tumultuous  
 scene,—

If Wisdom infinite, for less  
 Could not the vast prodigious embryo wield,  
 Or strength complete to lab'ring Nature yield,  
 Had not, with actual address,  
 Compos'd the bellowing hurry, and establish'd  
 peace.

Whate'er this visible creation shows  
 That's lovely, uniform, and bright,  
 That gilds the morning or adorns the night,  
 To her its eminence and beauty owes.  
 By her all creatures have their ends assign'd,  
 Proportion'd to their nature and their kind,  
 To which they steadily advance,  
 Mov'd by right Reason's high command,  
 Or guided by the secret hand  
 Of real instinct or imaginary chance.  
 Nothing but men reject her sacred rules,  
 Who from the end of their creation fly,  
 And deviate into misery;  
 As if the liberty to act like fools  
 Were the chief cause that Heav'n made them  
 free.

## V. PROVIDENCE.

Bold is the wretch, and blasphemous the man,  
 Who, ~~finite~~, will attempt to scan  
 The works of Him that's infinitely wise,  
 And those he cannot comprehend denies;  
 As if a space immense were measurable by a span.  
 Thus the proud sceptic will not own  
 That Providence the world directs,  
 Or its affairs inspects,  
 But leaves it to itself alone.  
 How does it with almighty grandeur suit,  
 To be concern'd with our impertinence,  
 Or interpose his pow'r for the defence  
 Of a poor mortal or a senseless brute?  
 Villains could never so successful prove,  
 And unmolested in their pleasures live,  
 With honour, ease, and affluence, give,  
 While such as Heav'n adore, and virtue love,  
 And most the care of Providence deserve,  
 Oppress'd with pain and ignominy starve.  
 What reason can the wisest show  
 Why murder does unpunish'd go,  
 If the Most High, that's just and good,  
 Intends and governs all below, [blood?  
 And yet regards not the loud cries of guiltless  
 But shall we things unsearchable deny,  
 Because our reason cannot tell us why  
 They are allowed or acted by the Deity?

'Tis equally above the reach of thought  
 To comprehend how matter should be brought  
 From nothing, as existent be  
 From all eternity;  
 And yet that matter is, we feel and see :  
 Nor is it easier to define  
 What ligatures the soul and body join,  
 Or how the mem'ry does th' impression take  
 Of things, and to the mind restores 'em back.

## VI.

Did not th' Almighty, with immediate care,  
 Direct and govern this capacious ball,  
 How soon would things into confusion fall !  
 Earthquakes the trembling ground would tear,  
 And blazing comets rule the troubled air ;  
 Wide inundations, with resistless force,  
 The lower provinces o'erflow,  
 In spite of all that human strength could do,  
 To stop the raging sea's impetuous course :  
 Murder and rapine ev'ry place would fill,  
 And sinking Virtue stoop to prosp'rous ill ;  
 Devouring pestilence rave,  
 And all that part of nature which has breath  
 Deliver to the tyranny of death,  
 And hurry to the dungeons of the grave,  
 If watchful Providence were not concern'd to save,  
 Let the brave soldier speak, who oft' has been  
 In dreadful ~~sights~~ <sup>scenes</sup>, and fierce battles seen,  
 How he's preserv'd, when bombs and bullets ~~fly~~

So thick, that scarce one inch of air is free :  
 And tho' he does ten thousand see  
 Fall at his feet, and in a moment die,  
 Unhurt retreats, or gains unhurt the victory.  
 Let the poor shipwreck'd sailor show  
 To what invisible protecting Pow'r  
 He did his life and safety owe  
 When the loud storm his well-built vessel tore,  
 And half a shatter'd plank convey'd him to the shore.  
 Nay, let th' ungrateful sceptic tell us how  
 His tender infancy protection found,  
 And helpless childhood was with safety crown'd,  
 If he'll no Providence allow ;  
 When he had nothing but his nurse's arm  
 To guard him from innumerable fatal harms ;  
 From childhood how to youth he ran  
 Securely, and from thence to man ;  
 How, in the strength and vigour of his years,  
 The feeble bark of life he saves,  
 Amidst the fury of tempestuous waves,  
 From all the dangers he foresees or fears,  
 Yet ev'ry hour 'twixt Scylla and Charybdis steers,  
 If Providence, which can the seas command,  
 Held not the rudder with a steady hand ?

## VII. OMNIPRESENCE.

'Tis happy for the sons of men that He  
 Who all existence out of nothing made  
 Supports his creatures by immediate aid ;  
 But then this all-intending Deity  
 Must omnipresent be :

For how shall we, by demonstration, show  
The Godhead is this moment here,  
If he's not present every where,  
And always so?  
What's not perceptible by sense may be  
Ten thousand miles remote from me,  
Unless his nature is from limitation free.  
In vain we for protection pray,  
For benefits receiv'd high altars raise,  
And offer up our hymns and praise,  
In vain his anger, dread, or laws obey;  
An absent God from ruin can defend  
No more than can an absent friend;  
No more is capable to know  
How gratefully we make returns,  
When the loud music sounds or victim burns,  
Than a poor Indian slave of Mexico.  
If so, 'tis equally in vain  
The prosp'rous sings and wretched mourns;  
He cannot hear the praise or mitigate the pain,  
But by what being is confin'd  
The Godhead we adore?  
He must have equal or superior pow'r:  
If equal only, they each other bind;  
So neither's God, if we define him right,  
For neither's infinite:  
But if the other have superior might,  
Then he we worship can't pretend to be  
Omnipotent, and free  
From all restraint, and so no deity.

If God is limited in space, his view,  
His knowledge, pow'r, and wisdom, is so too ;  
Unless we'll own that these perfections are  
At all times present ev'ry where,  
Yet he himself not actually there ;  
Which to suppose that strange conclusion brings,  
His essence and his attributes are diff'rent things.

## VIII. IMMUTABILITY.

As the supreme omniscient Mind  
Is by no boundaries confin'd,  
So reason must acknowledge him to be  
From possible mutation free ;  
For what he is he was from all eternity.  
Change, whether the effect of force or will,  
Must argue imperfection still ;  
But imperfection in a deity,  
That's absolutely perfect, cannot be.  
Who can compel, without his own consent,  
A God to change, that is omnipotent ?  
And every alteration, without force,  
Is for the better or the worse.  
He that is infinitely wise  
To alter for the worse will never choose ;  
That a depravity of nature shews :  
And he, in whom all true perfection lies,  
Cannot, by change, to greater excellencies rise.  
If God be mutable, which way, or how,  
Shall we demonstrate that will please him now,



Which did a thousand years ago?  
And 'tis impossible to know  
What he forbids, or what he will allow.  
Murder, enchantment, lust, and perjury,  
Did in the foremost rank of vices stand,  
Prohibited by an express command;  
But whether such they still remain to be  
No argument will positively prove,  
Without immediate notice from above,  
If the almighty Legislator can  
Be chang'd, like his inconstant subject man.  
Uncertain thus what to perform or shun,  
We all intolerable hazards run,  
When an eternal stake is to be lost or won.

## IX. JUSTICE.

Rejoice, ye sons of Piety! and sing  
Loud hallelujahs to his glorious name,  
Who was, and will for ever be, the same:  
Your grateful incense to his temples bring,  
That from the smoking altars may arise  
Clouds of perfumes to the imperial skies.  
His promises stand firm to you,  
And endless joy will be bestow'd,  
As sure as that there is a God,  
On all who virtue choose, and righteous paths  
pursue.  
Nor should we more his menaces distrust,  
For while he is a Deity he must  
(As infinitely good) be infinitely just,

But does it with a gracious Godhead suit,  
 Whose mercy is his darling attribute,  
 To punish crimes that temporary be,  
 And those but trivial offences too,  
 Mere slips of human nature, small and few,  
 With everlasting misery?  
 This shocks the mind, with deep reflections fraught,  
 And reason bends beneath the pond'rous thought.  
 Crimes take their estimate from guilt, and grow  
 More heinous still, the more they do incense  
 That God to whom all creatures owe  
 Profoundest reverence;  
 Tho', as to that degree they raise  
 The anger of the merciful Most High,  
 We have no standard to discern it by  
 But the infliction he on the offender lays:  
 So that, if endless punishment on all  
 Our unrepented sins must fall,  
 None, not the least, can be accounted small.  
 That God is in perfection just, must be  
 Allow'd by all that own a Deity:  
 If so, from equity he cannot swerve,  
 Nor punish sinners more than they deserve.  
 His will reveal'd is both express and clear:  
 'Ye cursed of my Father! go  
 'To everlasting woe.'  
 If everlasting means eternal here,  
 Duration absolutely without end,  
 Against which sense some zealously contend,  
 That, when apply'd to pains, it only means

They shall ten thousand ages last,  
 Ten thousand more perhaps, when they are past,  
 But not eternal, in a lit'ral sense :  
 Yet own the pleasures of the just remain  
 So long as there's a God exists to reign :  
 Tho' none can give a solid reason why  
 The word eternity,  
 To heav'n and hell indifferently join'd,  
 Should carry sense of a different kind ;  
 And 'tis a sad experiment to try.

## X. GOODNESS.

But if there be one attribute divine  
 With greater lustre than the rest can shine,  
 'Tis goodness, which we ev'ry moment see  
 The Godhead exercise with such delight,  
 It seems, it only seems, to be  
 The best-belov'd perfection of the Deity,  
 And more than infinite :  
 Without that he could never prove  
 The proper object of our praise or love.  
 Were he not good, he'd be no more concern'd  
 To hear the wretched in affliction cry,  
 Or see the guiltless for the guilty die,  
 Than Nero, when the flaming city burn'd,  
 And weeping Romans o'er its ruins mourn'd.  
 Eternal justice then would be  
 But everlasting cruelty ;  
 Pow'r unrestrain'd, almighty violence ;  
 And wisdom unconfin'd, but craft immense.

'Tis goodness constitutes Him that he is,  
 And those  
 Who will deny him this  
 A God without a Deity suppose.  
 When the lewd Atheist blasphemously swears,  
 By his tremendous name,  
 There is no God, but all's a sham,  
 Insipid tattle, praise and flattery's,  
 Virtue, pretence; and all the sacred rule  
 Religion teaches, tricks to cully fools;  
 Justice would strike th' audacious villain dead,  
 But mercy boundless saves his guilty head;  
 Gives him protection, and allows him bread.  
 Does not the sinner, whom no danger awes,  
 Without restraint in infamy pursue,  
 Rejoice and glory in it too,  
 Laugh at the Pow'r divine, and ridicule His laws,  
 Labour in vice his rivals to excel,  
 That when he's dead they may his pupils tell  
 How wittily the fool was damn'd, how hard he fell!  
 Yet this vile wretch in safety lives,  
 Blessings in common with the best receives,  
 Tho' he is proud t' affront the God those blessings  
 gives.

The cheerful sun his influence sheds on all,  
 Has no respect to good or ill;  
 And fruitful show'rs without distinction fall,  
 Which fields with corn, with grass the pastures fill,  
 The bounteous hand of Heav'n bestows  
 Success and honour many times on those  
 Who spurn his fav'rites, and caress his foes.

## XI.

To this good God, whom my advent'rous pen  
 Has dared to celebrate  
 In lofty Pindar's strain,  
 Tho' with unequall'd strength to bear the weight  
 Of such a pond'rous theme, so infinitely great;  
 To this good God celestial spirits pay,  
 With ecstasy divine, incessant praise,  
 While on the glories of his face they gaze,  
 In the bright regions of eternal day:  
 To him each rational existence here,  
 Whose breast one spark of gratitude contains,  
 In whom there are the least remains  
 Of piety or fear,  
 His tribute brings of joyful sacrifice,  
 For pardon prays, and for protection flies:  
 Nay, the inanimate creation give,  
 By prompt obedience to his word,  
 Instinctive honour to their Lord,  
 And shame the thinking world who in rebellion  
 live.

With heav'n and earth, then, O my soul! unite,  
 And the great God of both adore and bless,  
 Who gives thee competence, content, and peace,  
 The only fountains of sincere delight;  
 That from the transitory joys below  
 Thou, by a happy exit, may'st remove  
 To those ineffable above,  
 Which from the vision of the Godhead saw,  
 And neither end, decrease, nor interruption know.

## EPISTLES.

## CRUELTY AND LUST.\*

**W**HERE can the wretched'st of all creatures fly,  
 To tell the story of her misery?  
 Where, but to faithful Celia, in whose mind  
 A manly brav'ry's with soft pity join'd?  
 I fear these lines will scarce be understood,      5  
 Blurr'd with incessant tears, and writ in blood:  
 But if you can the mournful pages read,  
 The sad relation shows you such a deed  
 As all the annals of th' infernal reign  
 Shall strive to equal or exceed in vain.      10  
 Neronior's fame, no doubt, has reach'd your ears,  
 Whose cruelty has caus'd a sea of tears,  
 Fill'd each lamenting town with fun'ral sighs,  
 Deploring widows' shrieks and orphans' cries.  
 At ev'ry health the horrid monster quaff'd      15  
 Ten wretches dy'd, and as they dy'd, he laugh'd,  
 Till tir'd with acting devil, he was led,  
 Drunk with excess of blood and wine, to bed.  
 Oh! curst place!—I can no more command \*  
 My pen; shame and confusion shake my hand: 20

\* This piece was occasioned by the barbarity of Kirke, a commander in the Western rebellion, 1688, who debauched a young lady, with a promise to save her husband's life, but hanged him the next morning.

But I must on, and let my Celia know  
 How barb'rous are my wrongs, how vast my woe !  
 Amongst the crowd of Western youths, who ran  
 To meet the brave betray'd unhappy man\*,  
 My husband, fatally uniting, went, 25  
 Unus'd to arms, and thoughtless of th' event:  
 But when the battle was by treach'ry won,  
 The chief and all but his false friend undone,  
 Tho' in the tumult of that desp'rate night  
 He escap'd the dreadful slaughter of the fight, 30  
 Yet the sagacious blood-hounds, skill'd too well  
 In all the murd'ring qualitics of hell,  
 Each secret place so regularly beat,  
 They soon discover'd his unsafe retreat.  
 As hungry wolves triumphing o'er their prey, 35  
 To sure destruction hurry them away;  
 So the purveyors of fierce Moloc's son  
 With Charion to the common butch'ry run,  
 Where proud Neronior by his gibbet stood,  
 To glut himself with fresh supplies of blood. 40  
 Our friends, by pow'rful intercession, gain'd  
 A short reprieve, but for three days obtain'd,  
 To try all ways might to compassion move  
 The savage gen'ral; but in vain they strove.  
 When I perceiv'd that all addresses fail'd, 45  
 And nothing o'er his stubborn soul prevail'd,  
 Distracted almost, to his tent I flew,  
 To make the last effort what tears could do.

\* The Duke of Monmouth.

Low on my knees I fell, then thus began :  
 ' Great genius of success ! thou more than man ' 50  
 ' Whose arms to ev'ry clime have terror hurl'd,  
 ' And carry'd conquest round the trembling  
     world ;  
 ' Still may the brightest glories Fame can lend,  
 ' Your sword, your conduct, and your cause attend.  
 ' Here now the arbiter of Fate you sit,           55  
 ' While suppliant slaves their rebel heads submit.  
 ' Oh ! pity the unfortunate, and give  
 ' But this one thing ; oh ! let but Charion live !  
 ' And take the little all that we possess ;  
 ' Ill bear the meagre anguish of distress ;           60  
 ' Content, nay, pleas'd, to beg or earn my bread,  
 ' Let Charion live, no matter how I'm fed :  
 ' The fall of such a youth no lustre brings [things }  
 ' To him whose sword performs such wond'rous }  
 ' As saving kingdoms and supporting kings. 65 }  
 ' That triumph only with true grandeur shines  
 ' Where godlike courage godlike pity joins.  
 ' Cæsar, the eldest favourite of war,  
 ' Took not more pleasure to subdue than spare ;  
 ' And since in battle you can greater be,           70  
 ' That over, be'n't less merciful than he.  
 ' Ignoble spirits by revenge are known,  
 ' And cruel actions spoil the conqueror's crown,  
 ' In future histories fill each mournful page  
 ' With tales of blood and monuments of rage ; 75  
 ' And while his annals are with horror read,  
 ' Men curse him living, and detest him dead.



' Oh ! do not sully, with a sanguine dye,  
 ' (The foulest stain), so fair a memory !  
 ' Then, as you live the glory of our isle, 80  
 ' And Fate on all your expeditions smile;  
 ' So, when a noble course you've bravely ran,  
 ' Die the best soldier and the happiest man.  
 ' None can the turns of Providence foresee,  
 ' Or what their own catastrophe may be ; 85  
 ' Therefore, to persons lab'ring under woe,  
 ' That mercy they may want should always show :  
 ' For in the chance of war the slightest thing  
 ' May lose the battle or the vict'ry bring :  
 ' And how would you that gen'ral's honour prize,  
 ' Should in cool blood his captive sacrifice ? 91  
 ' He that with rebel arms to fight is led,  
 ' To justice forfeits his opprobrious head.  
 ' But 'tis unhappy Charion's first offence,  
 ' Seduc'd by some too plausible pretence, 95  
 ' To take th' inj'ring side by error brought ;  
 ' He had no malice, tho' he has the fault.  
 ' Let the old tempters find a shameful grave,  
 ' But the half-innocent, the tempted, save.  
 ' Vengeance divine, tho' for the greatest crime, 100  
 ' But rarely strikes the first or second time ;  
 ' And he best follows the Almighty's will  
 ' Who spares the guilty he has pow'r to kill.  
 ' When proud rebellions would unhinge a state,  
 ' And wild disorders in a land create ; 105  
 ' 'Tis requisite the first promoters should  
 ' Put out the flames they kindled with their blood ;

' But sure 'tis a degree of murder all  
 ' That draw their swords should undistinguish'd fall;  
 ' And since a mercy must to some be shown, 110  
 ' Let Charion 'mongst the happy few be one;  
 ' For as none guilty has less guilt than he,  
 ' So none for pardon has a fairer plea.  
 ' When David's general had won the field,  
 ' And Absolom, the lov'd ungrateful, kill'd, 115  
 ' The trumpets sounding made all slaughter cease,  
 ' And misled Isr'elites return'd in peace.  
 ' The action past, where so much blood was spilt,  
 ' We hear of none arraign'd for that day's guilt,  
 ' But all concludes with the desir'd event, 120  
 ' The monarch pardons, and the Jews repent.  
 ' As great example your high courage warms,  
 ' And to illustrious deeds excites your arms,  
 ' So when you instances of mercy view,  
 ' They should inspire you with compassion too; 125  
 ' For he that emulates the truly brave  
 ' Would always conquer, and should always save.'

Here, interrupting, stern Nerouior cry'd,  
 (Swell'd with success, and blubb'd up with pride,)

' Madam, his life depends upon my will, 130  
 ' For ev'ry rebel I can spare or kill.  
 ' I'll think of what you've said: this night return  
 ' At ten; perhaps you'll have no cause to mourn.  
 ' Go, see your husband; bid him not despair;  
 ' His crime is great; but you are wond'rous fair, 135  
 ' When anxious miseries the soul amaze,  
 And dire confusion in the spirits raise,

Upon the least appearance of relief  
 Our hopes revive, and mitigate our grief;  
 Impatience makes our wishes earnest grow, 140  
 Which thro' false optics our deliv'rance show;  
 For while we fancy danger does appear  
 Most at a distance, it is oft too near;  
 And many times, secure from obvious foes,  
 We fall ~~into~~ an ambuscade of woes. 145

Pleas'd with the false Neronior's dark reply,  
 I thought the end of all my sorrows nigh,  
 And to the main-guard hasten'd, where the prey  
 Of this blood-thirsty fiend in durance lay.  
 When Charion saw me, from his turfy bed 150  
 With eagerness he rais'd his drooping head:  
 'Oh! fly, my Dear! this guilty place,' he cry'd,  
 'And in some distant clime thy virtue hide;  
 'Here nothing but the foulest demons dwell,  
 'The refuse of the damn'd, and mob of hell: 155  
 'The air they breathe is every atom curst:  
 'There's no degree of ills, for all are worst:  
 'In rapes and murders they alone delight,  
 'And villanies of less importance slight;  
 'Act 'em indeed, but scorn they should be nam'd,  
 'For all their glory's to be more than damn'd. 161  
 'Neronior's chief of this infernal crew,  
 'And seems to merit that high station too;  
 'Nothing but rage and lust inspire his breast,  
 'By Asmodai and Moloc both possesst. 165  
 'When told you went to intercede for me,  
 'It threw my soul into an agony:

- ' Not that I would not for my freedom give  
 ' What's requisite, or do not wish to live;  
 ' But for my safety I can ne'er be base. 170  
     buy a few short years with long disgrace;  
     for would I have your yet unspotted fame  
     me expos'd to an eternal shame.  
     'ith ignominy to preserve my breath  
 ' Is worse, by infinite degrees, than death. 175  
 ' But if I can't my life with honour save,  
 ' With honour I'll descend into the grave:  
 ' For tho' Revenge and Malice both combine,  
 ' (As both to fix my ruin seem to join,)  
 ' Yet, maugre all their violence and skill, 180  
 ' I can die just, and I'm resolv'd I will.  
 ' But what is death we so unwisely fear?  
 ' An end of all our busy tumults here;  
 ' The equal lot of Poverty and State,  
 ' Which all partake of by a certain fate. 185  
 ' Whoe'er the prospect of mankind surveys  
 ' At diverse ages, and by diverse ways,  
 ' Will find them from this noisy scene retire;  
 ' Some the first minute that they breathe expire;  
 ' Others, perhaps, survive to talk and go, 190  
 ' But die before they good-or evil know.  
 ' Here one to puberty arrives, and then  
 ' Returns lamented to the dust again;  
 ' Another there maintains a longer strife  
 ' With all the pow'rful enemies of life, 195  
 ' Till, with vexation tir'd, and threescore years,  
 ' He drops into the dark and disappears.

' I'm young, indeed, and might expect to see  
 ' Times future long, and late posterity;  
 ' 'Tis what with reason I could wish to do, 200  
 ' If to be old were to be happy too :  
 ' But since substantial grief so soon destroys  
 ' The gust of all imaginary joys,  
 ' Who would be too importunate to live,  
 ' Or more for life than it can merit give? 205  
 ' Beyond the grave stupendous regions lie,  
 ' The boundless realms of vast eternity !  
 ' Where minds, remov'd from earthly bodies, dwell,  
 ' But who their government or laws can tell ?  
 ' What's their employment till the final doom, 210  
 ' And time's eternal period shall come ?  
 ' Thus much the sacred Oracles declare,  
 ' That all are bless'd or miserable there;  
 ' Tho' if there's such variety of fate,  
 ' None good expire too soon, nor bad too late. 215  
 ' For my own part, with resignation still  
 ' I can submit to my Creator's will ;  
 ' Let him recall the breath from him I drew  
 ' When he thinks fit, and when he pleases too.  
 ' The way of dying is my least concern; 220  
 ' That will give no disturbance to my urn.  
 ' If to the seats of happiness I go,  
 ' There end all possible returns of woe ;  
 ' And when to those bless'd mansions I arrive,  
 ' With pity I'll behold those that survive. 225  
 ' Once more, I beg you'd from these tents retreat,  
 ' And leave me to my innocence and fate.'

'Clasison,' said I, 'ah! do not urge my flight!  
 'I'll see th' event of this important night;  
 'Some strange presage in my soul forebode 230  
 'The worst of mis'ries or the greatest good.  
 'Few hours will show the utmost of my doom,  
 'A joyful safety, or a peaceful tomb.  
 'If you miscarry I'm resolv'd to try  
 'If gracious Heav'n will suffer me to die; 235  
 'For when you are to endless raptures gone,  
 'If I survive 'tis but to be undone.  
 'Who will support an injur'd widow's right,  
 'From sly injustice or oppressive might?  
 'Protect her person, or her cause defend? 240  
 'She rarely wants a foe or finds a friend.  
 'I've no distrust of Providence; but still  
 ' 'Tis best to go beyond the reach of ill;  
 'And ~~there~~ can have no reason to repent,  
 'Who, ~~tho'~~ they die betimes, die innocent. 245  
 'But to a world of everlasting bliss  
 'Why would you go and leave me here in this?  
 ' 'Tis a dark passage; but our foes shall view  
 'I'll die as calm, tho' not so brave, as you,  
 'That my behaviour to the last may prove 250  
 'Your courage is no greater than my love.'  
 'The hour approach'd: as to Neronior's tent,  
 With trembling but impatient steps I went,  
 A thousand horrors throng'd into my breast,  
 By sad ideas and strong fears possess: 255  
 Where'er I pass'd the glaring lights would show  
 Fresh objects of despair, and scenes of woe.

Here, in a crowd of drunken soldiers, stood  
 A wretched, poor, old man, besmear'd with blood,  
 And at his feet, just thro' the body run, 260  
 Struggling for life, was laid his only son,  
 By whose hard labour he was daily fed,  
 Dividing still, with pious care, his bread ;  
 And while he mourn'd, with floods of aged tears,  
 The sole support of his decrepit years, 265  
 The barb'rous mob, whose rage no limit knows,  
 With blasphemous derision mock'd his woes.

There, under a wide oak, disconsolate,  
 And drown'd in tears, a mournful widow sate ;  
 High in the boughs the murder'd father hung ; 270  
 Beneath, the children round the mother clung ;  
 They cry'd for food, but 'twas without relief,  
 For all they had to live upon was grief.  
 A sorrow so intense, such deep despair,  
 No creature merely human long could bear. 275  
 First in her arms her weeping babes she took,  
 And with a groan did to her husband look,  
 Then lean'd her head on theirs, and, sighing, cry'd,  
 ' Pity me, Saviour of the world ! ' and dy'd.

From this sad spectacle my eyes I turn'd, 280  
 Where sons their fathers, maids their lovers, mourn'd ;  
 Friends for their friends, sisters for brothers, wept ;  
 Pris'ners of war in chains for slaughter kept ;  
 Each ev'ry hour did the black message dread  
 Which should declare the person lov'd was dead.  
 Then I beheld, with brutal shouts of mirth, 285  
 A comely youth, and of no common birth,

To execution led, who hardly bore  
 The wounds in battle he receiv'd before ;  
 And as he pass'd, I heard him bravely cry, 290  
 ' I neither wish to live, nor fear to die.'

At the cur'd tent arriv'd, without delay  
 They did me to the General convey,  
 Who thus began———

' Madam, by fresh intelligence I find 295

' That Charion's treasons of the blackest kind,

' And my commission is express, to spare

' None that so deeply in rebellion are.

' New measures therefore 'tis in vain to try;

' No pardon can be granted ; he must die : 300

' Must, or I hazard all ; which yet I'd do

' To be oblig'd in one request by you ;

' And, maugre all the dangers I foresee,

' To-morrow night, I'll set your husband free.

' Soldiers are rough, and cannot hope success 305

' By supple flattery and by soft address :

' The pert gay coxcomb by these little arts

' Gains an ascendant o'er the ladies' hearts ;

' But I can no such whining methods use :

' Consent, he lives ; he dies if you refuse.' 310

' Amaz'd at this demand ; said I, ' The brave

' Upon ignoble terms disdains to save ;

' They let their captives still with honour live,

' No more require than what themselves would  
 give :

' For glorious victors, as they scorn to do 315

' Dishonest things, scorn to propose 'em too.



- ' Mercy, the brightest virtue of the mind,  
 ' Should with no devious appetite be join'd ;  
 ' For if, when exercis'd, a crime it cost,  
 ' Th' intrinsic lustre of the deed is lost. 320  
 ' Great men their actions of a piece should have,  
 ' Heroic all, and each entirely brave !  
 ' From the nice rules of honour none should  
     swerve,  
 ' Done because good, without a mean reserve.  
     ' The crimes new charg'd upon th' unhappy  
         youth  
 ' May have revenge and malice, but no truth. 326  
 ' Suppose the accusation justly brought,  
 ' And clearly prov'd to the minutest thought,  
 ' Yet mercies next to infinite abate  
 ' Offences next to infinitely great ; 330  
 ' And 'tis the glory of a noble mind  
 ' In full forgiveness not to be confin'd.  
 ' Your prince's frowns if you have cause to fear,  
 ' This act will more illustrious appear,  
 ' Tho' his excuse can never be withstood, 335  
 ' Who disobeys but only to be good.  
 ' Perhaps the hazard's more than you express ;  
 ' The glory would be, were the danger less :  
 ' For he that, to his prejudice, will do  
 ' A noble action and a gen'rous too, 340  
 ' Deserves to wear a more resplendent crown  
 ' Than he that hath a thousand battles won.  
 ' Do not invert divine compassion so  
 ' As to be cruel, and no mercy show.

' Of what renown can such an action be,      345  
 ' Which saves my husband's life, but ruins me ?  
 ' Tho' if you finally resolve to stand  
 ' Upon so vile, inglorious a demand,  
 ' He must submit : if 'tis my fate to mourn      349  
 ' His death, I'll bathe with virt'ous tears his urn.  
     ' Well, Madam,' haughtily Neronior cry'd,  
 ' Your courage and your virtue shall be try'd ;  
 ' But to prevent all prospect of a flight,  
 ' Some of my Lambs \* shall be your guard to-night :  
 ' By them, no doubt, you'll tenderly be us'd ;      355  
 ' They seldom ask a favour that's refus'd :  
 ' Perhaps you'll find them so genteelly bred,  
 ' They'll leave you but few virt'ous tears to shed.  
 ' Surrounded with so innocent a throng,  
 ' The night must pass delightfully along ;      360  
 ' And in the morning, since you will not give  
 ' What I require, to let your husband live,  
 ' You shall behold him sigh his latest breath,  
 ' And gently swing into the arms of Death.  
 ' His fate he merits, as to rebels due,      365  
 ' And yours will be as much deserv'd by you.'

Oh ! Celia, think, so far as thought can show  
 What pangs of grief, what agonies of woe,  
 At this dire resolution, seiz'd my breast,  
 By all things sad and terrible possess !      370  
 In vain I wept, and 'twas in vain I pray'd,  
 For all my pray'rs were to a tiger made ;

\* Kirke used to call the ~~inhuman~~ <sup>inhuman</sup> of his soldiers his  
 Lambs.

A tiger! worse; for 'tis beyond dispute  
 No fiend's so cruel as a reasoning brute.  
 Encompass'd thus, and hopeless of relief, \* 375  
 With all the squadrons of despair and grief;  
 Ruin—it was not possible to shun:

What could I do? oh! what would you have done?

The hours that pass'd till the black morn return'd  
 With tears of blood should be for ever mourn'd; 380

When, to involve me with consummate grief,

Beyond expression, and above belief,

'Madam,' the monster cry'd, 'that you may find

'I can be grateful to the fair that's kind,

'Step to the door, I'll shew you such a sight 385

'Shall overwhelm your spirits with delight.

'Does not that wretch, who would dethrone his

'Become the gibbet, and adorn the string? [king

'You need not now and fear'd husband dread;

'Living he might, he'll not upbraid you dead. 390

'Twas for your sake I seiz'd upon his life;

'He would, perhaps, have scorn'd so chaste a wife.

'And, Madam, you'll excuse the zeal I show

'To keep that secret none alive should know.'

'Curs'd of all creatures! for, compar'd with thee,

'The devils,' said I, 'are dull in cruelty. 395

'Oh! may that tongue eternal vipers breed,

'And, wasteless, their eternal hunger feed;

'In fires too hot for salamanders dwell,

'The burning earnest of a hotter hell! 400

'May that vile lump of execrable lust,

'Corrupt alive, and rot into the dust!

EPISTLES.

\* May'st thou, despairing, at the point of death,  
\* With oaths and blasphemies resign thy breath ; 404  
/ And the worst torments that the damn'd should  
\* In thine own person all united bear ! [share

Oh ! Celia ! oh ! my friend ! what age can show  
Borrows like mine, so exquisite a woe ?  
Indeed it does not infinite appear,  
Because it can't be everlasting here ; 410  
But 'tis so vast that it can ne'er increase,  
And so confirm'd it never can be less,

---

STREPHON'S LOVE FOR DELIA

JUSTIFIED.

IN AN EPISTLE TO CELADON.

ALL men have follies, which they blindly trace  
Thro' the dark turnings of a dubious maze ;  
But happy those who, by a prudent care,  
Retreat by times from the fallacious snare.

The eldest sons of Wisdom were not free  
From the same failure you condemn in me ;  
They lov'd, and, by that glorious passion led,  
Forgot what Plato and themselves had said :  
Love triumph'd o'er those dull pedantic rules  
They had collected from the wrangling schools,  
And made 'em to his noble sway submit,  
In spite of all their learning, art, and wit ;  
Their grave starch'd morals then unuseful prov'd  
Those dusty characters he soon remov'd ;

For when his shining squadrons came in view,  
 Their boasted reason murmur'd and withdrew,  
 Unable to oppose their mighty force  
 With phlegmatic resolves and dry discourse.

If, as the wisest of the wise have err'd,  
 I go astray, and am condemn'd unheard,  
 My faults you too severely reprehend,  
 More like a rigid censor than a friend.  
 Love is the monarch passion of the mind,  
 Knows no superior, by no laws confin'd,  
 But triumphs still, impatient of control,  
 O'er all the proud endowments of the soul.

You own'd my Delia, friend! divinely fair,  
 When in the bud her native beauties were;  
 Your praise did then her early charms confess;  
 Yet you'd persuade me to adore her less.  
 You but the nonage of her beauty saw,  
 But might from thence sublime ideas draw,  
 And what she is, by what she was, conclude,  
 For now she governs those she then subdu'd.

Her aspect noble and mature is grown,  
 And ev'ry charm in its full vigour known;  
 There we may wond'ring view, distinctly writ,  
 The lines of goodness and the marks of wit;  
 Each feature, emulous of pleasing most,  
 Does justly some peculiar sweetness boast;  
 And her composure's of so fine a frame, \*  
 Pride cannot hope to reach, nor Envy blame.

When the immortal beauties of the skies  
 Contended naked for the golden prize,

The apple had not fall'n to Venus' share  
 Had I been Paris, and my Delia there,  
 In whom alone we all their graces find;  
 The moving gaiety of Venus join'd  
 With Juno's aspect and Minerva's mind.

}

View but those nymphs whom other swains  
 adore,  
 You'll value charming Delia still the more.  
 Dorinda's mien's majestic, but her mind  
 Is to revenge and peevishness inclin'd;  
 Myrtylla's fair, and yet Myrtylla's proud;  
 Chloe has wit, but noisy, vain, and loud;  
 Melania dotes upon the silliest things,  
 And yet Melania like an angel sings:  
 But in my Delia all endowments meet,  
 All that is just, agreeable, or sweet;  
 All that can praise and admiration move;  
 All that the wisest and the bravest love.

In all discourse she's apposite and gay,  
 And ne'er wants something pertinent to say;  
 For if the subject's of a serious kind,  
 Her thoughts are manly, and her sense refin'd;  
 But if divertive, her expressions fit,  
 Good language join'd with inoffensive wit;  
 So cautious always, that she ne'er affords  
 An idle thought the charity of words.

The vices common to her sex can find  
 No room ev'n in the suburbs of her mind;  
 Concluding wisely she's in danger still  
 From the mere neighb'rhood of industrious ill;

Therefore, at distance keep the subtle foe,  
 Whose near approach would formidable grow ;  
 While the unwary virgin is undone,  
 And meets the mis'ry which she ought to shun.

Her wit is penetrating, clear, and gay,  
 But lets true judgment and right reason sway ;  
 Modestly bold, and quick to apprehend,  
 Prompt in replies, but cautious to offend.  
 Her darts are keen, but levell'd with such care,  
 They ne'er fall short, and seldom fly too far ;  
 For when she rallies 'tis with so much art,  
 We blush with pleasure, and with rapture smart.

O, Celadon ! you would my flame approve,  
 Did you but hear her talk, and talk of love ;  
 That tender passion to her fancy brings  
 The prettiest notions and the softest things,  
 Which are by her so movingly exprest,  
 They fill with ecstasy my throbbing breast :  
 'Tis then the charms of eloquence impart  
 Their native glories, unimprov'd by art :  
 By what she says I measure things above,  
 And guess the language of seraphic love.

To the cool bosom of a peaceful shade,  
 By some wild beach or lofty poplar made,  
 When ev'ning comes, we secretly repair  
 To breathe in private, and unbend our care ;  
 And while our flocks in fruitful pastures feed,  
 Some well-design'd instructive poem read,  
 Where useful morals, with soft numbers join'd,  
 At once delight and cultivate the mind,

## EPISTLES.

ick ~~are~~ by her to more perfection brought;  
 wise remarks upon the poet's thought.  
 well she knows the stamp of eloquence,  
 The empty sound of words from solid sense,  
 The florid fustian of a rhyming spark,  
 Whose random arrow ne'er comes near the mark,  
 Can't on her judgment be impos'd, and pass  
 For standard gold, when 'tis but gilded brass.  
 Oft' in the walks of an adjacent grove,  
 Where first we mutually engag'd to love,  
 She, smiling, ask'd me, ' Whether I'd prefer  
 ' An humble cottage on the plains with her,  
 ' Before the pompous buildings of the great,  
 ' And find content in that inferior state?'  
 Said I, ' The question you propose to me  
 ' Perhaps a matter of debate might be,  
 ' Were the degrees of my affection less  
 ' Than burning martyrs to the gods express.  
 ' In you I've all I can desire below,  
 ' That earth can give me, or the gods bestow;  
 ' And bless'd with you, I know not where to find  
 ' A second choice; you take up all my mind.  
 ' I'd not forsake that dear delightful plain,  
 ' Where charming Delia! Love and Delia reign,  
 ' For all the splendour that a court can give,  
 ' Where gaudy fools and busy statesmen live.  
 ' Tho' youthful Paris, when his birth was known,  
 ' (Too fatally related to a throne,)  
 ' Forsook Oenone and his rural sports,  
 ' For dang'rous greatness and tumult'ous courts,



' Yet Fate should still offer its power in vain,  
 ' For what is pow'r to such an humble swain? '  
 ' I would not leave my Delia, leave my fair,  
 ' Tho' half the globe should be assign'd my share.'

And would you have me, friend! reflect again,  
 Become the basest and the worst of men?  
 O, do not urge me, Celadon! forbear;  
 I cannot leave her; she's too charming fair;  
 Should I your counsel in this case pursue,  
 You might suspect me for a villain too;  
 For sure that perjur'd wretch can never prove  
 Just to his friend who's faithless to his love.

### AN EPISTLE TO DELIA.

As those who hope hereafter heav'n to share,  
 A rig'rous exile here can calmly bear, ~~and~~  
 And with collected spirits undergo  
 The sad variety of pain below,  
 Yet with intense reflections antedate  
 The mighty raptures of a future state,  
 While the bright prospect of approaching joy  
 Creates a bliss no trouble can destroy;  
 So tho' I'm toss'd by giddy Fortune's hand  
 Ev'n to the confines of my native land,  
 Where I can hear the stormy ocean roar,  
 And break its waves upon the foaming shore;  
 Tho' from my Delia banish'd, all that's dear,  
 That's good, or beautiful, or charming, here,

Yet flatt'ring hopes encourage me to live,  
 And tell me Fate will kinder minutes give;  
 That the dark treasury of time contains  
 A glorious day will finish all my pains;  
 And while I contemplate on joys to come,  
 My griefs are silent and my sorrows dumb,  
 Believe me, Nymph! believe me, charming Fair!  
 (When Truth's conspicuous we need not swear;  
 Oaths would suppose a diffidence in you  
 That I am false, my flame fictitious too.)  
 Were I condemn'd, by Fate's imperial pow'r,  
 Ne'er to return to your embraces more,  
 I'd scorn whate'er the busy world could give;  
 'Twould be the worst of miseries to live;  
 For all my wishes and desires pursue,  
 All I admire or covet here, is you.  
 Were I possess'd of your surprising charms,  
 And lodg'd again within my Delia's arms,  
 Then would my joys ascend to that degree,  
 Could angels envy, they would envy me.

Oft' as I wander in a silent shade,  
 When bold vexations would my soul invade,  
 I banish the rough thought, and none pursue  
 But what inclines my willing mind to you:  
 The soft reflections on your sacred love,  
 Like sov'reign antidotes, all cares remove;  
 Composing ev'ry faculty to rest,  
 They leave a grateful flavour in my breast.  
 Retir'd sometimes into a lonely grove,  
 I think o'er all the stories of our love.

What mighty pleasure have I oft' possess,  
 When, in a masculine embrace, I prest  
 The lovely Delia to my heaving breast!  
 Then I remember, and with vast delight,  
 The kind expressions of the parting night:  
 Methought the sun too quick return'd again,  
 And day seem'd ne'er impertinent till then.  
 Strong and contracted was our eager bliss;  
 An age of pleasure in each gen'rous kiss:  
 Years of delight in moments we compriz'd,  
 And Heav'n itself was there epitomiz'd.

But when the glories of the eastern light  
 O'erflow'd the twinkling tapers of the night,  
 'Farewel, my Delia! O, farewel!' said I,  
 'The utmost period of my time is nigh;  
 'Too cruel Fate forbids my longer stay,  
 'And wretched Strephon is compell'd away.  
 'But tho' I must my native plains forego,  
 'Forsake these fields, forsake my Delia too,  
 'No change of fortune shall for ever move  
 'The settled base of my immortal love.'

'And must my Strephon, must my faithful  
 swain,  
 'Be forc'd, you cry'd, 'to a remoter plain!  
 'The darling of my soul so soon remov'd!  
 'The only valu'd, and the best belov'd!  
 'Tho' other swains to me themselves address,  
 'Strephon was still distinguish'd from the rest;  
 'Flat and insipid all their courtship seem'd;  
 'Little themselves, their passions less, esteem'd.'

' For my aversion with their flames increas'd,  
 ' And none but Strephon partial Delia pleas'd.  
 ' Tho' I'm depriv'd of my kind shepherd's sight,  
 ' Joy of the day, and blessing of the night,  
 ' Yet will you, Strephon! will you love me still?  
 ' However flatter me, and say you will;  
 ' For should you entertain a rival love,  
 ' Should you unkind to me, or faithless prove,  
 ' No mortal e'er could half so wretched be,  
 ' For sure no mortal ever lov'd like me'  
 ' Your beauty, Nymph! said I, ' my faith secures,  
 ' Those you once conquer must be always yours:  
 ' For hearts subdu'd by your victorious eyes  
 ' No force can storm, no stratagem surprise:  
 ' Nor can I of captivity complain,  
 ' While lovely Delia holds the glorious chain.  
 ' The Cyprian queen, in young Adonis' arms,  
 ' Might fear, at least, he would despise her charms;  
 ' But I can never such a monster prove,  
 ' To slight the blessings of my Delia's love.  
 ' Would those who at celestial tables sit,  
 ' Bless'd with immortal wine, im mortal wit,  
 ' Choose to descend to some inferior board,  
 ' Which nought but scum and non-ense can afford?  
 ' Nor can I e'er to those gay nymphs address,  
 ' Whose pride is greater and whose charms are less;  
 ' Their tinsel beauty may, perhaps, subdue  
 ' A gaudy cockcomb or a fulsome bean,  
 ' But seem at best indifferent to me,  
 ' Who none but you with admiration see.

' Now would the rolling orbs obey my will,  
 ' I'd make the sun a second time stand still,  
 ' And to the lower world their light repay,  
 ' When conqu'ring Joshua rob'd 'em of a day;  
 ' Tho' our two souls would diff'rent passions  
     prove,  
 ' His was a thirst of glory, mine of love.  
 ' It will not be; the sun makes haste to rise,  
 ' And take possession of the eastern skies;  
 ' Yet one more kiss, tho' millions are too few,  
 ' And Delia! since we must, must part, adieu.'

As Adam, by an injur'd Maker driv'n  
 From Eden's groves the vicinage of heav'n,  
 Compell'd to wander, and oblig'd to bear  
 The harsh impressions of a ruder air,  
 With mighty sorrow and with weeping eyes  
 Look'd back, and mourn'd the loss of Paradise;  
 With a concern like his did I review  
 My native plains, my charming Delia too; }  
 For I left Paradise in leaving you.

If, as I walk, a pleasant shade I find,  
 It brings your fair idea to my mind:  
 Such was the happy place, I sighing say,  
 Where I and Delia, lovely Delia! lay,  
 When first I did my tender thoughts impart,  
 And made a grateful present of my heart:  
 Or if my friend in his apartment shows  
 Some piece of Vandyke's or of Angelo's,  
 In which the artist has, with wondrous care,  
 Describ'd the face of one exceeding fair,

Tho' at first sight it may my passion raise,  
 And ev'ry feature I admire and praise;  
 Yet still methinks, upon a second view,  
 'Tis not so beautiful, so fair, as you.  
 If I converse with those whom most admit  
 To have a ready, gay, vivacious wit,  
 They want some amiable moving grace,  
 Some turn of fancy, that my Delia has;  
 For ten good thoughts amongst the crowd they  
                   vent,  
 Methinks ten thousand are impertinent.

Let other shepherds that are prone to range,  
 With each caprice their giddy humours change;  
 They from variety less joys receive  
 Than you alone are capable to give.  
 Nor will I envy those ill-judging swains,  
 (What they enjoy's the refuse of the plains,)  
 If, for my share of happiness below,  
 Kind Heav'n upon me Delia would bestow;  
 Whatever blessings it can give beside,  
 Let all mankind among themselves divide.

---

## TO HIS FRIEND

### UNDER AFFLICTION.

None lives in this tumultuous state of things,  
 Where ev'ry morning some new trouble brings,  
 But bold inquietudes will break his rest,  
 And gloomy thoughts disturb his anxious breast.

Angelic forms and happy spirits are  
 Above the malice of perplexing care;  
 But that's a blessing too sublime, too high  
 For those who bend beneath mortality.  
 If in the body there was but one part  
 Subject to pain and sensible of smart,  
 And but one passion could torment the mind,  
 That part, that passion, busy Fate would find:  
 But since infirmities in both abound,  
 Since sorrow both so many ways can wound,  
 'Tis not so great a wonder that we grieve  
 Sometimes, as 'tis a miracle we live.

The happiest man that ever breath'd on earth,  
 With all the glories of estate and birth,  
 Had yet some anxious care, to make him know  
 No grandeur was above the reach of woe.  
 To be from all things that disquiet free  
 Is not consistent with humanity.  
 Youth, wit, and beauty, are such charming things,  
 O'er which, if Affluence spreads her gaudy wings,  
 We think the person who enjoys so much  
 No care can move, and no affliction touch:  
 Yet could we but some secret method find  
 To view the dark recesses of the mind,  
 We there might see the hidden seed of strife,  
 And woes in embryo rip'ning into life;  
 How some fierce lust or boist'rous passion fills  
 The lab'ring spirit with prolific ills;  
 Pride, envy, or revenge, distract the soul,  
 And all right reason's godlike power control:

## EPISTLES.

But if she must not be allow'd to sway,  
Tho' all without appears serene and gay,  
A rank'rous venom on the vitals preys,  
And poisons all the comforts of his days.

External pomp and visible success  
Sometimes contribute to our happiness;  
But that which makes it genuine, refin'd,  
Is a good conscience and a soul resign'd:  
Then to whatever end affliction's sent,  
To try our virtues, or for punishment,  
We bear it calmly, tho' a pond'rous woe,  
And still adore the hand that gives the blow;  
For in misfortune this advantage lies,  
They make us humble and they make us wise;  
And he that can acquire such virtues, gains  
An ample recompense for all his pains.

Too soft caresses of a prosp'rous fate  
The pious fervours of the soul abate,  
Tempt to luxurious ease our careless days,  
And gloomy vapours round the spirits raise:  
Thus lull'd into a sleep, we dozing lie,  
And find our ruin in security,  
Unless some sorrow comes to our relief,  
And breaks th' enchantment by a timely grief.  
But as we are allow'd, to cheer our sight,  
In blackest days some glimmerings of light,  
So in the most dejected hours we may  
The secret pleasure have to weep and pray;  
And those moments the speediest passage find  
To Heav'n which flow from an afflicted mind;



And while to him we open our distress,  
 Our pains grow lighter and our sorrows less.  
 The finest music of the grove we owe  
 To mourning Philomel's harmonious woe,  
 And while her grief's in charming notes exprest,  
 A thorny bramble pricks her tender breast;  
 In warbling melody she spends the night,  
 And moves at once compassion and delight.

No choice had e'er so happy an event  
 But he that made it did that choice repent.  
 So weak's our judgment, and so short's our sight,  
 We cannot level our own wishes right;  
 And if sometimes we make a wise advance,  
 T' ourselves we little owe, but much to chance:  
 So that when Providence, for secret ends,  
 Corroding cares or sharp affliction sends,  
 We must conclude it best it should be so,  
 And not desponding or impatient grow:  
 For he that will his confidence remove  
 From boundless wisdom and eternal love,  
 To place it on himself or human aid,  
 Will meet those woes he labours to evade:  
 But in the keenest agonies of grief  
 Content's a cordial that still gives relief.  
 Heav'n is not always angry when she strikes,  
 But most chastises those whom most she likes;  
 And if with humble spirits they complain,  
 Relieves the anguish, or rewards the pain.

## TO ANOTHER FRIEND

## UNDER AFFLICTION.

SINCE the first man by disobedience fell .  
 An easy conquest to the pow'rs of hell,  
 There's none in ev'ry stage of life can be  
 From the insults of bold Affliction free.  
 If a short respite gives us some relief,  
 And interrupts the series of our grief,  
 So quick the pangs of misery return,  
 We joy by minutes, but by years we mourn.

Reason refin'd, and to perfection brought,  
 By wise philosophy, and serious thought,  
 Supports the soul beneath the pond'rous weight  
 Of angry stars, and unpropitious Fate.  
 Then is the time she should exert her pow'r,  
 And make us practise what she taught before;  
 For why are such volum'ous authors read,  
 The learned labours of the famous dead,  
 But to prepare the mind for its defence,  
 By sage results and well-digested sense,  
 That when the storm of misery appears,  
 With all its real or fantastic fears,  
 We either may the rolling danger fly,  
 Or stem the tide before it swells too high?

But tho' the theory of wisdom's known [done,  
 With ease, what should, and what should not be  
 Yet all the labour in the practice lies,  
 To be in more than words and notions wise.

TO ANOTHER FRIEND UNDER AFFLICTION. 13.

The sacred truth of sound philosophy  
 We study early, but we late apply,  
 When stubborn anguish seizes on the soul,  
 Right reason would its haughty rage control;  
 But if it mayn't be suffer'd, to endure  
 The pain is just when we reject the cure:  
 For many men, close observation finds,  
 Of copious learning and exalted minds,  
 Who tremble at the sight of daring woes,  
 And stoop ignobly to the vilest foes,  
 As if they understood not how to be  
 Or wise or brave but in felicity;  
 And by some action servile or unjust,  
 Lay all their former glories in the dust.  
 For wisdom first the wretched mortal flies,  
 And leaves him naked to his enemies;  
 So that, when most his prudence should be shown,  
 The most imprudent giddy things are done:  
 For when the mind's surrounded with distress,  
 Fear or inconstancy judgment press,  
 And render it incapable to make  
 Wise resolutions, or good counsels take.  
 Yet the firm steadiness of soul and thought,  
 By reason bred, and by Religion taught,  
 Which, like a rock amidst the stormy waves,  
 Unmov'd remains, and all affliction braves.

In sharp misfortunes some will search too deep  
 What Heav'n prohibits, and would secret keep;  
 But those events 'tis better not to know,  
 Which, known, serve only to increase our woe.

# 1 EPISTLES,

Knowledge forbid ( 'tis dang'rous to pursue)  
 With guilt begins, and ends with ruin too:  
 For had our earliest parents been content  
 Not to know more than to be innocent,  
 Their ignorance of evil had preserv'd  
 Their joy, entire, for then they had not swerv'd;  
 But they imagin'd (their desires were such)  
 They knew too little, till they knew too much.  
 E'er since by folly most to wisdom rise,  
 And few are but by sad experience wise.

Consider, Friend! who all your blessings gave,  
 What are recall'd again, and what you have,  
 And do not murmur when you are bereft  
 Of little, if you have abundance left.  
 Consider too, how many thousands are  
 Under the worst of miseries, despair,  
 And don't repine at what you now endure;  
 Custom will give you ease, or time will cure  
 Once more; consider that the present ill,  
 Tho' it be great, may yet be better still;  
 And be not anxious; for to change  
 One grief is nothing to a man;  
 But since it is impossible to be  
 Human, and not expos'd to misery,  
 Bear it, my Friend! as bravely as you can;  
 You are not more, and be not less than man!

Afflictions past can no existence find  
 But in the wild ideas of the mind;  
 And why should you for those misfortunes mourn,  
 Which have been suffer'd, and can ne'er return?

Those that have weather'd a tempestuous night,  
 And find a calm approaching with the light,  
 Will not, unless their reason they disown,  
 Still make those dangers present that are gone.  
 What is behind the curtain none can see;  
 It may be joy; suppose it misery:  
 'Tis future still; and that which is not here  
 May never come, or we may never bear:  
 Therefore, the present ill alone we ought  
 To view, in reason, with a troubled thought;  
 But if we may the sacred pages trust,  
 He's always happy that is always just.

## TO HIS FRIEND

INCLINED TO MARRY.

I would not have you, Strephon, choose a mate  
 From too exalted or too mean a state,  
 For in both these we may expect to find  
 A creeping spirit, or a haughty mind.  
 Who moves within the middle region shares  
 The least disquiets and the smallest cares.  
 Let her extraction with true lustre shine;  
 If something brighter, not too bright for thine;  
 Her education liberal, not great;  
 Neither inferior nor above her sta  
 Let her have wit, but let that wit  
 From affectation, pride, and pedan

'or the effect of woman's wit is such,  
 Too little is as dang'rous as too much. .  
 But, chiefly, let her humour close with thine,  
 Unless where yours does to a fault incline:  
 The least dispar ty in this destroys,  
 Like sulph'rous blasts, the very buds of joys.  
 Her person amiable, straight, and free  
 From natural, or chance deformity. ✱  
 Let not her years exceed, if equal thine,  
 For women past their vigour soon decline.  
 Her fortune competent; and if thy sight  
 Can reach so far, take care 'tis gather'd right.  
 If thine's enough, then hers may be the less:  
 Do not aspire to riches in excess;  
 For that which makes our lives delightful prove,  
 Is a genteel sufficiency and love.

## TO A PAINTER

### DRAWING DORINDA'S PICTURE.

**P**AINTER! the utmost of thy judgment show;  
 Exceed ev'n Titian and great Angelo;  
 With all the liveliness of thought express  
 The moving features of Dorinda's face:  
 Thou canst not flatter where such beauty dwells;  
 Her charms thy colours and thy art excels.  
 Others, less than may from thy pencil have  
 Graces which inspiring Nature never gave;

But in Dorinda's aspect thou wilt see  
Such as will pose thy famous art and thee :  
So great, so many, in her face unite,  
So well-proportioned, and so wond'rous bright,  
No human skill can e'er express 'em all,  
But must do wrong to th' fair original.  
An angel's hand alone the pencil fits  
To mix the colours, when an angel sits.

Thy picture may as like Dorinda be  
As art of man can paint a deity,  
And justly may, perhaps, when she withdraws,  
Excite our wonder, and deserve applause ;  
But when compar'd, you'll be oblig'd to own,  
No art can equal what's by Nature done.  
Great Lely's uoble hand, excell'd by few,  
The picture fairer than the person drew :  
He took the best that Nature could impart,  
And made it better by his pow'rful art :  
But had he seen that bright surprising grace  
Which spreads itself o'er all Dorinda's face,  
Vain had been all the essays of his skill ;  
She must have been confess'd the fairest still.

Heav'n in a landscape may be wond'rous fine,  
And look as bright as painted light can shine,  
But still the real glories of that place  
All art by infinite degrees surpass.

## TO THE PAINTER

AFTER HE HAD FINISHED DORINDA'S PICTURE.

**P**AINTER! thou hast perform'd what man can do;  
 Only Dorinda's self more charms can show.  
 Bold are thy strokes, and delicate each touch;  
 But still the beauties of her face are such  
 As cannot justly be describ'd, tho' all  
 Confess 'tis like the bright original.  
 In her, and in thy picture, we may view  
 The utmost Nature or that Art can do;  
 Each is a masterpiece, design'd so well,  
 That future times may strive to parallel,  
 But neither Art nor Nature's able to excel.

THE END.



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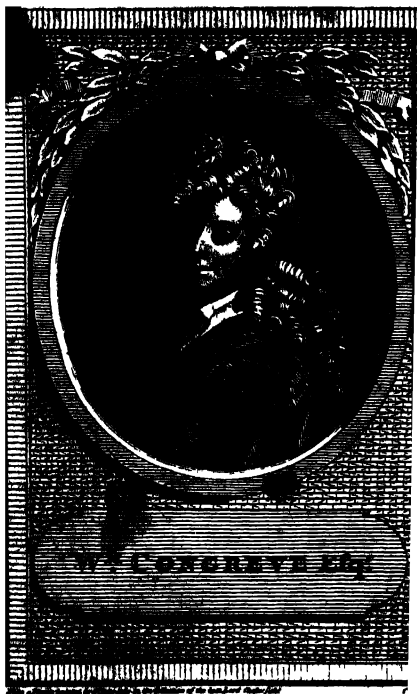














THE LIFE  
OF  
WILLIAM CONGREVE;  
BY  
SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL. D.

WILLIAM CONGREVE descended from a family in Staffordshire, of so great antiquity that it retains a place among the few that extend their line beyond the Norman Conquest; and was the son of William Congreve, second son of Richard Congreve of Congreve and Stratton. He visited, once at least, the residence of his ancestors; and, I believe, more places than one are still show in groves and gardens, where he is related to have written his *Old Bachelor*.

Neither the time nor place of his birth are certainly known; if the inscription upon his monument be true, he was born in 1692. For the place; it was said, by himself, that he owed his nativity to England, and by every body else, that he was born in Ireland. Southern mentions

him with sharp censure, as a man that meanly disowned his native country. The biographers assigned his nativity to Barda, near Leeds in Yorkshire, from the account given by himself, as they suppose, to Jacob.

To doubt whether a man of eminence has told the truth about his own birth, is, in appearance, to be very deficient in candor; yet nobody can live long without knowing that falsehoods of convenience or vanity, falsehoods from which no evil immediately visible ensues, except the general degradation of human testimony, are very lightly uttered, and once uttered, are sullenly reported. Boileau, who desired to be thought a rigorous and steady moralist, having told a pretty lie to Lewis XIV. continued it afterwards by false dates; thinking himself obliged *in honor*, says his admirer, to maintain what, when he said it, was so well received.

Wherever Congreve was born, he was educated first at Kilkenny, and afterwards at Dublin, his father having some military employment that stationed him in Ireland: but after having passed through the usual preparatory studies, as may be reasonably supposed, with great celerity and success, his father thought it proper to assign him a profession, by which something might be gotten; and about the time of the Revolution sent him, at the age of sixteen, to study law in the Middle Temple, where he lived for several years, but with very little attention to Statutes or Reports.

His disposition to become an author appeared very early, as he very early felt that force of imagination, and possessed that copiousness of sentiment, by which intellectual pleasure can be given. His first performance was a novel, called *Incognita, or Love and Duty reconciled*: It is praised by the biographers, who quote some part of the preface; *that is*, indeed, for such a time of life, uncommonly judicious. I would rather praise it than read it. \*

His first dramatic labor was the *Old Bachelor*; of which he says, in his defence against Collier, 'that comedy was written, as several know, some years before it was acted. When I wrote it, I had little thoughts of the stage; but did it, to amuse myself in a slow recovery from a fit of sickness. Afterwards, through my indiscretion, it was seen, and in some little time more it was acted; and I, through the remainder of my indiscretion, suffered myself to be drawn in, to the prosecution of a difficult and thankless study, and to be involved in a perpetual war with knaves and fools.'

There seems to be a strange affectation in authors of appearing to have done every thing by chance. The *Old Bachelor* was written for amusement, in the languor of convalescence. Yet it is apparently composed with great elaborateness of dialogue, and incessant ambition of wit. The age of the writer considered, it is indeed a very

wonderful performance; for, whenever written, it was acted (1693) when he was not more than twenty-one years old; and was then recommended by Mr. Dryden, Mr. Southern, and Mr. Maynwaring. Dryden said that he never had seen such a first play; but they found it deficient in some things requisite to the success of its exhibition, and by their greater experience fitted it for the stage. Southern used to relate of one comedy, probably of this, that when Congreve read it to the players, he pronounced it so wretchedly that they had almost rejected it; but they were afterwards so well persuaded of its excellence, that, for half a year before it was acted, the manager allowed its author the privilege of the house.

Few plays have ever been so beneficial to the writer; for it procured him the patronage of Halifax, who immediately made him one of the commissioners for licensing coaches, and soon after gave him a place in the pipe-office, and another in the customs of six hundred pounds a-year. Congreve's conversation must surely have been at east equally pleasing with his writings.

Such a comedy, written at such an age, requires some consideration. As the lighter species of dramatic poetry professes the imitation of common life, of real manners, and daily incidents, it apparently presupposes a familiar knowledge of many characters, and exact observation of the passing world; the difficulty therefore is, to con-

ceive how this knowledge can be obtained by a boy.

But if the *Old Bachelor* be more nearly examined, it will be found to be one of those comedies which may be made by a mind vigorous and acute, and furnished with comic characters by the perusal of other poets, without much actual commerce with mankind. The dialogue is one constant reciprocation of conceits, or clash of wit, in which nothing flows necessarily from the occasion, or is dictated by nature. The characters both of men and women are either fictitious and artificial, as those of *Heartwell* and the Ladies; or easy and common, as *Wittol* a tame idiot, *Bluff* a swaggering coward, and *Fondlewife* a jealous puritan; and the catastrophe arises from a mistake not very probably produced, by marrying a woman in a mask.

Yet this gay comedy, when all these deductions are made, will still remain the work of very powerful and fertile faculties: the dialogue is quick and sparkling, the incidents such as seize the attention, and the wit so exuberant that it 'o'er-informs its tenement.'

Next year he gave another specimen of his abilities in *The Double Dealer*, which was not received with equal kindness. He writes to his patron Lord Halifax a dedication, in which he endeavours to reconcile the reader to that which found few friends among the audience. These

apologies are always useless; 'de gustibus non est disputandum;' men may be convinced, but they cannot be pleased, against their will. But though taste is obstinate, it is very variable, and time often prevails when arguments have failed.

Queen Mary conferred upon both these plays the honor of her presence; and when she died soon after, Congreve testified his gratitude by a despicable effusion of elegiac pastoral; a composition in which all is unnatural, and yet nothing is new.

In another year (1695) his prolific pen produced *Love for Love*; a comedy of nearer alliance to life, and exhibiting more real manners, than either of the former. The character of *Foresight* was then common. Dryden calculated nativities; both Cromwell and King William had their lucky days; and Shaftesbury himself, though he had no religion, was said to regard predictions. The *Sailor* is not accounted very natural, but he is very pleasant.

With this play, was opened the New Theatre, under the direction of Betterton the tragedian; where he exhibited two years afterwards (1697) *The Mourning Bride*, a tragedy, so written as to show him sufficiently qualified for either kind of dramatic poetry.

In this play, of which, when he afterwards revised it, he reduced the versification to greater regularity, there is more bustle than sentiment;

the plot is busy and intricate, and the events take hold on the attention; but, except a very few passages, we are rather amused with noise, and perplexed with stratagem, than entertained with any true delineation of natural characters. This, however, was received with more benevolence than any other of his works, and still continues to be acted and applauded.

But whatever objections may be made either to his comic or tragic excellence, they are lost at once in the blaze of admiration, when it is remembered that he had produced these four plays before he had passed his twenty-fifth year, before other men, even such as are some time to shine in eminence, have passed their probation of literature, or presume to hope for any other notice than such as is bestowed on diligence and inquiry. Among all the efforts of early genius which literary history records, I doubt whether any one can be produced that more surpasses the common limits of nature than the plays of Congreve.

About this time began the long-continued controversy between Collier and the poets. In the reign of Charles the First the puritans had raised a violent clamor against the drama, which they considered as an entertainment not lawful to Christians, an opinion held by them in common with the church of Rome; and Prynne published *Histrio-mastix*, a huge volume, in which stage plays were censured. The outrages and crimes of the

Puritans brought afterwards their whole system of doctrine into disrepute, and from the Restoration the poets and players were left at quiet; for to have molested them would have had the appearance of tendency to puritanical malignity.

This danger, however, was worn away by time; and Collier, a fierce and implacable Non-juror, knew that an attack upon the theatre would never make him suspected for a puritan; he therefore (1698) published *A short View of the Immorality and Prophaneness of the English Stage*, I believe with no other motive than religious zeal and honest indignation. He was formed for a controvertist; with sufficient learning; with diction vehement and pointed, though often vulgar and incorrect; with unconquerable pertinacity; with wit in the highest degree keen and sarcastic; and with all those powers exalted and invigorated by just confidence in his cause.

Thus qualified, and thus incited, he walked out to battle, and assailed at once most of the living writers, from Dryden to Dufey. His onset was violent: those passages, which while they stood single had passed with little notice, when they were accumulated and exposed together, excited horror; the wise and the pious caught the alarm, and the nation wondered why it had so long suffered irreligion and licentiousness to be openly taught at the public charge.



Nothing now remained for the poets but to resist or fly. Dryden's conscience, or his prudence, angry as he was, withheld him from the conflict: Congreve and Vanbrugh attempted answers. Congreve, a very young man, elated with success, and impatient of censure, assumed an air of confidence and security. His chief artifice of controversy is to retort upon his adversary his own words: he is very angry, and, hoping to conquer Collier with his own weapons, allows himself in the use of every term of contumely and contempt; but he has the sword without the arm of Scanderberg; he has his antagonist's coarseness, but not his strength. Collier replied; for contest was his delight: he was not to be frightened from his purpose or his prey.

The cause of Congreve was not tenable: what ever glosses he might use for the defence or palliation of single passages, the general tenor and tendency of his plays must always be condemned. It is acknowledged, with universal conviction, that the perusal of his works will make no man better; and that their ultimate effect is to represent pleasure in alliance with vice, and to relax those obligations by which life ought to be regulated.

The stage found other advocates, and the dispute was protracted through ten years: but at last Comedy grew more modest; and Collier lived to see the reward of his labor in the reformation of the theatre.

Of the powers by which this important victory was achieved a quotation from *Love for Love*, and the remark upon it, may afford a specimen.

‘ Sir Sampson. Sampson’s a very good name ; for  
‘ your Sampsons were strong dogs from the be-  
‘ ginning.’

‘ Angel. Have a care—If you remember, the  
‘ strongest Sampson of your name pull’d an old  
‘ house over his head at last.’

“ Here you have the Sacred History burlesqued ;  
“ and Sampson once more brought into the house  
“ of Dagon, to make sport for the Philistines !”

Congreve’s last play was *The Way of the World*, which, though as he hints in his dedication, it was written with great labor and much thought, was received with so little favor, that, being in a high degree offended and disgusted, he resolved to commit his quiet and his fame no more to the caprices of an audience.

From this time his life ceased to be public ; he lived for himself and for his friends ; and among his friends was able to name every man of his time whom wit and elegance had raised to reputation. It may be therefore reasonably supposed that his manners were polite and his conversation pleasing.

He seems not to have taken much pleasure in writing, as he contributed nothing to the *Spectator*, and only one paper to the *Tatler*, though published by men with whom he might be supposed willing

to associate ; and though he lived many years after the publication of his *Miscellaneous Poems*, yet he added nothing to them, but lived on in literary indolence ; engaged in no controversy, contending with no rival, neither soliciting flattery by public commendations, nor provoking enmity by malignant criticism, but passing his time among the great and splendid, in the placid enjoyment of his fame and fortune.

Having owed his fortune to Halifax, he continued always of his patron's party, but, as it seems, without violence or acrimony ; and his firmness was naturally esteemed, as his abilities were revered. His security therefore was never violated ; and when, upon the extrusion of the Whigs, some intercession was used lest Congreve should be displaced, the Earl of Oxford made this answer :

*' Non obtusa adeo gestamus pectora Pœni,  
' Nec tam aversus equos Tyriâ sol jungit ab urbe.'*

He that was thus honored by the adverse party might naturally expect to be advanced when his friends returned to power, and he was accordingly made secretary for the island of Jamaica ; a place, I suppose, without trust or care, but which, with his post in the customs, is said to have afforded him twelve hundred pounds a-year.

His honors were yet far greater than his profits. Every writer mentioned him with respect ;

and, among other testimonies to his merit, Steele made him the patron of his *Miscellany*, and Pope inscribed to him his translation of the *Iliad*.

But he treated the Muses with ingratitude; for, having long conversed familiarly with the great, he wished to be considered rather as a man of fashion than of wit; and, when he received a visit from Voltaire, disgusted him by the despicable foppery of desiring to be considered not as an author but a gentleman; to which the Frenchman replied, 'that if he had been only a gentleman, he should not have come to visit him.'

In his retirement he may be supposed to have applied himself to books; for he discovers more literature than the poets have commonly attained. But his studies were in his latter days obstructed by cataracts in his eyes, which at last terminated in blindness. This melancholy state was aggravated by the gout, for which he sought relief by a journey to Bath; but being overturned in his chariot, complained from that time of a pain in his side, and died at his house in Surrey-street in the Strand, Jan. 29, 1728-9. Having lain in state in the Jerusalem-chamber, he was buried in Westminster-abbey, where a monument is erected to his memory by Henrietta Duchess of Marlborough, to whom, for reasons either not known or not mentioned, he bequeathed a legacy of about ten thousand pounds; the accumulation of attentive parsimony, which, though to her superfluous and

useless, might have given great assistance to the ancient family from which he descended, at that time by the imprudence of his relation reduced to difficulties and distress.

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CONGREVE has merit of the highest kind; he is an original writer, who borrowed neither the models of his plot, nor the manner of his dialogue. Of his plays I cannot speak distinctly; for since I inspected them many years have passed; but what remains upon my memory is, that his characters are commonly fictitious and artificial, with very little of nature, and not much of life. He formed a peculiar idea of comic excellence, which he supposed to consist in gay remarks and unexpected answers; but that which he endeavoured, he seldom failed of performing. His scenes exhibit not much of humour, imagery, or passion: his personages are a kind of intellectual gladiators; every sentence is to ward or strike; the contest of smartness is never intermitted; his wit is a meteor playing to and fro with alternate coruscations. His comedies have therefore, in some degree, the operation of tragedies; they surprise rather than divert, and raise admiration oftener than merriment. But they are the works of a mind replete with images, and quick in combination.

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thing very favorable. The powers of Congreve seem to desert him when he leaves the stage, as ~~that~~ he was no longer strong than when he could touch the ground. It cannot be observed without wonder, that a mind so vigorous and fertile in dramatic compositions should on any other occasion discover nothing but impotence and poverty. He has in these little pieces neither elevation of fancy, selection of language, nor skill in versification: yet if I were required to select from the whole mass of English poetry the most poetical paragraph, I know not what I could prefer to an exclamation in *The Mourning Bride*.

ALMERIA.

It was a fancy'd noise; for all is hush'd.

LEONORA.

It bore the accent of a human voice.

ALMERIA.

It was thy fear, or else some transient wind  
Whistling thro' hollows of this vaulted isle:  
We'll listen—

LEONORA.

Hark!

ALMERIA.

No, all is hush'd and still as death.—'Tis  
dreadful!

How reverend is the face of this tall pile,



Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads,  
 To bear aloft its arch'd and ponderous roof,  
 By its own weight made stedfast and immovable,  
 Looking tranquillity ! It strikes an awe  
 And terror on my aching sight ; the tombs  
 And monumtantal caves of death look cold,  
 And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart.  
 Give me thy hand, and let me hear thy voice ;  
 Nay, quickly speak to me, and let me hear  
 Thy voice—my own affrights me with its echoes.

He who reads these lines enjoys for a moment  
 the powers of a poet ; he feels what he remem-  
 bers to have felt before, but he feels it with  
 great increase of sensibility ; he recognizes a fa-  
 miliar image, but meets it again amplified and  
 expanded, embellished with beauty, and enlarged  
 with majesty.

Yet could the author, who appears here to  
 have enjoyed the confidence of Nature, lament  
 the death of queen Mary in lines like these :

The rocks are cleft, and new descending rills  
 Furrow the brows of all th' impending hills.  
 The water-gods to floods their rivulets turn,  
 And each, with streaming eyes, supplies his want-  
 ing urn.  
 The Fauns forsake the woods, the Nymphs the  
 grove,  
 And round the plain in sad distractions rove : ♫

In prickly brakes their tender limbs they tear,  
 And leave on thorns their locks of golden hair.  
 With their sharp nails, themselves the Satyrs  
     wound,

And tug their shaggy beards, and bite with grief  
     the ground.

Lo ! Pan himself, beneath a blasted oak,  
 Dejected lies, his pipe in pieces broke.  
 See Pales weeping too, in wild despair,  
 And to the piercing winds her bosom bare.  
 And see yon fading myrtle, where appears  
 The Queen of Love, all bath'd in flowing tears ;  
 See how she wrings her hands, and beats her  
     breast,

And tears her useless girdle from her waist :  
 Hear the sad murmurs of her sighing doves !  
 For grief they sigh, forgetful of their loves.

And, many years after, he gave no proof that  
 time had improved his wisdom or his wit ; for,  
 on the death of the Marquis of Blandford this was  
 his song :

And now the winds, which had so long been still,  
 Began the chilling air with sighs to fill ;  
 The water nymphs, who motionless remain'd,  
 Like images of ice, while she complain'd,  
 Now loose'd their streams : as when descending  
     rains

Roll the steep torrents headlong o'er the plains.

The prone creation, who so long had gaz'd,  
 Charm'd with her cries, and at her griefs amaz'd,  
 Began to roar and howl with horrid yell,  
 Dismal to hear, and terrible to tell !  
 Nothing but groans and sighs were heard around,  
 And echo multiplied each mournful sound.

In both these funeral poems, when he has *yelled* out many *syllables* of senseless *dolor*, he dismisses his reader with senseless consolation : from the grave of Pastora rises a light that forms a star ; and where Amaryllis wept for Amyntas, from every tear sprung up a violet.

But William is his hero, and of William he will sing :

The hovering winds on downy wings shall wait  
                   around,  
 And catch and waft to foreign lands, the flying  
                   sound.

It cannot but be proper to show what they shall have to catch and carry :

'Twas now, when flowery lawns the prospect  
                   made,  
 And flowing brooks beneath a forest shade,  
 A lowing heifer, loveliest of the herd,  
 Stood feeding by ; while two fierce bulls prepar'd

Their armed heads for fight; by fate of war to  
     prove  
 The victor worthy of the fair one's love.  
 Unthought presage of what met next my view;  
 For soon the shady scene withdrew.  
 And now, for woods, and fields, and springing  
     flowers,  
 Behold a town arise, bulwark'd with walls and  
     lofty towers;  
 Two rival armies all the plain o'erspread,  
 Each in battalia rang'd, and shining arms array'd;  
 With eager eyes beholding both from far,  
 Namur, the prize and mistress of the war.

The *Birth of the Muse* is a miserable fiction.  
 One good line it has, which was borrowed from  
 Dryden. The concluding verses are these:

This said, no more remain'd. Th' ethereal host  
 Again impatient crowd the crystal coast.  
 The father, now, within his spacious hands,  
 Encompass'd all the mingled mass of seas and  
     lands;  
 And, having heav'd aloft the ponderous sphere,  
 He launch'd the world to float in ambient air.

Of his irregular poems, that to Mrs. Arabella  
 Hunt seems to be the best: his ode for Cecilia's  
 Day, however, has some lines which Pope had in  
 his mind when he wrote his own.

His imitations of Horace are feebly paraphrastical, and the additions which he makes are of little value. He sometimes retains what were more properly omitted, as when he talks of *vervain* and *gums* to propitiate Venus.

Of his Translations, the satire of Juvenal was written very early, and may therefore be forgiven, though it had not the massiness and vigor of the original. In all his versions strength and sprightliness are wanting: his Hymn to Venus, from Homer, is perhaps the best. His lines are weakened with expletives, and his rhymes are frequently imperfect.

His petty poems are seldom worth the cost of criticism; sometimes the thoughts are false, and sometimes common. In his verses on *Lady Gethin*, the latter part is an imitation of Dryden's ode on Mrs. Killigrew; and *Doris*, that has been so lavishly flatter'd by Steele, has indeed some lively stanzas, but the expression might be mended; and the most striking part of the character had been already shown in *Love for Love*. His *Art of Pleasing* is founded on a vulgar, but perhaps impracticable principle, and the staleness of the sense is not concealed by any novelty of illustration or elegance of diction.

This tissue of poetry, from which he seems to have hoped a lasting name, is totally neglected, and known only as it appended to his plays.

While comedy or while tragedy is regarded,

his plays are likely to be read; but, except what relates to the stage, I know not that he has ever written a stanza that is sung, or a coupler that is quoted. The general character of his *Miscellanies* is, that they show little wit, and little virtue.

Yet to him it must be confessed that we are indebted for the correction of a national error, and for the cure of our Pindaric madness. He first taught the English writers that Pindar's odes were regular; and though certainly he had not the fire requisite for the higher species of lyric poetry, he has shown us that enthusiasm has its rules, and that in mere confusion there is neither grace nor greatness.

# CONGREVE'S POEMS.

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## EPISTLES.

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TO THE RIGHT HON.

CHARLES LORD HALIFAX, &c.

To you, my Lord, my Muse her tribute pays  
Of various verse, in various rude essays :  
To you she first address'd her early voice,  
By inclination led, and fix'd by choice ;  
To you, on whose indulgence she depends,  
Her few collected lays she now commends.

By no one measure bound, her numbers range,  
And unresolv'd in choice, delight in change ;  
Her songs to no distinguish'd fame aspire,  
For now she tries the reed, anon attempts the  
lyre.

In high Parnassus she no birthright claims,  
Nor drinks deep draughts of Heliconian streams ;  
Yet near the sacred mount she loves to rove,  
Visits the springs, and hovers round the grove.

She knows what dangers wait too bold a flight,  
 And fears to fall from an Icarian height;  
 Yet she admires the wing that safely soars,  
 At distance follows, and its track adores.  
 She knows what room, what force, the swan re-  
       quires

Whose tow'ring head above the clouds aspires,  
 And knows as well it is your lowest praise  
 Such heights to reach with equal strength and ease.

O had your genius been to leisure born,  
 And not more bound to aid us than adorn!  
 Albion in verse with ancient Greece had vy'd,  
 And gain'd alone a fame which there sev'n states  
       divide.

But such, ev'n such renown, too dear had cost,  
 Had we the patriot in the poet lost:  
 A true poetic state we had deplor'd,  
 Had not your ministry our coin restor'd.

But still, my Lord, tho' your exalted name  
 Stands foremost in the fairest list of 'ame,  
 Tho' your ambition ends in public good,  
 (A virtue-lineal to your house and blood)  
 Yet think not meanly of your other praise,  
 Nor slight the trophies which the Muses raise.  
 How oft' a patriot's best laid schemes we find  
 By party cross'd or faction undermin'd!  
 If he succeed he undergoes this lot,  
 The good receiv'd, the giver is forgot.  
 But honors which from verse their source derive,  
 Shall both surmount detraction and survive:



And poets have unquestion'd right to claim,  
If not the greatest, the most lasting name.

---

TO MR. DRYDEN,

ON HIS TRANSLATION OF PERSIUS.

As when of old heroic story tells  
On fountains imprison'd long by magic spells,  
Till future time the destin'd hero send  
By whom the dire enchantment is to end;  
Such seems this work, and so reserv'd for thee,  
Thou great revealer of dark pœsy !

Those sullen clouds which have for ages past  
O'er Persius too long suff'ring Muse been cast,  
Disperse and fly before thy sacred pen,  
And in their room bright tracks of light are seen.  
Sure Phœbus' self thy swelling breast inspires,  
The god of music and poetic fires;  
Else whence proceeds this great surprise of light ?  
How dawns this day forth from the womb of  
Night ?

Our wonder now does our past folly show,  
Vainly condemning what we did not know :  
So unbelievers impiously despise  
The sacred Oracles in mysteries.  
Persius before in small esteem was had,  
Unless what to Antiquity is paid ;

But like Apocrypha, with scruple read,  
(So far our ignorance our faith misled)  
Till you, Apollo's darling priest, thought fit  
To place it in the poet's sacred writ.

As coin which bears some awful monarch's face  
For more than its intrinsic worth will pass,  
So your bright image, which we here behold,  
Adds worth to worth, and dignifies the gold,  
To you we all this following treasure owe,  
This Hippocrene, which from a rock did flow.

Old Stoic virtue, clad in rugged lines,  
Polish'd by you, in modern brilliant shines:  
And as before for Persius our esteem  
To his antiquity was paid, not him;  
So now, whatever praise from us is due,  
Belongs not to old Persius, but the new;  
For still obscure, to us no light he gives;  
Dead in himself, in you alone he lives.

So stubborn flints their inward heat conceal,  
Till art and force th' unwilling sparks reveal;  
But, thro' your skill, from those small seeds of  
fire  
Bright flames arise, which never can expire.

## TO SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

OCCASIONED BY L— Y—'S PICTURE.

**I** YIELD, O Kneller! to superior skill,  
 Thy pencil triumphs o'er the poet's quill:  
 If yet my vanquish'd Muse exert her lays,  
 It is no more to rival thee, but praise.

Oft' have I try'd, with unavailing care,  
 To trace some image of the much-lov'd fair,  
 But still my numbers ineffectual prov'd,  
 And rather show'd how much, than whom, I  
                   lov'd;

But thy unerring hands, with matchless art,  
 Have shown my eyes th' impression in my heart;  
 The bright idea both exists and lives,  
 Such vital heat thy genial pencil gives,  
 Whose daring point, not to the face confin'd,  
 Can penetrate the heart, and paint the mind.  
 Others some faint resemblance may express,  
 Which as 'tis drawn by chance we find by guess:  
 Thy pictures raise no doubts when brought to  
                   view;

At once they're known, and seem to know us too.  
 Transcendent Artist! how complete thy skill!  
 Thy pow'r to act is equal to thy will:  
 Nature and Art in thee alike contend,  
 Not to oppose each other, but befriend;

For what thy fancy has with fire design'd,  
Is by thy skill both temper'd and refin'd.  
As in thy pictures light consents with shade,  
And each to other is subservient made,  
Judgment and genius so concur in thee,  
And both unite in perfect harmony.

But after-days, my Friend! must do thee right,  
And set thy virtues in unenvy'd light.  
Fame due to vast desert is kept in store,  
Unpaid till the deserver is no more ;  
Yet thou in present the best part hast gain'd,  
And from the chosen few applause obtain'd :  
Ev'n he who best could judge and best could  
praise,

Has high extoll'd thee in his deathless lays :  
Ev'n Dryden has immortaliz'd thy name ;  
Let that alone suffice thee, think that fame ;  
Unfit I follow where he led the way,  
And court applause by what I seem to pay :  
Myself I praise while I thy praise intend,  
For 'tis some virtue virtue to commend ;  
And next to deeds which our own honor raise,  
Is to distinguish them who merit praise.

## TO SIR RICHARD TEMPLE.

## OF PLEASING.

'Tis strange, dear Temple! how it comes to  
 pass  
 That no one man is pleas'd with what he has :  
 So Horace sings—and sure as strange is this,  
 That no one man's displeas'd with what he is.  
 The foolish, ugly, dull, impertinent,  
 Are with their persons and their parts content.  
 Nor is that all; so odd a thing is man,  
 He most would be what least he should or can.  
 Hence homely faces still are foremost seen,  
 And cross-shap'd fops affect the nicest mien;  
 Cowards extol true courage to the skies,  
 And fools are still most forward to advise;  
 Th' untrusted wretch to secrecy pretends,  
 Whisp'ring his nothing round to all as friends;  
 Dull rogues affect the politician's part,  
 And learn to nod, and smile, and shrug, with art;  
 Who nothing has to lose the war bewails,  
 And he who nothing pays at taxes rails.  
 Thus man, perverse, against plain Nature strives,  
 And to be artfully absurd contrives.  
 Plautus will dance, Luscus at ogling aims,  
 Old Tritus keeps, and undone Probus games:  
 Noisome Curculio, whose envenom'd breath,  
 Tho' at a distance utter'd, threatens death,

Full in your teeth his stinking whisper throws,  
Nor mends his manners tho' you hold your nose:  
Thersites, who seems born to give offence,  
From uncouth form and frontless impudence,  
Assumes soft airs, and with a slur comes in,  
Attempts a smile, and shocks you with a grin:  
Raucus harangues with a dissuasive grace,  
And Helluo invites with a forbidding face.

Nature to each allots his proper sphere,  
But that forsaken we like comets err;  
Toss'd thro' the void, by some rude shock we're  
broke,

And all our boasted fire is lost in smoke.

Next to obtaining wealth, or pow'r, or ease,  
Men most affect in general to please:  
Of this affection vanity's the source,  
And vanity alone obstructs its course;  
That telescope of fools, thro' which they spy  
Merit remote, and think the object nigh:  
The glass remov'd, would each himself survey,  
And in just scales his strength and weakness weigh,  
Pursue the path for which he was design'd,  
And to his proper force adapt his mind,  
Scarce one but to some merit might pretend,  
Perhaps might please, at least would not offend.  
Who would reprove us while he makes us laugh,  
Must be no Bavius, but a Bickerstaffe.  
If Garth or Blackmore friendly potions give,  
We bid the dying patient drink and live:

When Murus comes, we cry, Beware the pill,  
 And wish the tradesman were a tradesman still.  
 If Addison, or Rowe, or Prior, write,  
 We study 'em with profit and delight;  
 But when vile Macer and Mundungus rhyme,  
 We grieve we've learnt to read, ay, curse the time.  
 All rules of Pleasing in this one unite,  
 ' Affect not any thing in Nature's spite.'  
 Baboons and apes ridiculous we find;  
 For what? for ill resembling human kind.  
 ' None are for being what they are in fault,  
 ' But for not being what they would be thought.'

Thus I, dear Friend! to you my thoughts impart,

As to one perfect in the Pleasing art;  
 If art it may be call'd in you, who seem  
 By Nature form'd for love and for esteem.  
 Affecting none, all virtues you possess,  
 And really are what others but profess.  
 I'll not offend you while myself I please;  
 I loath to flatter, tho' I love to praise:  
 But when such early worth so bright appears,  
 And antedates the fame which waits on years,  
 I can't so stupidly affected prove,  
 Not to confess it in the man I love;  
 Tho' now I aim not at that known applause  
 You've won in arms and in your country's cause:  
 Nor patriot now, nor hero, I commend,  
 But the companion praise, and boast the friend.

But you may think, and some, less partial,  
say,

That I presume too much in this Essay.  
How should I show what pleases? how explain  
A rule to which I never could attain?  
To this objection I'll make no reply,  
But tell a tale, which after we'll apply.

I've read, or heard, a learned person once,  
Concern'd to find his only son a dunce,  
Compos'd a book in favor of the lad,  
Whose memory, it seems, was very bad.  
This work contain'd a world of wholesome rules  
To help the frailty of forgetful fools.  
The careful parent laid the treatise by,  
Till time should make it proper to apply.  
Simon at length the look'd-for age attains,  
To read and profit by his father's pains;  
And now the sire prepares the book t' impart,  
Which was yclep'd Of Memory the Art.  
But ah! how oft' is human care in vain!  
For now he could not find his book again;  
The place where he had laid it he forgot,  
Nor could himself remember what he wrote.

Now, to apply the story that I tell,  
Which if not true is yet invented well,  
Such is my case; like most of theirs who teach,  
I ill may practise what I well may preach.  
Myself not trying, or not turn'd to please,  
May lay the line, and measure out the ways.



The Mulcibers, who in the Minories sweat,  
 And massive bars on stubborn anvils beat,  
 Deform'd themselves, yet forge those stays of steel  
 Which arm Aurelia with a shape to kill.  
 So Macer and Mundungus school the times,  
 And write in rugged prose the rules of softer  
                   rhymes;  
 Well do they play the careful critic's part,  
 Instructing doubly by their matchless art;  
 Rules for good verse they first with pains indite,  
 Then show us what are bad by what they write.



## TO LORD VISCOUNT COBHAM.

## OF IMPROVING THE PRESENT TIME.

SINCFREST critic of my prose or rhyme,  
 Tell how thy pleasing Stowe employs thy time:  
 Say, Cobham! what amuses thy retreat?  
 Or stratagems of war or schemes of state?  
 Dost thou recall to mind with joy or grief  
 Great Marlbrô's actions? that immortal chief,  
 Whose highest trophy, rais'd in each campaign,  
 More than suffic'd to signalize a reign.  
 Does thy remembrance rising warm thy heart  
 With glory past, where thou thyself hadst part?  
 Or dost thou grieve, indignant, now to see  
 The fruitless end of all thy victory?

To see th' audacious foe, so late subdu'd,  
Dispute those terms for which so long they su'd,  
As if Britannia now were sunk so low  
To beg that peace she wanted to bestow?  
Be far that guilt! be never known that shame,  
That England should retract her rightful claim!  
Or ceasing to be dreaded and ador'd,  
Stain with her pen the lustre of her sword.  
Or dost thou give the winds afar to blow  
Each vexing thought and heart-devouring woe,  
And fix thy mind alone on rural scenes,  
To turn the levell'd lawns to liquid plains,  
To raise the creeping rills from humble beds,  
And force the latent springs to lift their heads,  
On wat'ry columns capitals to rear,  
That mix their flowing curls with upper air?  
Or dost thou, weary grown, late works neglect,  
No temples, statues, obelisks, erect,  
But catch the morning-breeze from fragrant meads,  
Or shun the noontide ray in wholesome shades?  
Or lowly walk along the mazy wood,  
To meditate on all that's wise and good?  
For Nature, bountiful, in thee has join'd  
A person pleasing with a worthy mind;  
Not giv'n the form alone, but means and art  
To draw the eye, or to allure the heart.  
Poor were the praise in fortune to excel,  
Yet want the way to use that fortune well.  
While thus adorn'd, while thus with virtue crown'd,  
At home in peace, abroad in arms renown'd;

Graceful in form, and winning in address,  
While well you think what aptly you express;  
With health, with honor, with a fair estate,  
A table free, and elegantly neat,  
What can be added more to mortal bliss?  
What can he want that stands possess'd of this?  
What can the fondest wishing mother more,  
Of Heav'n attentive for her son implore?  
And yet a happiness remains unknown,  
Or to Philosophy reveal'd alone;  
A precept which, unpractis'd, renders vain  
Thy flowing hopes, and pleasure turns to pain.  
Should hope and fear thy heart alternate tear,  
Or love, or hate, or rage, or anxious care,  
Whatever passions may thy mind infest,  
(Where is that mind which passions ne'er molest?)  
Amidst the pangs of such intestine strife  
Still think the present day the last of life:  
Defer not till to-morrow to be wise,  
To-morrow's sun to thee may never rise;  
Or should to-morrow chance to cheer thy sight  
With her enliv'ning and unlook'd-for light,  
How grateful will appear her dawning rays!  
Its favors unexpected doubly please.  
Who thus can think, and who such thoughts pursues,  
Content may keep his life, or calmly lose.  
All proofs of this thou mayst thyself receive,  
When leisure from affairs will give thee leave.  
Come see thy friend retir'd, without regret,  
Forgetting care, or striving to forget,

In easy contemplation soothing time,  
With morals much, and now and then with rhyme ;  
Not so robust in body as in mind,  
And always undejected, tho' declin'd ;  
Not wond'ring at the world's new wicked ways,  
Compar'd with those of our forefathers' days ;  
For virtue now is neither more nor less,  
And vice is only vary'd in the dress -  
Believe it, men have ever been the same,  
And Ovid's Golden Age is but a dream.



## II.

William alone my feeble voice can raise ;  
 What voice so weak that cannot sing his praise !  
 The list'ning world each whisper will befriend  
 That breathes his name, and ev'ry ear attend :  
 The hov'ring winds on downy wings shall wait  
                   around,

And catch and waft, to foreign lands, the flying  
                   sound :

Ev'n I will in his praise be heard,  
 For by his name my verse shall be preferr'd.  
 Borne like a lark upon this eagle's wing,  
 High as the spheres I will his triumph sing ;  
 High as the head of Fame ; Fame, whose exalted  
                   size

From the deep vale extends up to the vaulted  
                   skies\* :

A thousand talking tongues the monster bears,  
 A thousand waking eyes and ever open ears ;  
 Hourly she stalks with huge gigantic pace,  
 Meas'ring the globe, like Time, with constant  
                   race :

Yet shall she stay and bend to William's praise :  
 Of him her thousand ears shall hear triumphant  
                   lays ;  
 Of him her tongues shall talk, on him her eyes  
                   shall gaze.

\* Virg. *Æn.* iv.

### III.

But, lo! a change astonishing my eyes!  
And all around behold new objects rise!  
What forms are these I see? and whence?  
Beings substantial? or does air condense,  
To clothe in visionary shape my various thought?  
Are these by fancy wrought?  
Can strong ideas strike so deep the sense?  
O sacred Poesy! O boundless Power!  
What wonders dost thou trace, what hidden worlds  
explore!  
Thro' seas, earth, air, and the wide circling sky,  
What is not sought and seen by thy all-piercing  
eye!

#### IV.

'Twas now, when flow'ry lawns the prospect made,  
And flowing brooks, beneath a forest's shade  
A lowing heifer, loveliest of the herd,  
Stood feeding by, while two fierce bulls prepar'd  
Their armed heads for fight, by fate of war to  
    prove  
The victor worthy of the fair one's love ;  
Unthought presage of what met next my view !  
For soon the shady scene withdrew ;  
And now for woods, and fields, and springing  
    flow'rs,  
Behold a town arise bulwark'd with walls and lofty  
    tow'rs !  
Two rival armies all the plain o'erspread,  
Each in battalia rang'd, and shining arms array'd ;

CONGREGATE.                 E

With eager eyes beholding both from far  
 Namure! the prize and mistress of the war.

## v.

Now thirst of conquest, and immortal fame,  
 Does every chief and soldier's heart inflame.  
 Defensive arms the Gallic forces bear,  
 While hardy Britons for the storm prepare;  
 For Fortune had with partial hand before  
 Resign'd the rule to Gallia's pow'r.  
 High on a rock the mighty fortress stands,  
 Founded by Fate, and wrought by Nature's hands;  
 A wondrous task it is th' ascent to gain,  
 Thro' craggy cliffs that strike the sight with pain,  
 And nod impending terrors o'er the plain. }  
 To this what dangers men can add by force or skill,  
 (And great is human force and wit in ill)  
 Are join'd; on ev'ry side wide gaping engines  
 wait,

Teeming with fire, and big with certain fate,  
 Ready to hurl destruction from above,  
 In dreadful roar mocking the wrath of Jove.  
 Thus fearful does the face of adverse Pow'r ap-  
 pear;

But British forces are unus'd to fear:  
 Tho' thus oppos'd they might, if William were not  
 there.

## vi.

But hark the voice of War! behold the storm  
 begin!

The trumpets' clangor speaks in loud alarms,





Mingling shrill notes with dreadful din  
 Of cannons' burst and rattling clash of arms.  
 Clamours from earth to heaven, from heav'n to  
     earth, rebound,  
 Distinction in promiscuous noise is drown'd,  
 And Echo lost in one continued sound. }  
 Torrents of fire from brazen mouths are sent,  
 Follow'd by peals, as if each pole were rent;  
 Such flames the gulfs of Tartarus disgorge;  
 So vaulted Ætna roars from Vulcan's forge;  
 Such were the peals from thence, such the vast  
     blaze that broke,  
 Redd'ning with horrid gloom the dusky smoke,  
 When the huge Cyclops did with mould'ring thun-  
     der sweat,  
 And massive bolts on repercussive anvils beat.

## VII.

Amidst this rage behold where William stands,  
 Undaunted, undismay'd!  
 With face serene dispensing dread commands,  
 Which heard with awe, are with delight obey'd.  
 A thousand fiery deaths around him fly,  
 And burning balls hiss harmless by;  
 For ev'ry fire his sacred head must spare,  
 Nor dars the lightning touch the laurels there.

## VIII.

Now many a wounded Briton feels the rage  
 Of missive fires that fester in each limb,  
 Which dire revenge alone has pow'r t' assuage;  
 Revenge makes danger dreadless seem.



#### IRREGULAR ODES.

And now with desp'rate force and fresh attack,  
Thro' obvious deaths resistless way they make;  
Raising high piles of earth, and heap on heap they  
lay,

And then ascend: resembling thus (as far  
As race of men inferior may)  
The same gigantic war,  
When those tall sons of Earth did heav'n aspire,  
(A brave but impious fire!)           ¶.  
Uprooting hills with most stupendous hale,  
To form the high and dreadful scale;  
The gods with horror and amaze look'd down,  
Beholding rocks from their firm basis rent;  
Mountain on mountain thrown  
With threat'ning hurl that shook th' ethereal firmament!

Th' attempt did fear in heav'n create;  
Ev'n Jove desponding sat,  
Till Mars, with all his force collected, stood,  
And pour'd whole war on the rebellious brood,  
Who tumbling headlong from th' empyreal skies,  
O'erwhelm'd those hills by which they thought to  
rise.

Mars on the gods did then his aid bestow,  
And now in godlike William storms with equal  
force below.

#### IX.

Still they proceed with firm unshaken pace,  
And hardy breasts oppos'd to Danger's face.

With daring feet on springing mines they tread  
 Of secret sulphur in dire ambush laid,  
 Still they proceed, tho' all beneath the lab'ring  
                   earth

Trembles to give the dread eruptions birth:  
 Thro' this, thro' more, thro' all, they go,  
 Mounting at last amidst the vanquish'd foe.  
 See how they climb, and scale the steepy walls!  
 See how the Britons rise! see the retiring Gauds!  
 Now from the fort behold the yielding flag is  
                   spread,

And William's banner on the breach display'd.

x.

Hark, the triumphant shouts from ev'ry voice!  
 The skies with acclamations ring!  
 Hark, how around the hills rejoice,  
 And rocks reflected lōs sing!  
 Hautboys, and fifes, and trumpets, join'd,  
 Heroic harmony prepare,  
 And charm to silence every wind,  
 And glad the late tormented air,  
 Far is the sound of martial music spread,  
 Echoing thro' all the Gallic host,  
 Whose num'rous troops the dreadful storm sur-  
                   vey'd;

But they, with wonder or with awe dismay'd,  
 Unmov'd beheld the fortress lost;  
 William their num'rous troops with terror fill'd,  
 Such wondrous charms can godlike valor show!

Not the wing'd Perseus, with petrific shield  
Of Gorgon's head, to more amazement charm'd  
his foe ;

Nor when on soaring horse he flew to aid  
And save from monster's rage the beauteous  
maid ;

Or more heroic was the deed,  
Or she to surer chains decreed,  
Then was Namure, till now by William freed. }

## XI.

Descend, my Muse ! from thy too-daring height,  
Descend to earth, and ease thy wide-stretch'd  
wing ;

For weary art thou grown of this unwonted flight,  
And dost with pain of triumphs sing.

More fit for thee resume thy rural reeds ;

For war let more harmonious harps be strung :

Sing thou of love, and leave great William's deeds

To him who sung the Boyne, or him to whom he  
sung.

## ON MRS. ARABELLA HUNT,

SINGING.

I.

**LET** all be hush'd, each softest motion cease,  
 Be ev'ry loud tumultuous thought at peace,  
 And ev'ry ruder gasp of breath  
 Be calm, as in the arms of Death :  
 And thou, most fickle, most uneasy part,  
 Thou restless wanderer, my Heart,  
 Be still ; gently, ah ! gently leave,  
 Thou busy, idle thing, to heave :  
 Stir not a pulse ; and let my blood,  
 That turbulent unruly flood,  
 Be softly staid :  
 Let me be all, but my attention, dead.  
 Go, rest, unnecessary springs of life,  
 Leave your officious toil and strife :  
 For I would hear her voice, and try  
 If it be possible to die.

II.

Come, all ye lovesick maids and wounded swains,  
 And listen to her healing strains.  
 A wondrous balm between her lips she wears,  
 Of sov'reign force to soften cares,  
 And this thro' ev'ry ear she can impart,  
 (By tuneful breath diffus'd) to ev'ry heart.

Swiftly the gentle charmer flies,  
 And to the tender grief soft Air applies,  
 Which warbling mystic sounds  
 Cements the bleeding panther's wounds.  
 But, ah! beware of clam'rous moan;  
 Let no unpleasing murmur or harsh groan  
 Your slighted loves declare;  
 Your very tend'rest moving sighs forbear,  
 For even they will be too boist'rous here.  
 Hither let nought but sacred Silence come,  
 And let all-saucy Praise be dumb.

## III.

And, lo! Silence himself is here;  
 Methinks I see the midnight god appear;  
 In all his downy pomp array'd,  
 Behold the rev'rend shade;  
 An ancient sigh he sits upon,  
 Whose memory of sound is long since gone,  
 And purposely annihilated for his throne;  
 Beneath two soft transparent clouds do meet,  
 In which he seems to sink his softer feet;  
 A melancholy thought, condens'd to air,  
 Stol'n from a lover in despair,  
 Like a thin man'le serves to wrap  
 In fluid folds his visionary shape;  
 A wreath of darkness round his head he wears,  
 Where curling mists supply the want of hairs;  
 While the still vapors, which from poppies  
 rise,  
 Bedew his hoary face and lull his eyes.

## IV.

But, hark ! the heav'nly sphere turns round,  
And silence now is drown'd  
In ecstasy of sound. }  
How on a sudden the still air is charm'd,  
As if all harmony were just alarm'd !  
And ev'ry soul, with transport fill'd,  
Alternately is thaw'd and chill'd.  
See how the heav'nly choir  
Come flocking to admire,  
And with what speed and care  
Descending angels cut the thinnest air !  
Haste then, come all th' immortal throng,  
And listen to her song ;  
Leave your lov'd mansions in the sky,  
And hither, quickly hither, fly :  
Your loss of heav'n nor shall you need to fear ;  
While she sings 'tis heav'n here.

## V.

See how they crowd ! see how the little cherubs  
skip !  
While others sit around her mouth, and sip  
Sweet hallelujahs from her lip ;  
Those lips where in surprise of bliss they rove ;  
For ne'er before did angels taste  
So exquisite a feast  
Of music and of love.  
Prepare, then, ye Immortal Choir !  
Each sacred minstrel tune his lyre,

And with her voice in chorus join,  
Her voice which, next to yours, is most divine;  
Bless the glad earth with heav'nly lays,  
And to that pitch th' eternal accents raise,  
Which only breath inspir'd can reach,  
To notes which only she can learn and you can  
teach;  
While we, charm'd with the lov'd excess,  
Are wrapt in sweet forgetfulness      ¶.  
Of all, of all, but of the present happiness,  
Wishing for ever in that state to lie,  
For ever to be dying so, yet never die.



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## PINDARIC ODES.

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### A PINDARIC ODE.

Humbly offered to the

QUEEN,

ON THE VICTORIOUS PROGRESS OF  
*HER MAJESTY'S ARMS*

Under the conduct of the  
DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

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———*Operosa parvus*  
*Carmina fingo.*

HOR. 1 *ib.* iv. Ode 2.

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### A DISCOURSE ON THE PINDARIC ODE.

THE following Ode is an attempt towards restoring the regularity of the ancient lyric poetry, which seems to be altogether forgotten or unknown by our English writers.

There is nothing more frequent among us than a sort of poems entitled *Pindaric Odes*, pretending to be written in imitation of the manner and style of Pindar: and yet I do not know that there is to this day extant, in our language, one ode contrived after his model. What idea can an English reader have of Pindar, (to whose mouth, when a child, the bees \* brought their honey, in

\* Pausan. Boeotic.

omen of the future sweetness and melody of his songs) when he shall see such rumbling and grating papers of verses pretending to be copies of his works?

The character of these late Pindarics is a bundle of rambling incoherent thoughts, expressed in a like parcel of irregular stanzas, which also consist of such another complication of disproportioned, uncertain, and perplexed verses and rhymes; and I appeal to any reader if this is not the condition in which these titular odes appear.

On the contrary, there is nothing more regular than the odes of Pindar, both as to the exact observation of the measures and numbers of his stanzas and verses, and the perpetual coherence of his thoughts: for though his digressions are frequent, and his transitions sudden, yet is there ever some secret connexion which, though not always appearing to the eye, never fails to communicate itself to the understanding of the reader.

The liberty which he took in his numbers, and which has been so misunderstood \* and misapplied

\* For certainly they have utterly misunderstood Horace, L. iv. ode 2. who have applied *numerusq; fertur lege solutus*, to all the odes of Pindar, which there expressly relates only to his Dithyrambics, and which are all entirely lost. Nothing is plainer than the sense of Horace in that place. He says, Pindar deserves the laurel, let him write of what or in what manner he ever, *viz.* first, whether he writes Dithyrambics, which break through the bounds prescribed to other odes; or, secondly, whether he writes of gods and heroes, their warlike achievements, &c.; or, thirdly, whether he sings of the victors in the Grecian games; or, lastly, whether he sings in honor of the dead, and writes elegies, &c.

by his pretended imitators, was only in varying the stanzas in different odes, but in each particular ode they are ever correspondent one to another in their turns, and according to the order of the ode.

All the Odes of Pindar which remain to us are songs of triumph, victory, or success, in the Grecian games: they were sung by a chorus, and adapted to the lyre, and sometimes to the lyre and pipe \*; they consisted oftenest of three stanzas; the first was called the Strophé, from the version or circular motion of the singers in that stanza from the right hand to the left; the second stanza was called the Antistrophé, from the contraversion of the chorus, the singers in performing that, turning from the left hand to the right †, contrary always to their motion in the strophé; the third stanzas was called the Epode, (it may be as being the after-song) which they sung in the middle, neither turning to one hand nor the other.

What the origin was of these different motions and stations in singing their odes is not our present

\* Pind. Olymp. 10. and Horace, L. iv. ode 1, *missis carminibus non sine fistula*; and L. iii. ode 19. *cur pendet tacita fistula cum lyra*?

† Or from the left to the right; for the scholiasts differ in that, as may be seen in *Pind. Schol. introduc. ad Olymp.* And *Alex. ab Alexandro*, L. iv. c. 17. speaking of the ceremony of the chorus, says, *Cursum Auspicati a laeva dextrorsum—more a dextra levorsum*. But the learned Schmidius takes part with the first opinion, as more consistent with the notions of the Ancients concerning the motions of the heavenly spheres, and agreeable to Homer there cited by him. See *Kras. Schmid. Prolegom. in Olymp. et de carmin. lyric.*

business to inquire. Some have thought that by the contrariety of the strophé and antistrophé they intended to represent the contrarotation of the *primum mobile*, in respect of the *secunda mobilia*; and that by their standing still at the epode, they meant to signify the stability of the earth. Others ascribe the institution to Theseus, who thereby expressed the windings and turnings of the labyrinth in celebrating his return from thence\*.

The method observed in the composition of these odes was therefore as follows: the poet having made choice of a certain number of verses to constitute his strophé or first stanza, was obliged to observe the same in his antistrophé or second stanza, and which accordingly perpetually agreed, whenever repeated, both in number of verses and quantity of feet: he was then again at liberty to make a new choice for his third stanza or epode; where, accordingly, he diversified his numbers as his ear or fancy led him, composing that stanza of more or fewer verses than the former, and those verses of different measures and quantities, for the greater variety of harmony, and entertainment of the ear.

But then this epode being thus formed, he was strictly obliged to the same measure † as often as he should repeat it in the order of his ode; so that every epode in the same ode is eternally the same

\* Pind. Schol. et Schmid. ibid.

† Vid. Jul. Scal. poet. ad ant. lib. iii. cap. 97.

in measure and quantity in respect to itself, as is also every strophe and antistrophe in respect to each other.

The lyric poet Stesichorus (whom Longinus\* reckons amongst the ablest imitators of Homer, and of whom Quintilian says †, that if he could have kept within bounds he would have been nearest of any body, in merit, to Homer) was, if not the inventor of this order in the ode, yet so strict an observer of it in his compositions, that the three stanzas of Stesichorus became a common proverb to express a thing universally known, *Ne tria quidem Stesichori nosti* ‡ ? so that when any one had a mind to reproach another with excessive ignorance, he could not do it more effectually than by telling him ‘ he did not so much as know the ‘ three stanzas of Stesichorus,’ that is, did not know that an ode ought to consist of a strophé, an antistrophé, and an epode. If this was such a mark of ignorance among them, I am sure we have been pretty long liable to the same reproof, I mean in respect of our imitations of the Odes of Pindar.

My intention is not to make a long preface to a short ode, nor to enter upon a dissertation of lyric poetry in general; but thus much I thought proper to say for the information of those readers

\* Longin. de Sub. c. 13.

† Quint. Inst. lib. x. c. 1.

‡ *Ὅτι τὰ τρία Στησιχόρου γινώσκεις*, de vehementer docto et imperito dici solitum. *Erasm. Adag.*

whose course of study has not led them into *such* inquiries.

I hope I shall not be so misunderstood as to have it thought that I pretend to give an exact copy of Pindar in this ensuing Ode, or that I look upon it as a pattern for his imitators for the future: far from such thoughts, I have only given an instance of what is practicable, and am sensible that I am as distant from the force and elevation of Pindar, as others have hitherto been from the harmony and regularity of his numbers.

Again, we having no chorus to sing in our odes, the titles, as well as use of strophé, antistrophé, and epode, are obsolete and impertinent; and certainly there may be very good English odes without the distinction of Greek appellations to their stanzas: that I have mentioned them here, and observed the order of them in the ensuing Ode, is therefore only the more intelligibly to explain the extraordinary regularity of the composition of those odes, which have been represented to us hitherto as the most confused structures in nature.

However, though there be no necessity that our triumphal odes should consist of the three aforementioned stanzas, yet if the reader can observe that the great variation of the numbers in the third stanza (call it epode or what you please) has a pleasing effect in the ode, and makes him return to the first and second stanzas with more appetite than he could do if always cloyed with the same

quantities and measures. I cannot see why some use may not be made of Pindar's example, to the great improvement of the English ode. There is certainly a pleasure in beholding any thing that has art and difficulty in the contrivance, especially if it appears so carefully executed, that the difficulty does not show itself till it is sought for, and that the seeming easiness of the work first sets us upon the inquiry. Nothing can be called beautiful without proportion. When symmetry and harmony are wanting, neither the eye nor the ear can be pleased: therefore certainly poetry, which includes painting and music, should not be destitute of them, and of all poetry, especially the ode, whose end and essence is harmony.

Mr. Cowley, in his preface to his Pindaric Odes, speaking of the music of numbers, says, 'which sometimes (especially in songs and odes) almost without any thing else makes an excellent poet.'

Having mentioned Mr. Cowley, it may very well be expected that something should be said of him at a time when the imitation of Pindar is the theme of our discourse: but there is that great deference due to the memory, great parts, and learning, of that gentleman, that I think nothing should be objected to the latitude he has taken in his Pindaric Odes. The beauty of his verses are an atonement for the irregularity of his stanzas; and though he did not imitate Pindar in the strictness of his numbers, he has very often happily copied him

in the force of his figures, and sublimity of his style and sentiments.

I must beg leave to add, that I believe the irregular Odes of Mr. Cowley may have been the principal, though innocent, occasion of so many deformed poems since, which, instead of being true pictures of Pindar, have (to use the Italian painter's term) been only caricaturas of him; resemblances that for the most part have been either horrid or ridiculous.

For my own part, I frankly own my error in having heretofore miscalled a few irregular stanzas a Pindaric Ode; and possibly if others who have been under the same mistake would ingenuously confess the truth, they might own that, never having consulted Pindar himself, they took all his irregularity upon trust; and finding their account in the great ease with which they could produce odes without being obliged either to measure or design, remain satisfied, and it may be were not altogether unwilling to neglect being undeceived.

Though there be little (if any thing) left of Orpheus but his name, yet if Pausanias\* was well informed, we may be assured that brevity was a beauty which he most industriously labored to preserve in his Hymns; notwithstanding, as the same author reports, that they were but few in number.

The shortness of the following Ode will, I hope,

\*.Noetic. page 322.



aliorum . . . the length of the Preface, and in some  
 measure for the defects which may be found in it.  
 It consists of the same number of stanzas with  
 that beautiful ode of Pindar which is the first of  
 his Pythics; and though I was unable to imitate  
 him in any other beauty, I resolved to endeavour  
 to copy his brevity, and take the advantage of a  
 remark he has made in the last strophé of the  
 same ode, which takes in the paraphrase of Suda-  
 rius.

Qui multa paucis stringere commoda  
 Novere, morsus hi facile invidos  
 Spernunt, et auris mensq; pura  
 Omne supervacuum rejectat.

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 ODE.
 

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## I.

**D**AUGHTER of Memory, immortal Muse  
 Calliope ! what poet wilt thou choos'  
 Of Anna's name to sing ?  
 To whom wilt thou thy fire impart,  
 Thy lyre, thy voice, and tuneful art ?  
 Whom raise sublime on thy ethereal wing,  
 And consecrate with dew's of thy Castalian spring ?

## II.

Without thy aid the most aspiring mind  
 Must flag beneath, to narrow flights confin'd,  
 Seeking to rise in vain,  
 Nor e'er can hope with equal lays  
 To celebrate bright Virtue's praise.  
 Thy aid obtain'd, ev'n I, the humblest swain,  
 May climb Pierian heights, and quit the lowly plain.

## III.

High in the starry orb is hung,  
 And next Alcides' guardian arm,  
 That harp to which thy Orpheus sung,  
 Who woods, and rocks, and winds, could charm,  
 That harp which on Cyllene's shady hill,  
 When first the vocal shell was found,  
 With more than mortal skill  
 Inventor Hermes taught to sound ;

Hermes on bright Latona's son,  
 By sweet persuasion won,  
 The wondrous work bestow'd;  
 Latona's son, to thine  
 Indulgent, gave the gift divine:  
 A god the gift, a god th' invention show'd.

## I.

To that high-sounding lyre I tune my strains;  
 A lower note his lofty song disdains  
 Who sings of Anna's name.  
 The lyre is struck, the sounds I hear,  
 O muse! propitious to my pray'r;  
 O well-known sounds! O melody, the same  
 That kindled Mantuan fire and rais'd Mæonian flame!

## II.

Nor are these sounds to British bards unknown,  
 Or sparingly reveal'd to one alone;  
 Witness sweet Spenser's lays,  
 And witness that immortal song,  
 As Spenser sweet, as Milton strong,  
 Which humble Boyne o'er Tiber's flood could raise,  
 And Mighty William sing with well-proportion'd  
 praise.

## III.

Rise, fair Augusta! lift thy head,  
 With golden tow'rs thy front adorn;  
 Come forth, as comes from Tython's bed  
 With cheerful ray the ruddy Morn.  
 Thy lovely form and fresh-reviving state  
 In crystal flood of Thames survey,

Then bless thy better fate,  
 Bless Anna's most auspicious sway.  
 While distant realms and neighb'ring lauds  
 Arm'd troops and hostile bands  
 On ev'ry side molest,  
 Thy happier clime is free,  
 Fair Capital of Liberty!  
 And plenty knows, and days of halcyon rest.

## I.

As Britain's isle, when old vex'd Ocean roars,  
 Unshaken sees against her silver shores  
 His foaming billows beat;  
 So Britain's Queen, amidst the jars  
 And tumults of a world in wars,  
 Fix'd on the base of her well-founded state,  
 Serene and safe looks down, nor feels the shocks of  
 Fate.

## II.

But greatest souls, tho' blest with sweet repose,  
 Are soonest touch'd with sense of others' woes:  
 Thus Anna's mighty mind,  
 To mercy and soft pity prone,  
 And mov'd with sorrows not her own,  
 Has all her peace and downy rest resign'd,  
 To wake for common good, and succour humankind.

## III.

Fly, Tyranny! no more be known  
 Within Europa's blissful bound;  
 Far as th' uninhabitable zone  
 Fly ev'ry hospitable ground:

To horrid Zembla's frozen realms repair,  
 There with the baleful beldam, Night,  
 Unpeopled empire share,  
 And rob those lands of regal right :  
 For now is come the promis'd hour  
 When Justice shall have pow'r ;  
 Justice to earth restor'd,  
 Again Astrea reigns !  
 Anna her equal scale maintains,  
 And Marlbrô wields her sure-deciding sword.

## I.

Now couldst thou soar, my Muse ! to sing the man  
 In heights sublime, as when the Mantuan swan  
 Her tow'ring pinions spread,  
 Thou shouldst of Marlbrô sing, whose hand,  
 Unerring from his Queen's command,  
 Far as the seven-mouth'd Ister's secret head,  
 To save th' Imperial state, her hardy Britons led.

## II.

Nor there thy song should end ; tho' all the Nine  
 Might well their harps and heav'nly voices join  
 To sing that glorious day  
 When bold Bavaria fled the field,  
 And veteran Gauls, unus'd to yield,  
 On Blenheim's plain imploring mercy lay,  
 And spoils and trophies won perplex'd the victors'  
 way.

## III.

But could thy voice of Blenheim sing,  
 And with success that song pursue

What art could aid thy wary wing  
To keep the victor still in view ?  
For as the sun ne'er stops his radiant flight,  
Nor sets but with impartial ray,  
To all who want his light  
Alternately transfers the day ;  
So in the glorious round of fame  
Great Marlbrô ! still the same,  
Incessant runs his course :  
To climes remote and near  
His conqu'ring arms by turns appear,  
And universal is his aid and force.

## I.

Attempt not to proceed, unwary Muse !  
For, O ! what notes, what numbers, couldst thou  
choose,  
Tho' in all numbers skill'd :  
To sing the hero's matchless deed  
Which Belgia sav'd and Brabant freed !  
To sing Ramillia's day ! to which must yield  
Cannæ's illustrious fight, and fam'd Pharsalia's field.

## II.

In short the course of a diurnal sun  
Behold the work of many ages done !  
What verse such worth can raise ?  
Lustre and life the poet's art  
To middle virtue may impart ;  
But deeds sublime, exalted high, like these,  
Transcend his utmost flight, and mock his distant  
praise.

## III.

Still would the willing Muse aspire,  
With transport still her strains prolong,  
But fear unstrings the trembling lyre,  
And admiration stops her song.  
Go on, great chief! in Anna's cause proceed,  
Nor sheath the terrors of thy sword  
Till Europe thou hast freed,  
And universal peace restor'd.  
This mighty work when thou shalt end,  
Equal rewards attend,  
Of value far above  
Thy trophies and thy spoils:  
Rewards even worthy of thy toils,  
Thy Queen's just favor, and thy country's love.

TO THE RIGHT HON.  
**THE EARL OF GODOLPHIN.**  
*Lord High-Treasurer of*  
**GREAT BRITAIN.**

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Quemvis media erue turba :  
 Aut ob avaritiam, aut misera ambitione laborat.  
 Hunc capit argenti splendor  
 Hic mutat merces surgente a sole, ad eum quo  
 Vespertina tepet regio. quin per mala præceps  
 Fertur  
 Omnes hi metuunt versus, odere poetas.

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HOR. Lib. i. Sat. 4.

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ODE.

I.

To hazardous attempts and hardy toils  
 Ambition some excites,  
 And some desire of martial spoils  
 To bloody fields invites;  
 Others insatiate thirst of gain  
 Provokes to tempt the dang'rous main,  
 To pass the burning line, and bear  
 Th' inclemency of winds, and seas and air,  
 Pressing the doubtful voyage till India's shore  
 Her spicy bosom bares, and spreads her shining ore.

II.

Nor widows' tears, nor tender orphans' cries,  
 Can stop th' invader's force ;



Nor swelling seas, nor threat'ning skies,  
 Prevent the pirate's course :  
 Their lives to selfish ends decreed,  
 Thro' blood and rapine they proceed ;  
 No anxious thoughts of ill-repute  
 Suspend th' impetuous and unjust pursuit ;  
 But pow'r and wealth obtain'd, guilty and great,  
 Their fellow-creatures' fears they raise, or urge  
 their hate.

## III.

But not for these his iv'ry lyre  
 Will tuneful Phœbus string,  
 Nor Polyhymnia, crown'd amid the choir,  
 Th' immortal epode sing. ~  
 Thy springs, Castalia ! turn their streams aside  
 From rapine, avarice, and pride ;  
 Nor do thy greens, shady Aōnia ! grow  
 To bind with wreaths a tyrant's brow.

## I.

How just, most mighty Jove ! yet how severe  
 Is thy supreme decree,  
 That impious men shall joyless hear  
 The Muses' harmony !  
 Their sacred songs (the recompense  
 Of virtue and of innocence)  
 Which pious minds to rapture raise,  
 And worthy deeds at once excite and praise,  
 To guilty hearts afford no kind relief,  
 But add inflaming rage and more afflicting grief.

## II.

Monstrous Typhœus thus new terrors fill,  
He who assail'd the skies,  
And now beneath the burning hill  
Of dreadful Ætna lies ;  
Hearing the lyre's celestial sound,  
He bellows in th' abyss profound ;  
Sicilia trembles at his roar,  
Tremble the seas and far Campania's shore,  
While all his hundred mouths at once expire  
Volumes of curling smoke and floods of liquid fire.

## III.

From heav'n alone all good proceeds ;  
To heav'nly minds belong  
All pow'r and love, Godolphin ! of good deeds,  
And sense of sacred song ;  
And thus most pleasing are the Muse's lays  
To them who merit most her praise ;  
Wherefore for thee her iv'ry lyre she strings,  
And soars with rapture while she sings.

## I.

Whether affairs of most important weight  
Require thy aiding hand,  
And Anna's cause and Europe's fate  
Thy serious thoughts demand ;  
Whether thy days and nights are spent  
In cares, on public good intent ;  
Or whether leisure hours invite  
To manly sports or to refin'd delight ;

In courts residing, or to plains retir'd,  
Where gen'rous steeds contest with emulation fir'd;

## II.

Thee still she seeks, and tuneful sings thy name,  
As once she Theron sung,  
While with the deathless worthy's fame  
Olympian Pisa rung:  
Nor less sublime is now her choice,  
Nor less inspir'd by thee her voice.  
And now she loves aloft to sound  
The man for more than mortal deeds renown'd;  
Varying anon her theme, she takes delight  
The swift-heel'd horse to praise, and sing his rapid  
flight.

## III.

And see! the air-born racers start,  
Impatient of the rein;  
Faster they run than flies the Scythian dart,  
Nor passing print the plain!  
The winds themselves, who with their swiftness vie,  
In vain their airy pinions ply:  
So far in matchless speed thy coursers pass  
Th' ethereal authors of their race.

## IV.

And now awhile the well-strain'd coursers breathe;  
And now, my Muse! prepare  
Of olive leaves a twisted wreath  
To bind the victor's hair,  
Pallas, in care of human kind,  
The fruitful olive first design'd;

Deep in the globe her spear she lanc'd,  
 When all at once the laden boughs advanc'd ;  
 The gods with wonder view'd the teeming earth,  
 And all with one consent approv'd the beauteous  
                     birth.

## II.

This done, earth-shaking Neptune next essay'd,  
 In bounty to the world,  
 To emulate the Blue-ey'd maid,  
 And his huge trident hurl'd  
 Against the sounding beach ; the stroke  
 Transfix'd the globe, and open broke  
 The central earth, whence, swift as light,  
 Forth rush'd the first-born horse. Stupendous  
                     sight !  
 Neptune for human good the beast ordains,  
 Whom soon he tam'd to use, and taught to bear  
                     the reins.

## III.

Thus gods contended, (noble strife !  
 Worthy the heav'nly mind)  
 Who most should do to soften anxious life,  
 And most endear mankind.  
 Thus thou, Godolphin ! dost with Marlbrô &  
 From whose joint toils we rest derive :  
 Triumph in wars abroad his arm assures,  
 Sweet peace at home thy care secures.

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## PASTORALS.

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### THE MOURNING MUSE OF ALEXIS.

#### A PASTORAL,

LAMENTING THE DEATH OF QUEEN MARY.

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*Infandum regina jubes renovare dolorem.*      VIRG.

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#### ALEXIS, MENALCAS.

##### MENALCAS.

**B**EHOLD, Alexis! see this gloomy shade,  
Which seems alone for Sorrow's shelter made,  
Where no glad beams of light can ever play,  
But night succeeding night excludes the day;  
Where never birds with harmony repair,  
And lightsome notes, to cheer the dusky air,  
To welcome day or bid the sun farewell,  
By morning lark or evening Philomel.

No violet here, nor daisy, e'er was seen,  
No sweetly-budding flow'r, nor springing green; 10  
For fragrant myrtle and the blushing rose,  
Here baleful yew with deadly cypress grows.

Here, then, extended on this wither'd moss,  
 We'll lie, and thou shalt sing of Albion's loss;  
 Of Albion's loss, and of Pastora's death, 15  
 Begin thy mournful song, and raise thy tuneful  
 breath.

ALEX. Ah! woe too great! ah! theme which far  
 exceeds

The lowly lays of humble shepherds' reed!

O could I sing in verse of equal strain—  
 With the Sicilian bard or Mantuan swain, 20  
 Or melting words and moving numbers choose,  
 Sweet as the British Colin's Mourning Muse;  
 Could I, like him, in tuneful grief excel,  
 And mourn like Stella for her Astrophel;  
 Then might I raise my voice, (secure of skill) 25  
 And with melodious woe the valleys fill;  
 The list'ning Echo on my song should wait,  
 And hollow rocks Pastora's name repeat;  
 Each whistling wind and murm'ring streams should  
 tell

How lov'd she liv'd, and how lamented fell. 30

MEN. Wert thou with ev'ry bay and laurel  
 crown'd,

And high as Pan himself in song renown'd,  
 Yet would not all thy art avail to show  
 Verse worthy of her name or of our woe:  
 But such true passion in thy face appears, 35  
 In thy pale lips, thick sighs, and gushing tears,  
 Such tender sorrow in thy heart I read,  
 As shall supply all skill, if not exceed.

Then leave this common form 'of dumb distress;  
 Each vulgar grief can sighs and tears express;  
 In sweet complaining notes thy passion vent, 41  
 And not in sighs, but words explaining sighs, lament.

ALEX. Wild be my words, Menalcas, wild my  
 thought,

Artless as Nature's notes in birds untaught :  
 Boundless my verse, and roving be my strains, 45  
 Various as flow'rs on unfrequented plains.  
 And thou, Thalia ! darling of my breast,  
 By whom inspir'd I sung at Comus' feast,  
 While in a ring the jolly rural throng 49  
 Have sat and smil'd to hear my cheerful song ;  
 Be gone, with all thy mirth and sprightly lays,  
 My pipe no longer now thy power obeys ;  
 Learn to lament, my Muse ! to weep and mourn,  
 Thy springing laurels all to cypress turn ;  
 Wound with thy dismal cries the tender air, 55  
 And beat thy snowy breast and rend thy yellow hair ;  
 Far hence in utmost wilds, thy dwelling choose,  
 Be gone, Thalia ! Sorrow is my Muse.

' I mourn Pastora dead, let Albion mourn,  
 ' And sable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.' 60

No more these woods shall with her sight be  
 bless'd,

Nor with her feet these flow'ry plains be press'd ;  
 No more the winds shall with her tresses play,  
 And from her balmy breath steal sweets away ;

No more these rivers cheerfully shall pass, 65  
 Meas'd to reflect the beauties of her face,  
 While on their banks the wond'ring flocks have  
 stood,

Greedy of sight, and negligent of food.

No more the Nymphs shall with soft tales de-  
 light

Her ears, no more with dances please her sight;  
 Nor ever more shall swain make song of birth 71  
 To bless the joyous day that gave her birth:  
 Lost is that day, which had from her its light,  
 For ever lost with her in endless night;  
 In endless night, and arms of Death, she lies; 75  
 Death in eternal shades has shut Pastora's eyes.

Lament, ye Nymphs! and mourn, ye wretched  
 Swains!

Stray, all ye Flocks! and desert be, ye Plains!  
 Sigh, all ye Winds! and weep, ye Crystal Floods!  
 Fade, all ye Flow'rs! and wither all ye Woods! 80  
 'I mourn Pastora dead, let Albion mourn,  
 'And sable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.'

'Within a dismal grot, which damps surround,  
 All cold she lies upon th' unwholesome ground:  
 The marble weeps, and with a silent pace 85  
 Its trickling tears distil upon her face.  
 Falsely ye weep, ye Rocks! and falsely mourn,  
 For never will you let the nymph return:  
 With a feign'd grief the faithless tomb relents,  
 And like the crocodile its prey laments. 90





Let wolves be gone, be ravens put to flight, 120  
 With hooting owls, and bats, that hate the light.

But let the sighing doves their sorrows bring,  
 And nightingales in sweet complainings sing:  
 Let swans from their forsaken rivers fly,  
 And, sickening at her tomb, make haste to die, }  
 That they may help to sing her elegy : 26 }  
 Let Echo, too, in mimic moan deplore,  
 And cry with me, Pastora is no more ! †.

' I mourn Pastora dead, let Albion mourn,  
 ' And sable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.' 130

And see, the heav'ns to weep in dew prepare,  
 And heavy mists obscure the burden'd air;  
 A sudden damp o'er all the plain is spread,  
 Each lily folds its leaves, and hangs its head;  
 On ev'ry tree the blossoms turn to tears, 135  
 And ev'ry bough a weeping moisture bears;  
 Their wings the feather'd airy people droop,  
 And flocks beneath their dewy fleeces stoop.

The rocks are cleft, and new-descending rills  
 Furrow the brows of all th' impending hills; 140  
 The water-gods to floods their riv'lets turn,  
 And each with streaming eyes supplies his wanting  
 urn.

The Fawns forsake the woods, the Nymphs the  
 grove,  
 And round the plain in sad distractions rove,  
 In prickly brakes their tender limbs they tear,  
 And leave on thorns their locks of golden hair. 146

With their sharp nails themselves the Satyrs wound,  
 And tug their shaggy beards, and bite with grief  
 the ground.

Lo, Pan himself, beneath a blasted oak  
 Dejected lies, his pipe in pieces broke; 150  
 See Pales weeping, too, in wild despair,  
 And to the piercing winds her bosom bare.

And see yond' fading myrtle, where appears  
 The Queen of Love, all bath'd in flowing tears;  
 See how she wrings her hands and beats her  
 breast! 155

And tears her useless girdle from her waist!  
 Hear the sad murmurs of her sighing doves,  
 For grief they sigh, forgetful of their loves!

Lo, Love himself, with heavy woes oppress!  
 See how his sorrows swell his tender breast! 160  
 His bow he breaks, and wide his arrows flings,  
 And folds his little arms, and hangs his drooping  
 wings,

Then lays his limbs upon the dying grass,  
 And all with tears bedews his beautiful face;  
 With tears, which from his folded lids arise, 165  
 And even Love himself has weeping eyes.

All Nature mourns; the floods and rocks deplore,  
 And cry, with me, Pastora is no more!

'I mourn Pastora dead, let Albion mourn,  
 'And sable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.' 170

The rocks can melt, and air his mists can mourn,  
 And floods can weep, and winds to sighs can turn;

The birds in songs their sorrows can disclose,  
And Nymphs and Swains in words can tell their  
woes :

But, oh ! behold that deep and wild despair 175  
Which neither winds can show, nor floods, nor air.

See the great Shepherd, chief of all the swains,  
Lord of these woods and wide-extended plains,  
Stretch'd on the ground, and close to earth his face,  
Scalding with tears th' already faded grass ; 180  
To the cold clay he joins his throbbing breast,  
No more within Pastora's arms to rest !

No more ! for those once soft and circling arms  
Themselves are clay, and cold are all her charms :  
Cold are those lips, which he no more must kiss,  
And cold that bosom, once all downy bliss, 186  
On whose soft pillows, lull'd in sweet delights,  
He us'd in balmy sleep to lose the nights.

Ah ! where is all that love and fondness fled ?  
Ah ! where is all that tender sweetness laid ? 190  
To dust ~~not~~ all that heav'n of beauty come !  
And must Pastora moulder in the tomb !

Ah, Death ! more fierce and unrelenting far  
Than wildest wolves or savage tigers are ;  
With lambs and sheep their hungers are appeas'd,  
But rav'nous Death the Shepherdess has seiz'd. 196

' I mourn Pastora dead, let Albion mourn,  
' And sable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.'

But see, Menalcas, where a sudden light  
With wonder stops my song and strikes my sight,

And where Pastora lies it spreads around, 201  
Showing all-radiant bright the sacred ground,  
While from her tomb behold a flame ascends  
Of whitest fire, whose flight to heav'n extends;  
On flaky wings it mounts, and quick as sight 205  
Cuts thro' the yielding air with rays of light,  
Till the blue firmament at last it gains,  
And fixing there a glorious star remains;  
' Fairest it shines of all that light the skies,  
' As once on earth were seen Pastora's eyes.' 210

THE

## TEARS OF AMARYLLIS FOR AMYNTAS.

A PASTORAL, LAMENTING THE DEATH OF THE LATE  
LORD MARQUIS OF BLANDFORD.

Inscribed to the

RIGHT HON. THE LORD GODOLPHIN,

LORD HIGH-TREASURER OF ENGLAND.

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*Qualis populeæ moeans Philomela sub umbra*
*Amisso queritur fetus**miserabile carmen**Integrat, et moestis late loca questibus implet.*

VIRG. Georg. 4.

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'Twas at the time when new-returning light  
With welcome rays begins to cheer the sight,  
When grateful birds prepare their thanks to pay,  
And warble hymns to hark the dawning day,  
When woolly flocks their bleating cries renew,  
And from their fleecy sides first shake the silver dew;

'Twas then that Amaryllis, heav'nly fair!  
Wounded with grief, and wild with her despair,  
Forsook her myrtle bow'r and rosy bed,  
To tell the winds her woes, and mourn Amyntas  
dead.

Who had a heart so hard, that heard her cries,  
And did not weep? who such relentless eyes?

Tigers and wolves their wonted rage forego,  
 And dumb distress and new compassion show,  
 As taught by her to taste' of human woe :  
 Nature herself attentive silence kept,  
 And Motion seem'd suspended while she wept ;  
 The rising Sun restrain'd his fiery course,  
 And rapid Rivers listen'd at their source ;  
 Ev'n Echo fear'd to catch the flying sound,  
 Lest Repetition should her accents drown ;  
 The very Morning Wind withheld his breeze,  
 Nor fann'd with fragrant wings the noiseless trees,  
 As if the gentle Zephyr had been dead,  
 And in the grave with lov'd Amyntas laid :  
 No voice, no whisp'ring sigh, no murm'ring groan,  
 Presum'd to mingle with a mother's moan ;  
 Her cries alone her anguish could express,  
 All other mourning would have made it less.

Hear me, she cried, ye Nymphs and Sylva  
 Gods !

Inhabitants of these once-lov'd abodes ;  
 Hear my distress, and lend a pitying ear,  
 Hear my complaint—you would not bear my pray'r :  
 The loss which you prevented not deplore,  
 And mourn with me Amyntas, now no more.

Have I not cause, ye cruel Pow'rs ! to mourn ?  
 Lives there like me another wretch forlorn ?  
 Tell me, thou Sun ! that round the world dost  
 shine,

Hast thou beheld another loss like mine ?





Tho' never grass should clothe the naked ground,  
Nor ever healing plant or wholesome herb be  
found?

None, none were found when I bewail'd their want;  
Nor wholesome herb was found nor healing plant,  
To ease Amyntas of his cruel pains;  
In vain I search'd the valleys, hills, and plains;  
But wither'd leaves alone appear'd to view,  
Or pois'nous weeds, distilling deadly dew;  
And if some naked stalk, not quite decay'd,  
To yield a fresh and friendly bud essay'd,  
Soon as I reach'd to crop the tender shoot,  
A shrieking mandrake kill'd it at the root.  
Witness to this, ye Fawns of ev'ry wood!  
Who at the prodigy astonish'd stood;  
Well I remember what sad signs ye made,  
What show'rs of unavailing tears ye shed;  
How each ran fearful to his mossy cave,  
When the last gasp the dear Amyntas gave:  
For then the air was fill'd with dreadful cries,  
And sudden night o'erspread the darken'd skies;  
Phantoms, and fiends, and wand'ring fires, appear'd,  
And screams of ill-presaging birds were heard;  
The forest shook, and flinty rocks were cleft,  
And frighted streams their wonted channels left,  
With frantic grief o'erflowing fruitful ground,  
Where many a herd and harmless swain was  
drown'd,

While I, forlorn and desolate, was left,  
Of ev'ry help, of ev'ry hope, bereft ;  
To ev'ry element expos'd I lay,  
And to my griefs a more defenceless prey.  
For thee, Amyntas ! all these pains were borne,  
For thee these hands were wrung, these hairs  
were torn ;

For thee my soul to sigh shall never leave,  
These eyes to weep, this throbbing heart to  
heave.

To mourn thy fall I'll fly the hated light,  
And hide my head in shades of endless night ;  
For thou wert light, and life, and health, to me ;  
The sun but thankless shines that shows not thee.  
Wert thou not lovely, graceful, good, and young ?  
The joy of sight, the talk of ev'ry tongue ?  
Did ever branch so sweet a blossom bear ?  
Or ever early fruit appear so fair ?  
Did ever youth so far his years transcend ?  
Did ever life so immaturely end ?  
For thee the tuneful swains provided lays,  
And ev'ry Muse prepar'd thy future praise :  
For thee the busy Nymphs stripp'd ev'ry grove,  
And myrtle wreaths and flow'ry chaplets wove :  
But now, ah, dismal change ! the tuneful throng  
To loud lamentings turn the cheerful song :  
Their pleasing task the weeping virgins leave,  
And with unfinished garlands strew thy grave.  
There let me fall, there, there lamenting lie ;  
There grieving grow to earth, despair, and die !

This said, her loud complaint of force she  
ceas'd,

Excess of grief her faltering speech suppress'd :  
Along the ground her colder limbs she laid,  
Where late the grave was for Amyntas made,  
Then from her swimming eyes began to pour  
Of softly-falling rain a silver show'r ;  
Her loosely-flowing hair, all-radiant bright,  
O'erspread the dewy grass like streams of light ;  
As if the sun had of his beams been shorn,  
And cast to earth the glories he had worn :  
A sight so lovely sad, such deep distress  
No tongue can tell, no pencil can express.

And now the winds, which had so long been  
still,

Began the swelling air with sighs to fill ;  
The water-nymphs, who motionless remain'd,  
Like images of ice, while she complain'd,  
Now loos'd their streams, as when descending  
rains

Roll the steep torrents headlong o'er the plains :  
The prone Creation, who so long had gaz'd,  
Charm'd with her cries, and at her griefs amaz'd,  
Began to roar and howl with horrid yell,  
Dismal to hear, and terrible to tell !  
Nothing but groans and sighs were heard around,  
And Echo multiply'd each mournful sound.

When all at once an universal pause  
Of grief was made, as from some secret cause

The balmy air with fragrant scents was fill'd,  
 As if each weeping tree had gums distill'd :  
 Such, if not sweeter, was the rich perfume  
 Which swift ascended from Amyntas' tomb,  
 As if th' Arabian bird her nest had fir'd,  
 And on the spicy pile were new expir'd.

And now the turf, which late was naked seen,  
 Was sudden spread with lively springing green.  
 And Amaryllis saw, with wond'ring eyes,  
 A flow'ry bed, where she had wept, arise :  
 Thick as the pearly drops the fair had shed  
 The blowing buds advanc'd their purple head ;  
 From ev'ry tear that fell a violet grew,  
 And thence their sweetness came, and thence their  
 mournful hue.

Remember this, ye Nymphs and gentle Maids !  
 When solitude ye seek in gloomy shades,  
 Or walk on banks where silent waters flow,  
 For there this lonely flow'r will love to grow :  
 Think on Amyntas oft' as ye shall stoop  
 To crop the stalks and take 'em softly up :  
 When in your snowy necks their sweets you wear,  
 Give a soft sigh, and drop a tender tear !  
 To lov'd Amyntas pay the tribute due,  
 And bless his peaceful grave where first they  
 grew.

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## ELEGIES.

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TO CYNTHIA,

WEeping AND NOT SPEAKING.

**W**HY are those hours which Heav'n in pity lent  
 To longing love in fruitless sorrow spent?  
 Why sighs my fair? why does that bosom move  
 With any passion stirr'd but rising love?  
 Can Discontent find place within that breast,  
 On whose soft pillows ev'n Despair might rest?  
 Divide thy woes, and give me my sad part,  
 I am no stranger to an aching heart;  
 Too well I know the force of inward grief,  
 And well can bear it to give you relief:  
 All love's severest pangs—I can endure;  
 I can bear pain, tho' hopeless of a cure;  
 I know what 'tis to weep, and sigh and pray,  
 To wake all night, yet dread the breaking day:  
 I know what 'tis to wish, and hope, and all in  
     vain,  
 And meet, for humble love, unkind disdain:  
 Anger and hate I have been forc'd to bear,  
 Nay, jealousy——and I have felt despair.

SONNETS.

These pains for you I have been forc'd to prove,  
For cruel you, when I began to love ; .

~~The~~ warm compassion took at length my part,  
And melted to my wish your yielding heart.

O the dear hour in which you did resign !

When round my neck your willing arms did  
twine,

And in a kiss you said your heart was mine.

Thro' each returning year may that hour be  
Distinguish'd in the rounds of all eternity ; .

Gay be the sun that hour in all his light,

Let him collect the day to be more bright,  
Shine all that hour, and let the rest be night.

And shall I all this heav'n of bliss receive

From you, yet not lament to see you grieve ?

Shall I, who nourish'd in my breast desire,

When your cold scorn and frowns forbid the fire,

Now when a mutual flame you have reveal'd,

And the dear union of our souls is seal'd,

When all my joys complete in you I find,

Shall I not share the sorrows of your mind ?

O tell me, tell me all—whence does arise

This flood of tears ? whence are these frequent  
sighs ?

Why does that lovely head, like a fair flow'r

Oppress'd with drops of a hard-falling show'r,

Bend with its weight of grief, and seem to grow

Downward to earth, and kiss the root of woe ?

Lean on my breast, and let me fold thee fast,

Lock'd in these arms think all thy sorrows past ;

TO CYNTHIA.

Or, what remain think lighter made by me ;  
So I should think, were I so held by thee.  
Murmur thy plaints, and gently wound my ears ;  
Sigh on my lip, and let me drink thy tears ;  
Join to my cheek thy cold and dewy face,  
And let pale Grief to glowing Love give place.  
O speak—for woe in silence most appears ;  
Speak, ere my fancy magnify my fears.  
Is there a cause which words cannot express ?  
Can I not bear a part, nor make it less ?  
I know not what to think—Am I in fault ?  
I have not, to my knowledge, err'd in thought,  
Nor wander'd from my love, nor would I be  
Lord of the world to live depriv'd of thee.  
You weep afresh, and at that word you start !  
Am I to be depriv'd then ?—must we part ?  
Curse on that word, so ready to be spoke,  
For thro' my lips unmeant by me it broke.  
Oh ! no ; we must not, will not, cannot, part,  
And my tongue talks unprompted by my heart.  
Yet speak, for my distraction grows apace,  
And racking fears and restless doubts increase ;  
And fears and doubts to jealousy will turn,  
The hottest hell in which a heart can burn.

## ELEGIES.

### TO SLEEP.

**O** SLEEP! thou flatterer of happy minds,  
How soon a troubled breast thy falsehood finds!  
Thou common friend, officious in thy aid,  
Where no distress is shown, nor want betray'd:  
But, oh! how swift, how sure thou art to shun  
The wretch by Fortune or by Love undone!  
Where are thy gentle dews, thy softer pow'rs,  
Which us'd to wait upon my midnight hours!  
Why dost thou cease thy hov'ring wings to  
spread

With friendly shade around my restless bed?  
Can no complainings thy compassion move?  
Is thy antipathy so strong to love?  
O no! thou art the prosp'rous lover's friend,  
And dost uncall'd his pleasing toils attend:  
With equal kindness and with rival charms,  
Thy slumbers lull him in his fair one's arms;  
Or from her bosom he to thine retires,  
Where sooth'd with ease the panting youth re-  
spires,

Till soft repose restore his drooping sense,  
And rapture is reliev'd by indolence.  
But, oh! what fortune does the lover bear,  
Forlorn'd by thee and haunted by Despair!  
From racking thoughts by no kind slumber freed,  
But painful nights his joyless days succeed.



TO SLEEP.

But why, dull God ! do I of thee complain ?  
Thou didst not cause, ~~not~~ canst thou ease my  
pain.

Forgive what my distracting grief has said,  
I own unjustly I thy sloth upbraid ;  
For oft' I have thy proffer'd aid repell'd,  
And my reluctant eyes from rest withheld,  
Implor'd the Muse to break thy gentle chains,  
And sung with Philomel my nightly strains :  
With her I sing, but cease not with her song,  
For more enduring woes my lays prolong.  
The morning lark to mine accords his note,  
And tunes to my distress his warbling throat ;  
Each setting and each rising sun I mourn,  
Wailing alike his absence and return :  
And all for thee—What had I well-nigh said ?  
Let me not name thee, thou too charming Maid !  
No—as the wing'd musicians of the grove,  
Th' associates of my melody and love,  
In moving sounds alone relate their pain,  
And not with voice articulate complain ;  
So shall my Muse my tuneful sorrows sing,  
And lose in air her name from whom they  
spring.

O may no wakeful thoughts her mind molest,  
Soft be her slumbers, and sincere her rest :  
For her, O Sleep ! thy balmy sweets prepare ;  
The peace I lose for her to her transfer.  
Hush'd as the falling dews, whose noiseless show'rs  
Impearl the folded leaves of ev'ning flow'rs,

## ELEGIES.

Steal on her brow ; and as those dews attend,  
Till warn'd by waking day to reascend,  
So wait thou for her morn ; then gently rise,  
And to the world restore the day-break of her  
eyes.

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## TO A CANDLE.

Thou watchful Taper ! by whose silent light  
I lonely pass the melancholy night ;  
Thou faithful Witness of my secret pain !  
To whom alone I venture to complain,  
O learn with me my hopeless love to moan ;  
Commiserate a life so like thy own.  
Like thine, my flames to my destruction turn,  
Wasting that heart by which supply'd they burn.  
Like thine, my joy and suffering they display,  
At once are signs of life and symptoms of decay :  
And as thy fearful flames the day decline,  
And only during night presume to shine,  
Their humble rays not daring to aspire  
Before the sun, the fountain of their fire ;  
So mine with conscious shame and equal awe,  
To shades obscure and solitude withdraw,  
Nor dare their light before her eyes disclose,  
From whose bright beams their being first arose.

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SONGS.

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SONG I.

I.

I LOOK'D, and I sigh'd, and I wish'd I could speak,  
And very fain would have been at her;  
But when I strove most my fond passion to break,  
Still then I said least of the matter.

II.

I swore to myself, and resolv'd I would try  
Some way my poor heart to recover;  
But that was all vain, for I sooner could die  
Than live with forbearing to love her.

III.

Dear Celia! be kind then; and since your own  
eyes  
By looks can command adoration,  
Give mine leave to talk too, and do not despise  
Those oglings that tell you my passion.

IV.

We'll look, and we'll love, and tho' neither should  
speak,  
The pleasure we'll still be pursuing;  
And so, without words, I don't doubt we may make  
A very good end of this wooing.

## SONG II.

**F**ALSE tho' she be to me and love,  
 I'll ne'er pursue revenge ;  
 For still the charmer I approve,  
 Tho' I deplore her change.

In hours of bliss we oft' have met,  
 They could not always last ;  
 And tho' the present I regret,  
 I'm grateful for the past.

## SONG III.

## I.

**T**ELL me no more I am deceiv'd  
 That Cloe's false and common ;  
 I always knew (at least believ'd)  
 She was a very woman :  
 As such I lik'd, as such caress'd ;  
 She still was constant when possess'd,  
 She could do more for no man.

## II.

But, oh ! her thoughts on others ran,  
 And that you think a hard thing ;  
 Perhaps she fancy'd you the man,  
 And what care I one farthing ?

You think she's false, I'm sure she's kind;  
 I take her body, you her mind,  
 Who has the better bargain?



# SONG IV. IN DIALOGUE.

FOR TWO WOMEN.

I LOVE, and am belov'd again,  
 Strephon no more shall sigh in vain;  
 I've try'd his faith, and found him true,  
 And all my coyness bid adieu.

2. I love, and am belov'd again,  
 Yet still my Thyrsis shall complain:  
 I'm sure he's mine while I refuse him,  
 But when I yield I fear to lose him.

1. Men will grow faint with tedious fasting.  
 2. And both will tire with often tasting,  
 When they find the bliss not lasting. }

1. Love is complete in kind possessing.  
 2. Ah, no! ah, no! that ends the blessing.

CHORUS OF BOTH.

' Then let us beware how far we consent;  
 ' Too soon when we yield to late we repent;  
 ' 'Tis ignorance makes men admire;

SONG.

And granting desire  
We feed not the fire,  
But make it more quickly expire.'

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SONG V,

I.

CRUEL Amynta! can you see  
'A heart thus torn which you betray'd?  
Love of himself ne'er vanquish'd me,  
But thro' your eyes the conquest made.

II.

In ambush there the traitor lay,  
Where I was led by faithless smiles:  
No wretches are so lost as they  
Whom much security beguiles.

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SONG VI.

I.

See she wakes, Sabina wakes!  
And now the sun begins to rise;  
Less glorious is the Morn that breaks  
From his bright beams than her fair eyes.

## II.

With light united day they give,  
But diff'rent fates ere night fulfil:  
How many by his warmth will live!  
How many will her coldness kill!

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## SONG VII.

## I.

Pious Selinda goes to pray'r  
If I but ask the favor,  
And yet the tender fool's in tears  
When she believes I'll leave her.

## II.

Would I were free from this restraint,  
Or else had hopes to win her;  
Would she could make of me a saint,  
Or I of her a sinner.

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## PROLOGUES.

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### PROLOGUE

TO QUEEN MARY,

*Upon her Majesty's coming to see The Old Bachelor,  
after having seen The Double Dealer.*

**B**y this repeated act of grace we see  
Wit is again the care of Majesty,  
And while thus honor'd our proud stage appears,  
We seem to rival ancient theatres.

Thus flourish'd wit in our forefathers' age,  
And thus the Roman and Athenian stage.

Whose wit is best we'll not presume to tell,  
But this we know, our audience will excel;  
For never was in Rome nor Athens seen  
So fair a circle and so bright a Queen.

Long has the Muses' land been overcast,  
And many rough and stormy winters past,  
Hid from the world, and thrown in shades of  
night,

Of heat depriv'd, and almost void of light,  
While wit, a hardy plant, of nature bold,  
Has struggled strongly with the killing cold:



So does it still thro' opposition grow,  
 As if its root was warmer kept by snow;  
 But when shot forth then draws the danger near,  
 On ev'ry side the gath'ring winds appear,  
 And blasts destroy that fruit which frosts would  
 spare :

But now new vigor and new life it knows,  
 And warmth, that from this royal presence flows.  
 O would she shine with rays more frequent  
 here !

How gay would then this drooping land appear !  
 Then like the sun with pleasure she might view  
 'The smiling earth cloth'd by her beams anew :  
 O'er all the meads should various flow'rs be  
 seen,  
 Mix'd with the laurel's never-fading green,  
 The new creation of a gracious Queen.

## PROLOGUE

TO PYRREUS KING OF EPIRUS.

Our age has much improv'd the warrior's art,  
 For fighting now is thought the weakest part,  
 And a good head more useful than a heart.  
 This way of war does our example yield ;  
 'That stage will win which longest keeps the field.  
 We mean not battle when we bid defiance,  
 But starving one another to compliance.

Our troops encamp'd are by each other view'd,  
And those which first are hungry are subdu'd.  
And there, in truth, depends the great decision;  
They conquer who cut off the foe's provision.  
Let fools with knocks and bruises keep a pether,  
Our war and trade is to outwit each other.  
But hold; will not the politicians tell us  
That both our conduct and our foresight fail us,  
To raise recruits, and draw new forces down,  
Thus in the dead vacation of the Town?  
To muster up our rhymes without our reason,  
And forage for an audience out of season?  
Our Author's fears must this false step excuse,  
'Tis the first flight of a just-feather'd Muse:  
Th' occasion ta'en when critics are away,  
Half wits and beans, those rav'nous birds of prey;  
But, Heav'n be prais'd, far hence they vent their  
wrath,  
Mauling in mild lampoons th' intriguing Bath.  
Thus does our Author his first flight commence;  
Thus against friends at first with foils we fence;  
Thus prudent Gimerack try'd if he were able  
(Ere he'd wet foot) to swim upon a table.  
Then spare the youth; or if you'll damn the play,  
Let him but first have his, then take your day.

## PROLOGUE

TO THE

HUSBAND HIS OWN CUCKOLD,

A COMEDY, WRITTEN BY MR. J. DRYDEN, JUNR.

**T**HIS year has been remarkable two ways,  
 For blooming poets and for blasted plays.  
 We've been by much appearing plenty mock'd,  
 At once both tantaliz'd and overstock'd.  
 Our authors, too, by their success of late,  
 Begin to think third days are out of date.  
 What can the cause be that our plays won't keep,  
 Unless they have a rot some years, like sheep?  
 For our parts, we confess we're quite asham'd  
 To read such weekly bills of poets dam'd.  
 Each parish knows 'tis but a mournful case  
 When christ'nings fall and funerals increase.  
 Thus 'tis, and thus 'twill be when we are dead,  
 There will be writers which will ne'er be read.  
 Why will you be such wits, and write such things?  
 You're willing to be wasps, but want the stings.  
 Let not your spleen provoke you to that height;  
 'Od's life! you don't know what you do, Sirs,  
                   when you write.

You'll find that Pegasus has tricks when try'd,  
 Tho' you make nothing on't but up and ride;  
 Ladies, and all, I faith, now get astride.

Contriving characters, and scenes, and plots,  
 Is grown as common now as knitting knots;  
 With the same ease and negligence of thought,  
 The charming play is writ and fringe is wrought.  
 Tho' this be frightful, yet we're more afraid,  
 When ladies leave, that beaux will take the trade.  
 Thus far 'tis well enough, if here 'twould stop;  
 But should they write, we must e'en shut up shop.  
 How shall we make this mode of writing sink?  
 A mode, said I! 'tis a disease, I think,  
 A stubborn tetter that's not cur'd with ink;  
 For still it spreads till each th' infection takes,  
 And seizes ten for one that it forsakes.  
 Our play to-day is sprung from none of these;  
 Nor should you damn it tho' it does not please,  
 Since born without the bounds of your four  
 seas:

For if you grant no favor as 'tis new,  
 Yet as a stranger there is something due.  
 From Rome (to try its fate) this play was sent;  
 Start not at Rome, for there's no Pop'ry meant:  
 Tho' there the poet may his dwelling choose,  
 Yet still he knows his country claims his Muse.  
 Hither an off'ring his first-born he sends,  
 Whose good or ill success, on you depends:  
 Yet he has hope some kindness may be shown,  
 As due to greater merit than his own,  
 And begs the sire may for the son atone.  
 There's his last refuge; if the play don't take,  
 Yet spare young Dryden for his father's sake.

PROLOGUE  
TO  
A VERY GOOD WIFE,

A COMEDY, BY POWELL,

*Spoken by Mr. Haines.*

HERE's a young fellow here—an actor—Powell—  
One whose person, perhaps, you all may know  
well;

And he has writ a play—this very play  
Which you are all come here to see, to-day;  
And so, it being an usual thing to speak  
Something or other for the author's sake,  
Before the play (in hopes to make it take)  
I'm come, being his friend and fellow-player,  
To say what (if you please) you're like to hear.  
First know, that favor which I'd fain have shown,  
I ask'd not for, in his name, but my own;  
For, without vanity, I'm better known.  
Meantime then, let me beg you would forbear  
Your cat-calls, and the instruments of war.

For mercy, mercy, at your feet we fall,  
Before your roaring gods destroy us all!  
I'll speak with words sweet as distilling honey,  
With words—as if I meant to borrow money;



And if you'll stay, we shall be glad to see you,  
 If not—leave your half-crowns, and peace be wi'  
 you!

## PROLOGUE TO THE COURT,

ON THE QUEEN'S BIRTH-DAY, 1704.

**THE** happy Muse, to this high scene preferr'd,  
 Hereafter shall in loftier strains be heard,  
 And, soaring to transcend her usual theme,  
 Shall sing of virtue and heroic fame :  
 No longer shall she toil upon the stage,  
 And fruitless war with vice and folly wage ;  
 No more in mean disguise she shall appear,  
 And shapes she would reform be forc'd to wear ;  
 While Ignomance and Malice join to blame,  
 And break the mirror that reflects their shame.  
 Henceforth she shall pursue a nobler task,  
 Show her bright virgin-face, and scorn the Satyr's  
 mask.

Happy her future days ! which are design'd  
 Alone to paint the beauties of the mind ;  
 By just originals to draw with care,  
 And copy from the Court a faultless fair :  
 Such labors with success her hopes may crown,  
 And shame to manners an incorrigible Town.

While this design her eager thought pursues, }  
 Such various Virtues all around she views,  
 She knows not where to fix or which to choose; }  
 Yet still ambitious of the daring flight,  
 One only awes her with superior light :  
 From that attempt the conscious Muse retires, }  
 Nor to inimitable worth aspires,  
 But secretly applauds, and silently admires. }

Hence she reflects upon the genial ray  
 That first enliven'd this auspicious day;  
 On that bright star to whose indulgent pow'r  
 We owe the blessings of the present hour;  
 Concurring omens of propitious fate  
 Bore, with one sacred birth, an equal date;  
 Whence we derive whatever we possess  
 By foreign conquest or domestic peace.

Then, Britain! then thy dawn of bliss begun;  
 Then broke the morn that lighted up this sun;  
 Then was it doom'd whose counsels should succeed,  
 And by whose arm the Christian world be freed;  
 Then the brave foe was preordain'd to yield,  
 And the battle won at Blenheim's glorious



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## EPILOGUES.

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### EPILOGUE

At the opening of the

*Queen's Theatre in the Haymarket, with an  
Italian Pastoral.*

SPOKEN BY MRS. BRACEGIRDLE.

W HATEVER future fate our house may find,  
At present we expect you should be kind;  
Inconstancy itself can claim no right  
Before enjoyment and the wedding-night.  
You must be fix'd a little ere you range;  
You must be true till you have time to change.  
A week at least; one night is sure too soon,  
But we pretend not to a honey-moon.  
To novelty we know you can be true,  
But what, alas! or who, is always new?

This day, without presumption, we pretend  
With novelty entire you're entertain'd;  
For not alone our house and scenes are new,  
Our song and dance, but *even* our actors too.

Our play itself has something in't uncommon,  
 Two faithful lovers, and one constant woman.  
 In sweet Italian strains our shepherds sing  
 Of harmless loves, our painted forests ring  
 In notes, perhaps, less foreign than the thing.  
 To sound and show at first we make pretence,  
 In time we may regale you with some sense,  
 But that, at present, were too great expence.  
 We only fear the beaux may think it hard  
 To be to-night from smutty jests debarr'd;  
 But in good breeding, sure, they'll once excuse  
 Ev'n modesty, when in a stranger Muse.  
 The day's at hand when we shall shift the scene,  
 And to yourselves show your dear selves again;  
 Paint the reverse of what you've seen to-day,  
 And in bold strokes the vicious Town display.

## EPILOGUE

TO OROONOKO.


 BY MRS. VERBRUGGEN.

You see we try all shapes, and shifts, and arts,  
 To tempt your favors and regain your hearts.  
 We weep, and laugh, join mirth and grief to-  
 gether,  
 Like rain and sunbeams mix'd in April weather.

Your different tastes divide our poet's cares;  
 One foot the sock, t'other the buskin wears:  
 Thus while he strives to please, he's forc'd to  
 do't,

Like Volscius, ~~high~~hop in a single boot.  
 Critics, he knows, for this may damn ~~his~~ books;  
 But he makes ~~feasts~~ for friends, and not for cooks.  
 Tho' errant-knights of late no favor find,  
 Sure you will be to ladies-errant kind.  
 To follow fame knights-errant make profession,  
 We damsels fly to save our reputation;  
 So they their valor show, we our discretion.  
 To lands of monsters and fierce beasts they go,  
 We to those islands where rich husbands grow;  
 Tho' they're no monsters we may make them  
 so.

If they're of English growth they'll bear't with  
 patience:

But save us from a spouse of Oroonoko's nations!  
 Then bless your stars, you happy London Wives!  
 Who love at large each day, yet keep your lives;  
 Nor envy poor Imoinda's doting blindness,  
 Who thought her husband kill'd her out of kind-  
 ness.

Death with a husband ne'er had shown such  
 charms,

Had she once dy'd within a lover's arms:  
 Her error was from ignorance proceeding;  
 Poor Soul! she wanted some of our ~~Town~~ breeding.

Forgive this Indian's fondness of her spouse ;  
 Their law no Christian liberty allows :  
 Alas ! they make a conscience of their vows :  
 If virtue in a Heathen be a fault,  
 Then damn the Heathen school, where she was  
     taught.  
 She might have learn'd to cuckold, jilt, and sham,  
 Had Covent-Garden been in Surinam.

## MISCELLANIES.

## THE BIRTH OF THE MUZE.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

**CHARLES LORD HALIFAX.**

**Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori. MOR.**

**MOR.**

**D**ESCEND, celestial Muse! thy son inspire  
Of thee to sing; infuse the holy fire.  
Belov'd of gods and men! thyself disclose;  
Say from what source thy heav'nly pow'r arose,  
Which from unnumber'd years deliv'ring down  
The deeds of heroes deathless in renown,  
Extends their life and fame to ages yet un-  
known.

Time and the Muse set forth with equal pace;  
At once the rivals started to the race;  
And both at once the destin'd course shall end,  
Or both to all eternity contend; 11  
One to preserve what t'other cannot save,  
And rescue virtue rising from the grave.

To thee, O Montague! these strains are sung,  
For thee my voice is tun'd and speaking lyre is  
strong;

For ev'ry grace ~~of~~ ev'ry Muse is thine,  
 In thee their various ~~virtues~~ ~~un~~ shine,  
 Darling of Phoebus and the tuneful Nine!  
 To thee alone I dare my song commend, 19  
 Whose nature can forgive and pow'r defend,  
 And show by turns the patron and the friend.

Begin, my Muse! from Jove derive thy song,  
 Thy song of right does first to Jove belong;  
 For thou thyself art of celestial seed,  
 Nor dare a sire inferior boast the breed.  
 When first the frame of this vast ball was made,  
 And Jove with joy the finish'd work survey'd,  
 Vicissitude of things, of men and states,  
 Their rise and fall, were destin'd by the Fates;  
 Then Time had first a name, by firm decree 20  
 Appointed lord of all futurity,  
 Within whose ample bosom Fates repose  
 Causes of things, and secret seeds enclose,  
 Which rip'ning there shall one day gain a birth,  
 And force a passage thro' the teeming earth.  
 To him they give to rule the spacious light,  
 And bound ~~the~~ ~~et~~ ~~er~~ ~~n~~al unparted day and night;  
 To wing the ~~stars~~ ~~stars~~ that whirl the rolling sphere,  
 To shift the seasons, and conduct the year.  
 Duration of dominion and of pow'r 40  
 To him prescribe, and fix each fated hour.  
 This mighty rule to Time the Fates ordain,  
 But yet to hard conditions bind his reign;  
 For ev'ry ~~hon~~ ~~our~~ ~~ous~~ birth he brings to light,  
 (How good soc'et and grateful in his sight)

He must again to native earth restore,  
 And all his race with iron teeth devour:  
 Nor good nor great shall 'scape his hungry maw,  
 But, bleeding Nature prove the rigid law.

Not yet the loosen'd earth aloft was slung, 50  
 Or pois'd amid the skies in balance hung;  
 Nor yet did golden fires the sun adorn,  
 Or borrow'd lustre silver Cynthia's horn;  
 Nor yet had Time commission to begin,  
 Or Fate the many-twisted web to spin;  
 When all the heav'nly host assembled came  
 To view the world yet resting on its frame;  
 Eager they press to see the Sire dismiss,  
 And roll the globe along the vast abyss. 59

When deep-revolving thoughts the God retain,  
 Which for a space suspend the promis'd scene,  
 Once more his eyes on Time intentive look,  
 Again inspect Fate's universal book;  
 Abroad the wondrous volume he displays,  
 And present views the deeds of future days.

A beauteous scene adorns the foremost page,  
 Where Nature's bloom presents the Golden Age:  
 The Golden leaf to Silver soon resigns,  
 And fair the sheet, but yet more faintly, shines:  
 Of baser Brass, the next denotes the times, 70  
 An impious page, deform'd with deadly crimes:  
 The fourth yet wears a worse and browner face  
 And adds to gloomy days an Iron race.

He turns the book, and ev'ry age reviews,  
 Then all the kingly line his eye pursues;

The first of men, and Lords of Earth design'd,  
 Who under him should govern human-kind.  
 Of future heroes there the lives he reads,  
 In search of glory spent and godlike deeds,  
 Who empires found, and goodly cities build, 80  
 And savage men compel to leave the field.

All this he saw, and all he saw approv'd;  
 When, lo! but thence a narrow space remov'd,  
 And hungry Time has all the scene defac'd,  
 The kings destroy'd, and laid the kingdoms waste:  
 Together all in common ruins lie,  
 And but anon, and ev'n the ruins die.  
 Th' Almighty, inly touch'd, compassion found,  
 To see great actions in oblivion drown'd,  
 And forward search'd the roll, to find if Fate 90  
 Had no reserve to spare the good and great.  
 Bright in his view the Trojan heroes shine,  
 And Ilian structures rais'd by hands divine;  
 But Ilium soon in native dust is laid,  
 And all her boasted pile a ruin made;  
 Nor great Æneas can her fall withstand,  
 But flies, to save his gods, to foreign land.  
 The Roman race succeed the Dardan state,  
 And first and second Caesar, godlike great.  
 Still on to after-days, his eyes descend, 100  
 And rising heroes still the search attend.  
 Proceeding thus he many empires past,  
 When fair Britannia fix'd his sight at last.

Above the waves she lifts her silver head,  
 And looks a Venus born from Ocean's bed.



For rolling years her happy fortunes smile,  
 And Fates propitious bless the beauteous isle:  
 To worlds remote she wide extends her reign,  
 And wields the trident of the stormy main.  
 Thus on the base of empire firm she stands, 110  
 While bright Eliza rules the willing lands.

But soon a low'ring sky comes on apace,  
 And fate revers'd shows an ill-omen'd face;  
 The void of heav'n a gloomy horror fills,  
 And cloudy veils involve her shining hills;  
 Of greatness pass'd no footsteps she retains,  
 Sunk in a series of inglorious reigns.  
 She feels the change, and deep regrets the shame  
 Of honors lost, and her diminish'd name;  
 Conscious, she seeks from day to shroud her  
 head, 120

And glad would shrink beneath her oozy bed.

Thus far the sacred leaves Britannia's woes  
 In shady draughts and dusky lines disclose;  
 Th' ensuing scene revolves a martial age,  
 And ardent colors gild the glowing page.

Behold! of radiant light an orb arise,  
 Which kindling day restores the darken'd skies;  
 And see! on seas the beamy ball descends,  
 And now its course to fair Britannia bends:  
 Along the foamy main the billows bear 130  
 The floating fire, and waft the shining sphere.  
 Hail, happy Omen! hail, auspicious Sight!  
 Thou glorious guide to yet a greater light;

For see! a prince, whom dazzling arms array, }  
 Pursuing closely ploughs the wat'ry way, }  
 'Tracing the glory thro' the flaming sea.

Britannia! rise; awake, O fairest Isle!  
 From iron sleep; again thy fortunes smile.  
 Once more look up, the mighty man behold,  
 Whose reign renews the former Age of Gold. 140  
 The Fates at length the blissful web have span,  
 And bid it round in endless circles run:  
 Again shall distant lands confess thy sway,  
 Again the wat'ry world thy rule obey;  
 Again thy martial sons shall thirst for fame,  
 And win in foreign fields a deathless name;  
 For William's genius ev'ry soul inspires,  
 And warms the frozen youth with warlike fires.  
 Already, see! the hostile troops retreat,  
 And seem forewarn'd of their impending fate; 150  
 Already routed foes his fury feel,  
 And fly the force of his unmerring steel.  
 The haughty Gaul, who well till now might boast  
 A matchless sword and unresisted host,  
 At his foreseen approach the field forsakes,  
 His cities tremble and his empire shakes:  
 His tow'ring ensigns long had aw'd the plain,  
 And fleets audaciously usurp'd the main;  
 A gath'ring storm he seem'd, which from afar  
 Teem'd with a deluge of destructive war, 160  
 Till William's stronger genius soar'd above,  
 And down the skies the daring tempest drove.

So from the radiant sun retir'd the night,  
And western clouds shot thro' with orient light;  
So when th' assuming god, whom storms obey,  
To all the warring winds at once gave way,  
The frantic brethren ravag'd all around,  
And rocks, and woods, and shores, their rage re-  
sound;

Incumbent o'er the main, at length they sweep  
The liquid plains, and raise the peaceful deep; 170  
But when superior Neptune leaves his bed,  
His trident shakes, and shows his awful head,  
The madding winds are hush'd, the tempests cease,  
And ev'ry rolling surge resides in peace.

And now the sacred leaf a landscape wears,  
Where heav'n serene, and air unmov'd, appears;  
The rose and lily paint the verdant plains,  
And palm and olive shade the sylvan scenes;  
The peaceful Thames beneath his banks abides,  
And soft and still the silver surface glides; 180  
The zephyrs fan the fields, the whisp'ring breeze  
With fragrant breath remurmurs thro' the trees;  
The warbling birds, applauding new-born light,  
In wanton measures wing their airy flight:  
Above the floods the finny race repair,  
And bound aloft, and back in upper air;  
They gild their scaly backs in Phœbus' beams,  
And scorn to skim the level of the streams:  
Whole Nature wears a gay and joyous face,  
And blooms and ripens with the fruits of peace.

No more the lab'ring hind regrets his toil, 191  
 But cheerfully manures the grateful soil:  
 Secure, the glebe a plenteous crop will yield,  
 And golden Ceres grace the waving field.  
 Th' advent'rous man, who durst the deep explore,  
 Oppose the winds, and tempt the shelvy shore,  
 Beneath his roof now tastes unbroken rest,  
 Enough with native wealth and plenty blest.

No more the forward youth pursues alarms,  
 Nor leaves the sacred arts for stubborn arms; 200  
 No more the mothers from their hopes are torn,  
 Nor weeping maids the promis'd lover mourn;  
 No more the widows' shrieks and orphans' cries  
 Torment the patient air and pierce the skies;  
 But peaceful joys the prosp'rous times afford,  
 And banish'd Virtue is again restor'd.  
 And he whose arms alone sustain'd the toil,  
 And propp'd the nodding frame of Britain's isle,  
 By whose illustrious deeds her leaders fir'd,  
 Have honors lost retriev'd, and new acquir'd, 210  
 With equal sway will Virtue's laws maintain,  
 And, good as great, in awful peace shall reign;  
 For his example still the rule shall give,  
 And those it taught to conquer teach to live.

Proceeding on, the Father still unfolds  
 Succeeding leaves, and brighter still beholds;  
 The latest seen the fairest seems to shine  
 Yet sudden does to one more fair resign.  
 Th' Eternal paus'd——

Nor would Britannia's fate beyond explore; 220  
 Enough he saw besides the coming store:  
 Enough the hero had already done,  
 And round the wide extent of glory run,  
 Nor further now the shining path pursues,  
 But like the sun the same bright race renews.

— And shall remorseless Fates on him have pow'r?  
 Or Time unequally such worth devour?

Then wherefore shall the brave for fame contest?

Why is this man distinguish'd from the rest, '

Whose soaring genius now sublime aspires, 230

And deathless fame, the due reward, requires?

Approving Heav'n th' exalted virtue views,

Nor can the claim which it approves refuse.

The great Creator soon the grant resolves,

And in his mighty mind the means revolves.

He thought, nor doubted once again to choose,

But spake the word, and made th' immortal Muse.

Ne'er did his pow'r produce so bright a child,

On whose creation infant Nature smil'd:

Perfect at first, a finish'd form she wears, 240

And youth perpetual in her face appears.

Th' assembled gods, who long expecting staid, }  
 With new delight gaze on the lovely maid, }  
 And think the wish'd-for world was well delay'd. }

Nor did the Sire himself his joy disguise,

But stedfast view'd, and fix'd, and fed his eyes:

Intent a space, at length he silence broke,

And thus the God the heav'nly fair bespoke.

' To thee, immortal Maid! from this bless'd  
 hour,  
 ' O'er time and fame I give unbounded pow'r. 250  
 ' Thou from oblivion shalt the hero save;  
 ' Shalt raise, revive, immortalize, the brave.  
 ' To thee the Dardan prince shall owe his fame;  
 ' To thee the Cæsars their eternal name.  
 ' Eliza, sung by thee, with Fate shall ~~stare~~,  
 ' And long as time in sacred verse survive.  
 ' And yet, O Muse! remains the noblest theme;  
 ' The first of men, mature for endless fame,  
 ' Thy future songs shall grace, and all thy lays,  
 ' Thenceforth, alone shall wait on William's praise:  
 ' On his heroic deeds thy verse shall rise; 261  
 ' Thou shalt diffuse the fires that he supplies:  
 ' Thro' him thy songs shall more sublime aspire,  
 ' And he thro' them shall deathless fame acquire:  
 ' Nor Time nor Fate his glory shall oppose,  
 ' Or blast the monuments the Muse bestows.'

This said, no more remain'd. Th' ethereal host  
 Again impatient crowd the crystal coast.  
 The father now within his spacious hands 269  
 Encompass'd all the mingled mass of seas and lands,  
 And having heav'd aloft the pond'rous sphere,  
 He launch'd the world to float in ambient air.

## THE RECONCILIATION.

## RECITATIVE.

**F**AIR Celia love pretended,  
 And nam'd the myrtle bow'r,  
 Where Damon long attended  
 Beyond the promis'd hour.  
 At length impatient growing  
 Of anxious expectation,  
 His heart with rage o'erflowing,  
 He vented thus his passion.

## ODE.

' To all the sex deceitful  
 ' A long and last adieu,  
 ' Since women prove ungrateful  
 ' As oft' as men prove true.  
 ' The pains they cause are many,  
 ' And long and hard to bear,  
 ' The joys they give (if any)  
 ' Few, short, and unsincere.'

## RECITATIVE.

But Celia now repenting  
 Her breach of assignation,  
 Arriv'd with eyes consentin'  
 And sparkling inclination.  
 Like Citherea smiling,  
 She blush'd, and laid his passion;  
 The shepherd ceas'd reviling,  
 And sung this recantation.

## PALINODE.

'How engaging, how endearing,  
 'Is a lover's pain and care!  
 'And what joy the nymph's appearing  
 'After absence or despair!  
 'Women wise increase desiring,  
 'By contriving kind delays,  
 'And advancing or retiring,  
 'All they mean is more to please.'

---

## THE PETITION.

GRANT me, gentle Love! said I,  
 One dear blessing ere I die:  
 Long I've borne excess of pain,  
 Let me now some bliss obtain.

Thus to almighty Love I cry'd,  
 When, angry, thus the god reply'd:

Blessings greater none can have,  
 Art thou not Amynta's slave?  
 Cease, fond Mortal! to implore,  
 For Love, Love himself's no more.

---

## ABSENCE.

Ah! what pains, what racking thoughts, he  
     proves,  
 Who lives remov'd from her he dearest loves!



In cruel Absence doom'd past joys to mourn,  
And think on hours that will no more return.  
Oh! let me ne'er the pangs of Absence try;  
Save me from Absence, Love! or let me die.

---

AMORET.

I.

**F**AIR Amoret is gone astray,  
Pursue and seek her ev'ry lover;  
I'll tell the signs by which you may  
The wand'ring shepherdess discover.

II.

Coquette and coy at once her air,  
Both study'd, tho' both seem neglected;  
Careless she is, with artful care  
Affecting to seem unaffected.

III.

With skill her eyes dart ev'ry glance,  
Yet change so soon you'd ne'er suspect 'em,  
For she'd persuade they wound by chance,  
Tho' certain aim and art direct 'em.

IV.

She likes herself, yet others hates  
For that which in herself she prizes;  
And while she laughs at them, forgets  
She is the thing that she despises.

## LESBIA.

**W**HEN Lesbia first I saw so heav'nly fair,  
 With eyes so bright, and with that awful air,  
 I thought my heart, which durst so high aspire,  
 As bold as his who snatch'd celestial fire;  
 But soon as e'er the beauteous idiot spoke,  
 Forth from her coral lips such folly broke,  
 Like balm the trickling nonsense heal'd my wound,  
 And what her eyes enthrall'd her tongue unbound.

## DORIS.

**D**ORIS, a nymph of riper age,  
 Has ev'ry grace and art;  
 A wise ~~observer~~ to engage  
 Or wound a heedless heart.  
 Of native blush and rosy dye  
 Time has her cheek bereft,  
 Which makes ~~the~~ prudent nymph supply  
 With paint th' injurious theft.

Her sparkling eyes she still retains,  
 And teeth, in good repair,  
 And her well-furnish'd front disdains  
 To grace with borrow'd hair.

Of size she is not short nor tall,  
 And does to fat incline  
 No more ~~than~~ what the French would call  
*Amable embonpoint*.

Further, her person to disclose  
 I leave—let it suffice  
 She has few faults but what she knows,  
 And can with skill disguise.

She many lovers has refus'd,  
 With many more comply'd,  
 Which like her clothes, when little us'd,  
 She always lays aside.

She's one who looks with great contempt  
 On each affected creature,  
 Whose nicety would seem exempt  
 From appetites of nature.

She thinks they want or health or sense  
 Who want an inclination,  
 And therefore never takes offence  
 At him who pleads his passion.

Whom she refuses she treats still  
 With so much sweet behaviour,  
 That her refusal, thro' her skill,  
 Looks almost like a favor.

Since she this softness can express  
 To those whom she rejects,  
 She must be very fond, you'll guess,  
 Of such whom she affects.

But here our Doris far outgoes  
 All that her sex have done;  
 She no regard for custom knows,  
 Which reason bids her shun.

By reason her own reason's meant;  
 Or, if you please, her will;

For when this last is discontent,  
'The first is serv'd but ill.

Peculiar, therefore, is her way;  
Whether by Nature taught  
I shall not undertake to say,  
Or by experience bought.

But who o'er night obtain'd her grace,  
She can next day disown,  
And stare upon the strange man's face  
As one she ne'er had known.

So well she can the truth disguise,  
Such artful wonder frame,  
The lover or distrusts his eyes,  
Or thinks 'twas all a dream.

Some censure this as lewd and low,  
Who are to bounty blind;  
For to forget what we bestow  
Bespeaks a noble mind.

Doris our thanks nor asks nor needs,  
For all her favors done  
From her love flows, as light proceeds  
Spontaneous from the sun.

On one or other still her fires  
Display their genial force,  
And she, like Sol, alone retires,  
To shine elsewhere of course.

## A HYMN TO HARMONY.

IN HONOR OF

ST. CECILIA'S DAY, MDCCI.

*Set to Music by Mr. John Eccles.*

I.

**O** HARMONY! to thee we sing,  
 To thee the grateful tribute bring  
 Of sacred verse and sweet resounding lays,  
 Thy aid invoking while thy pow'r we praise.  
 All hail to thee  
 All-pow'rful Harmony!  
 Wise Nature owns thy undisputed sway,  
 Her wondrous works resigning to thy care;  
 The planetary orbs thy rule obey,  
 And tuneful roll unerring in their way,  
 Thy voice informing each melodious sphere.

CHORUS.

' All hail to thee  
 ' All pow'rful Harmony!'

II.

Thy voice, O Harmony! with awful sound  
 Could penetrate th' abyss profound,  
 Explore the realms of ancient Night,  
 And search the living source of unborn light.  
 Confusion heard thy voice and fled,  
 And Chaos deeper plung'd his vanquish'd head.

M 2

Then didst thou, Harmony! give birth  
 To this fair form of heav'n and earth;  
 Then all those shining worlds above  
 In mystic dance began to move  
 Around the radiant sphere of central fire,  
 A never-ceasing never-silent choir.

## CHORUS.

' Confusion heard thy voice and fled,  
 ' And Chaos deeper plung'd his vanquish'd head.'

## III.

Thou only, Goddess! first couldst tell  
 The mighty charms in Numbers found,  
 And didst to heav'nly minds reveal  
 The secret force of tuneful sound.  
 When first Cyllenius form'd the lyre,  
 Thou didst the god inspire;  
 When first the vocal shell he strung,  
 To which the Muses sung,  
 Then first the Muses sung; melodious strains Apollo  
 play'd;

And music first begun by thy auspicious aid.  
 Hark, hark! again Urania sings;  
 Again Apollo strikes the trembling strings;  
 And see! the list'ning deities around  
 Attend insatiate, and devour the sound.

## CHORUS.

' Hark, hark! again Urania sings;  
 ' Again Apollo strikes the trembling strings;  
 ' And see! the list'ning deities around  
 ' Attend insatiate, and devour the sound.'

## IV.

Descend, Urania, heav'nly fair !  
 To the relief of this afflicted world repair ;  
 See how, with various woes oppress'd,  
 The wretched race of men is worn ;  
 Consum'd with cares, with doubts distress'd,  
 Or by conflicting passions torn.  
 Reason in vain employs her aid,  
 The furious Will on Fancy waits,  
 While Reason, still by hopes or fears betray'd,  
 Too late advances or too soon retreats.  
 Music alone with sudden charms can bind  
 The wand'ring sense, and calm the troubled mind.

## CHORUS.

' Music alone with sudden charms can bind  
 ' The wand'ring sense, and calm the troubled mind.'

## V.

Begin the pow'rful song, ye sacred Nine !  
 Your instruments and voices join ;  
 Harmony, peace, and sweet desire,  
 In ev'ry breast inspire :  
 Revive the melancholy drooping heart,  
 And soft repose to restless thoughts impart.  
 Appease the wrathful mind,  
 To dire revenge and death inclin'd ;  
 With balmy sounds his boiling blood assuage,  
 And melt to mild remorse his burning rage.

'Tis done ! and now tumultuous passions cease,  
 And all is hush'd, and all is peace :  
 The weary world with welcome ease is blest,  
 By music lull'd to pleasing rest.

## CHORUS.

' 'Tis done ; and now tumultuous passions cease,  
 ' And all is hush'd, and all is peace :  
 ' The weary world with welcome ease is blest,  
 ' By music lull'd to pleasing rest.'

## VI.

Ah ! sweet repose, too soon expiring !  
 Ah ! foolish Man ! new toils requiring !  
 Curs'd ambition, strife pursuing,  
 Wakes the world to war and ruin.  
 See, see ! the battle is prepar'd !  
 Behold the hero comes !  
 Loud trumpets with shrill fifes are heard,  
 And hoarse-resounding drums.  
 War, with discordant notes and jarring noise,  
 The harmony of Peace destroys.

## CHORUS.

' War, with discordant notes and jarring noise,  
 ' The harmony of Peace destroys.'

## VII.

See the forsaken fair, with streaming eyes,  
 Her parting lover mourn ;



She weeps, she sighs, despairs, and dies,  
 And watchful wastes the lonely livelong nights,  
 Bewailing past delights  
 That may no more, no, never more, return.  
 O! sooth her cares  
 With softest sweetest airs,  
 Till victory and peace restore  
 Her faithful lover to her tender breast,  
 Within her folding arms to rest,  
 Thence never to be parted more,  
 No, never to be parted more.

## CHORUS.

• Let victory and peace restore  
 • Her faithful lover to her tender breast,  
 • Within her folding arms to rest,  
 • Thence never to be parted more,  
 • No, never to be parted more.'

## VIII.

Enough, Urania! heav'nly fair!  
 Now to thy native skies repair,  
 And rule again the starry sphere;  
 Cecilia comes with holy rapture fill'd,  
 To ease the world of care. \*  
 Cecilia! more than all the Muses skill'd!  
 Phœbus himself to her must yield,  
 And at her feet lay down  
 His golden harp and laurel crown.

The soft enervate lyre is drown'd  
 In the deep organ's more majestic sound.  
 In peals the swelling notes ascend the skies,  
 Perpetual breath the swelling notes supplies,  
 And, lasting as her name  
 Who form'd the tuneful frame,  
 Th' immortal music never dies.

GRAND CHORUS.

' Cecilia! more than all the Muses skill'd!  
 ' Phœbus himself to her must yield, .  
 ' And at her feet lay down  
 ' His golden harp and laurel crown.  
 ' The soft enervate lyre is drown'd  
 ' In the deep organ's more majestic sound.  
 ' In peals the swelling notes ascend the skies,  
 ' Perpetual breath the swelling notes supplies,  
 ' And, lasting as her name  
 ' Who form'd the tuneful frame,  
 ' Th' immortal music never dies.'

OCCASIONED ON A

LADY'S

HAVING WRIT VERSES IN COMMENDATION OF A  
 POEM WHICH WAS WRITTEN IN PRAISE OF  
 ANOTHER LADY.

HARD is the task, and hold the advent'rous  
 flight,  
 Of him who dares in praise of Beauty write,

For when to that high theme our thoughts ascend,  
'Tis to detract, too poorly to commend :  
And he who, praising Beauty, does no wrong,  
May boast to be successful in his song ;  
But when the fair themselves approve his lays,  
And one accepts, and one vouchsafes to praise,  
His wide ambition knows no further bound,  
Nor can his Muse with brighter fame be crown'd.

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VERSES

TO THE MEMORY OF

GRACE, LADY GETHIN,

OCCASIONED BY READING HER BOOK, ENTITLED  
RELIQUÆ GETHINIANÆ.

AFTER a painful life in study spent,  
The learn'd themselves their ignorance lament ;  
And aged men, whose lives exceed the space  
Which seems the bound prescrib'd to mortal race,  
With hoary heads their short experience grieve,  
As doom'd to die before they've learn'd to live :  
So hard it is true knowledge to attain,  
So frail is life, and fruitless human pain !  
Whoe'er on this reflects, and then beholds,  
With strict attention, what this Book unfolds,

## MISCELLANEOUS.

With admiration struck, shall question who  
So very long could live so much to know?  
For so complete the finish'd piece appears,  
That learning seems combin'd with length of  
years,

And both, improv'd by purest wit, to reach  
At all that study or that time can teach.  
But to what height must his amazement rise,  
When, having read the Work, he turns his eyes  
Again to view the foremost op'ning page,  
And there the beauty, sex, and tender age,  
Of her beholds, in whose pure mind arose  
Th' ethereal source from whence this current  
flows!

When prodigies appear our reason fails,  
And superstition o'er philosophy prevails.  
Some heav'nly minister we straight conclude,  
Some angel-mind with female form endu'd,  
To make a short abode on earth, was sent,  
(Where no perfection can be permanent)  
And having left her bright example here,  
Was quick recall'd, and bid to disappear.  
Whether around the throne eternal hymns  
She sings, amid the choir of seraphims,  
Or some refulgent star informs and guides,  
Where she, the bless'd intelligence, presides,  
Is not for us to know who here remain,  
For 'twere as impious to inquire as vain;  
And all we ought or can, in this dark state,  
Is what we have admir'd to imitate.

WRITTEN AT TUNBRIDGE WELLS,

ON MISS TEMPLE,

AFTERWARDS LADY OF SIR THOMAS LYTTETON.

LEAVE, leave the drawing-room,  
Where flowers of beauty us'd to bloom ;  
The nymph that's fated to o'ercome, '

Now triumphs at the Wells.  
Her shape, and air, and eyes,  
Her face, the gay, the grave, the wise,  
The beau, in spite of box and 'dice,  
Acknowledge, all excels.

Cease, cease, to ask her name,  
'The crowned Muse's noblest theme,  
Whose glory by immortal fame  
Shall only sounded be.  
But if you long to know,  
'Then look round yonder dazling row ;  
Who most does like an angel show,  
You may be sure 'tis she.

See near those sacred springs,  
Which cure to fell diseases brings,  
(As ancient fame of Ida sings)  
Three goddesses appear !

Wealth, glory, two possess ;  
 "The third with charming beauty blest,"  
 So fair, that heaven and earth confest  
 She conquer'd every where.

Like her, this charmer now  
 Makes every love-sick gazer bow ;  
 Nay, ev'n old age her power allow,  
 And banish'd flames recall.  
 Wealth can no trophy rear,  
 Nor glory now the garland wear :  
 To beauty every Paris here  
 Devotes the golden ball.

## AN IMPOSSIBLE THING.

### A TALE.

To thee, dear Dick, this tale I send,  
 Both as a critic and a friend.  
 I tell it with some variation  
 (Not altogether a translation)  
 From La Fontaine ; an author, Dick,  
 Whose Muse would touch thee to the quick.  
 The subject is of that same kind,  
 To which thy heart seems most inclin'd :  
 How verse may alter it, God knows ;  
 Thou lov'st it well, I'm sure, in prose.

So, without preface, or pretence,  
To hold thee longer in suspense,  
I shall proceed, as I am able,  
To the recital of my fable.

A Goblin of the merry kind,  
More black of hue, than curst of mind,  
To help a lover in distress,  
Contriv'd a charm with such success,  
That in short space the cruel dame  
Relented, and return'd his flame.  
The bargain, made betwixt them both,  
Was bound by honor and by oath :  
The lover laid down his salvation,  
And Satan stak'd his reputation.  
The latter promis'd on his part  
(To serve his friend, and show his art,)  
That madam should by twelve o'clock,  
Though hitherto as hard as rock,  
Become as gentle as a glove,  
And kiss and coo like any dove.  
In short, the woman should be his,  
That is upon, condition—Viz.  
That he, the lover, after tasting  
What ~~one~~ <sup>one</sup> would wish were everlasting,  
Should in return for such enjoyment,  
Supply the fiend with fresh employment :  
' That's all,' quoth Pug ; ' my poor request  
' Is, only, never to have rest.  
' You thought, 'tis like, with reason too,  
' That I should have been serv'd, not you :

- \* ' But what? upon my friend impose !  
 ' No—though a devil, none of those.  
 ' Your business then, pray understand me,  
 ' Is nothing more but to command me.  
 ' Of one thing only let me warn ye ;  
 ' Which somewhat nearly may concern ye :  
 ' As soon as e'er one work is done, \*  
 ' Straight name a new one ; and so on :  
 ' Let each to other quick succeed,  
 ' Or else—you know how 'tis agreed—  
 ' For if through any hums or haws  
 ' There ~~happ~~ an intervening pause,  
 ' In which, ~~the~~ want of fresh commands,  
 ' Your slave obsequious idle stands,  
 ' Nor soul nor body ever more  
 ' Shall serve the nymph whomi you adore ;  
 ' But both be laid at Satan's feet,  
 ' To be dispos'd as he thinks meet.'

At once the lover all approves ;  
 For who can hesitate that loves ?  
 And thus he argues in his thought :  
 ' Why, after all, I venture nought ;  
 ' What mystery is in commanding ?  
 ' Does that require much understanding ?  
 ' Indeed, wer't my part to obey,  
 ' He'd go the better of the lay :  
 ' But he must do what I think fit—  
 ' Pshaw, pshaw, young Belzebub is bit.'

Thus pleas'd in mind, he calls a chair,  
 Adjusts, and combs, and courts the fair :



The spell takes place, and all goes right,  
And happy he employs the night  
In sweet embraces, balmy kisses,  
And riots in the bliss of blisses.  
' O joy,' cried he, ' that has no equal !'  
But hold—no raptures—mark the sequel.  
For now, when near the morning's dawn,  
The youth began as 'twere to yawn ;  
His eyes a silky slumber seiz'd,  
Or would have done, if Pug had pleas'd :  
But that officious Dæmon near,  
Now buzz'd for business in his ear :  
In haste, he names a thousand things,  
The goblin plies his wicker wings,  
And in a trice returns to ask  
Another and another task.  
Now palaces are built and towers,  
The work of ages in few hours.  
Then storms are in an instant rais'd,  
Which the next moment are appeas'd.  
Now showers of gold and gems are rain'd,  
As if each India had been drain'd :  
And he, in one astonish'd view,  
Sees both Golconda and Peru.  
These things, and stranger things than these,  
Were done with equal speed and ease.  
And now to Rome poor Pug he'll send ;  
And Pug soon reach'd his journey's end,  
And soon return'd with such a pack  
Of bulls and pardons at his back,

That now the 'Squire (who had some hope  
In holy water and the pope)  
Was out of heart, and at a stand  
What next to wish, and what command ;  
Invention flags, his brain grows muddy,  
And black despair succeeds brown study.  
In this distress the woeful youth  
Acquaints the nymph with all the truth,  
Begging her counsel, for whose sake  
Both soul and body were at stake.  
' And is this all ? ' replies the fair :  
' Let me alone to cure this care.  
' When next your Dæmon shall appear,  
' Pray give him—look, what I hold here,  
' And bid him labor, soon or late,  
' To lay these ringlets lank and straight.'  
Then something scarcely to be seen,  
Her finger and her thumb between  
She held, and sweetly smiling, cry'd,  
' Your Goblin's skill shall now be try'd.'  
She said ; and gave—what shall I call  
That thing so shining, crisp, and small,  
Which round his finger strove to twine ?  
A tendril of the Cyprian vine ?  
Or spring from Cytherea's grove ;  
Shade of the labyrinth of love ?  
With awe, he now takes from her hand  
That fleece-like flower of fairy land :  
Less precious, whilom, was a fleece  
Which drew the Argonauts from Greece ;

Or that, which modern ages see  
 The spur and prize of chivalry,  
 Whose curls of kindred texture grace  
 Heroes and kings of Spanish race.

The spark prepar'd, and Pug at hand,  
 He issues, thus, his strict command :  
 ' This line, thus curve and thus orbicular,  
 ' Render direct, and perpendicular -  
 ' But so direct, that in no sort  
 ' It ever may in rings retort.  
 ' See me no more till this be done :  
 ' Hence, to thy task—ayaunt, be gone.'

Away the fiend like lightning flies,  
 And all his wit to work applies :  
 Anvils and presses he employs,  
 And dins whole hell with hammering noise.  
 In vain : he to no terms can bring  
 One twirl of that reluctant thing ;  
 Th' elastic fibre mocks his pains,  
 And its first spiral form retains.  
 New stratagems the sprite contrives,  
 And down the depths of sea he dives :  
 ' This sprunt its pertness sure will lose,  
 ' When laid (said he) to soak in ooze.'  
 Poor foolish fiend ! he little knew  
 Whence Venus and her garden grew.  
 Old Ocean, with paternal waves  
 The child of his own bed receives ;  
 Which oft as dipt new force exerts,  
 And in more vigorous curls reverts.

No when to earth Alcides flung  
 The huge Antæus, whence he sprung,  
 From every fall fresh strength he gain'd,  
 And with new life the fight maintain'd.  
 The baffled Goblin grows perplex'd,  
 Nor knows what slight to practise next :  
 The more he tries, the more he fails ;  
 For charm, nor art, nor force avails.  
 But all concur his shame to show,  
 And more exasperate the foe.

And now he pensive turns and sad,  
 And looks like melancholic mad.  
 He rolls his eyes now off, now on  
 That wonderful phenomenon.  
 Sometimes he twists and twirls it round,  
 Then, pausing, meditates profound :  
 No end he sees of his surprise,  
 Nor what it should he can devise :  
 For never was yet wool or feather,  
 That could stand buff against all weather ;  
 And unrelax'd, like this, resist  
 Both wind and rain, and snow and mist.  
 What stuff, or whence, or how 'twas made,  
 What spinster which could spin such thread,  
 He nothing knew ; but, to his cost,  
 Knew all his fame and labor lost.  
 Subdu'd, abash'd, he gave it o'er ;  
 'Tis said, he blush'd ; 'tis sure he swore  
 Not all the wiles that hell could hatch  
 Could conquer that superb Mustach,

Defeated thus, thus discontent,  
 Back to the man the Dæmon went :  
 ‘ I grant,’ quoth he, ‘ our contract null,  
 ‘ And give you a discharge in full.  
 ‘ But tell me now, in name of wonder,  
 ‘ (Since I so candidly knock under)  
 ‘ What is this thing ? Where could it grow ?  
 ‘ Pray take it—’tis in statu quo.  
 ‘ Much good may’t do you ; for my part,  
 ‘ I wash my hands of’t from my heart.’  
 ‘ In truth, Sir Goblin or Sir Fairy,’  
 Replies the lad, ‘ you’re too soon weary.  
 ‘ What, leave this trifling task undone !  
 ‘ And think’st thou this the only one ?  
 ‘ Alas ! were this subdu’d, thou’dst find  
 ‘ Millions of more such still behind ;  
 ‘ Which might employ, ev’n to eternity,  
 ‘ Both you and all your whole fraternity.’



## THE

## PEASANT IN SEARCH OF HIS HEIFER.

A TALE AFTER M. DE LA FONTAINE.

IT so befel : a silly swain  
 Had sought his heifer long in vain ;  
 For wanton she had friking stray’d,  
 And left the lawn, to seek the shade.

Around the plain he rolls his eyes,  
Then to the wood in haste he hies ;  
Where, singling out the fairest tree,  
He climbs, in hopes to hear or see.

Anon, there chanc'd that way to pass  
A jolly lad and buxom lass :  
The place was apt, the pastime pleasant ;  
Occasion with her forelock present ;  
The girl agog, the gallant ready ;  
So lightly down he lays my lady.  
But so she turn'd, or so was laid,  
That she some certain charms display'd,  
Which with such wonder struck his sight  
(With wonder, much ; more, with delight)  
That loud he cry'd in rapture, ' What ?  
' What see I, gods ! What see I not !'  
But nothing nam'd ; from whence 'tis guess'd,  
'Twas more than well could be express'd.

The clown aloft, who lent an ear,  
Straight stopt him short in mid career ;  
And louder cry'd, ' He ! honest friend,  
' That of thy seeing sees't no end ;  
' Dost see the heifer that I seek ?  
' If dost, pray be so kind to speak.' \*

## EPIGRAM

WRITTEN AFTER THE DECEASE OF MRS. ARABELLA  
HUNT,

*Under her Picture drawn playing on a Lute.*

WERE there on earth another voice like thine,  
Another hand so bless'd with skill divine,  
The late afflicted world some hopes might have,  
And harmony retrieve thee from the grave.

## EPIGRAM

ON THE SICKNESS OF MADAM MOHUN, AND  
MR. CONGREVE.

ONE fatal day, a sympathetic fire  
Seiz'd him that writ, and her that did inspire.  
Mohun, the Muses' theme, their master Congreve,  
Beauty and wit, had like to've lain in one grave.

## EPITAPH

UPON ROBERT HUNTINGTON OF STANTON HARCOURT,  
ESQ. AND ROBERT HIS SON.

THIS peaceful tomb does now contain  
Father and son together laid,

Whose living virtues shall remain  
When they and this are quite decay'd.

What man should be, to ripeness grown,  
And finish'd worth should do or shun,  
At full was in the father shown,  
What youth could promise in the son.

But Death, obdurate, both destroy'd  
The perfect fruit and op'ning bud ;  
First seiz'd those sweets we had enjoy'd,  
Then robb'd us of the coming good.



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## IMITATIONS.

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IN IMITATION OF  
HORACE, LIB. I. ODE IX.

*Vides ut alta, &c.*

I.

**B**LESS me ! 'tis cold ; how chill the air !  
How naked does the world appear !  
But see (big with the offspring of the North)  
The teeming clouds bring forth ;  
A show'r of soft and fleecy rain  
Falls, to new-clothe the world again.  
Behold the mountain-tops around,  
As if with fur of ermines crown'd ;  
And, lo ! how by degrees  
The universal mantle hides the trees  
In hoary flakes which downward fly,  
As if it were the autumn of the sky !  
Trembling the groves sustain the wait and bow  
Like aged limbs, which feebly go  
Beneath a venerable head of snow,

II.

Diffusive cold does the whole earth invade,  
Like a disease thro' all its veins 'tis spread,  
And each late living stream is numb'd and dead.

Let's melt the frozen hours, make warm the air  
 Let cheerful fire Sol's feeble beams repair  
 Fill the large bowl with sparkling wine,  
 Let's drink till our own faces shine,  
 Till we like suns appear,  
 To light and warm the hemisphere.  
 Wine can dispense to all both light and heat,  
 They are with wine incorporate;  
 That powerful juice, with which no cold dares  
     mix,  
 Which still is fluid, and no frost can fix  
 Let that but in abundance flow,  
 And let it storm and thunder, hail and snow,  
 'Tis heav'n's concern; and let it be  
 The care of heaven still for me:  
 Those winds, which rend the oaks and plough the  
     seas,  
 Great Jove can, if he please,  
 With one commanding nod appease.

## III.

Seek not to know to-morrow's doom,  
 That is not ours which is to come.  
 The present moment's all our state;  
 The next should Heav'n allow,  
 Then this will be no more:  
 So all our life is but one instant now.  
 Look on each day you've past  
 To be a mighty treasure won;

And lay each moment out in haste ;  
 We're sure to live too fast,  
 And cannot live too soon.  
 Youth does a thousand pleasures bring,  
 Which from decrepit age will fly.  
 The flow'rs that flourish in the spring,  
 In Winter's cold embraces die.

## IV.

Now Love, that everlasting boy ! invites  
 To revel while you may in soft delights :  
 Now the kind nymph yields all her charms,  
 Nor yields in vain to youthful arms.  
 Slowly she promises at night to meet,  
 But eagerly prevents the hour with swifter feet :  
 To gloomy groves and obscure shades she flies,  
 There veils the bright confession of her eyes :  
 Unwillingly she stays,  
 Would more unwillingly depart,  
 And in soft sighs conveys  
 The whispers of her heart.  
 Still she invites and still denies,  
 And vows she'll leave you if you're really  
 Then from her ravisher she flies,  
 But flies to be pursu'd :  
 If from his sight she does herself convey,  
 With a feign'd laugh she will herself betray,  
 And cunningly instruct him in the way.

## STANZAS

IN IMITATION OF

HORACE, LIB. II. ODE XIV.

*Eheu fugaces, Posthume, Posthume,  
Labuntur anni, &c.*

I.

**A**M! no, 'tis all in vain, believe me 'tis,  
This pious artifice:  
Not all these pray'rs and alms can buy  
One moment tow'rd eternity.  
Eternity! that boundless race  
Which Time himself can never run,  
(Swift as he flies with an unwearied pace)  
Which, when ten thousand thousand years are  
done,  
Is still the same, and still to be begun.  
Fix'd are those limits which prescribe  
A short extent to the most lasting breath;  
And tho' thou couldst for sacrifice lay down  
Millions of other lives to save thy own,  
'Twere fruitless all; not all would bribe  
One supernumerary gasp from Death.

II.

In vain's thy inexhausted store  
Of wealth, in vain thy pow'r;  
Thy honors, titles, all must fail,  
Where piety itself can nought avail.

The rich, the great, the innocent, and just,  
 Must all be huddled to the grave  
 With the most vile and ignominious slave,  
 And undistinguish'd lie in dust.  
 In vain the fearful flies alarms,  
 In vain he is secure from wounds of arms,  
 In vain avoids the faithless seas,  
 And is confin'd to home and ease,  
 Bounding his knowledge to extend his days:  
 In vain are all those arts we try,  
 All our evasions and regret to die;  
 From the contagion of mortality  
 No clime is pure, no air is free;  
 And no retreat  
 Is so obscure as to be hid from Fate.

## III.

Thou must, alas! thou must, my Friend,  
 (The very hour thou now dost spend  
 In studying to avoid brings on thy end)  
 Thou must forgo the dearest joys of life,  
 Leave the warm bosom of thy tender wife,  
 And all the much-lov'd offspring of her womb,  
 To moulder in the cold embraces of a tomb.  
 All must be left, and all be lost;  
 Thy house, whose stately structure so much cost,  
 Shall not afford  
 Room for the stinking carcass of its lord.  
 Of all thy pleasant gardens, grove, and bow'rs,  
 Thy costly fruits, thy far-fetch'd plants and flow'rs,  
 Nought shalt thou save,

O, but a sprig of rosemary shalt have,  
 To wither with thee in the grave :  
~~For~~ rest shall live and flourish, to upbraid  
 Their transitory master dead.

## IV.

Then shall thy long-expecting heir  
 A joyful mourning wear,  
 And riot in the waste of that estate  
 Which thou hast taken so much pains to get :  
 All thy hid stores he shall unfold,  
 And set at large thy captive gold,  
 That precious wine, condemn'd ~~to~~ ~~be~~ ~~drunk~~,  
 To vaults and prisons shall again be free ;  
 Bury'd alive thou ~~now~~ it lies  
 Again shall rise,  
 Again its sparkling surface show,  
 And free as element profusely flow.  
 With such high food he shall set forth his feasts,  
 That Cardinals shall wish to be his guests,  
 And papper'd prelates see  
 Themselves outdone in luxury.

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## TRANSLATIONS.

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PRIAM'S  
LAMENTATION AND PETITION  
TO  
ACHILLES  
FOR THE BODY OF HIS SON HECTOR.

*Translated from the Greek of Homer, 'Ιλιάδ. ω.*

Beginning at this Line,

"Ὡς ἔφαθ' ὀνείσας ἀπὶ τῆς ὁδοῦ μακρῆς, "Ὀδυσσεύς  
"Ἑρμῆας:—

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### The Argument Introductory.

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HECTOR's body (after he was slain) remained still in the possession of Achilles, for which Priam made great lamentation. Jupiter had pity on him, and sent Iris to comfort him; and direct him after what manner he should go to Achilles tent, and how he should there recover the body of his son. Priam gave his chariot to be got ready, and, bringing rich presents for Achilles, was forward to the Grecian camp, accompanied by nobody but his faithful Idæus. Idæus, at Jupiter's command, meets him by the way, in the shape of a young Grecian, and, after bemoaning his misfortune, undertakes to drive his chariot, unobserved, through the guard, and to the door of Achilles' tent; which having performed, he discovered himself a god, and giving him a short description how he moved Achilles to compassion, flew up to heaven.

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So spoke the god, and haw'nt a word took in his flight;  
When Priam from his chariot did alight,  
Leaving Idæus there, alone he went,  
With solemn pace his journey went.

Heedless he pass'd thro' various rooms of state,  
 Until approaching where the hero sat;  
 There at a feast the good old Priam found  
 Jove's best belov'd, with all his chiefs around:  
 Two only were t' attend his person plac'd,  
 Automedon and Alcymus; the rest  
 At greater distance greater state express.

Priam, unseen by these, his way pursu'd,  
 And first of all was by Achilles view'd:  
 About his knees his trembling arms he cast,  
 And agonizing grasp'd, and held 'em fast;  
 Then caught his hands, and kiss'd and press'd 'em  
 close,

Those hands, th' inhuman authors of his woes;  
 Those hands, whose unrelenting force had cost  
 Much of his blood (for many sons he lost).

But as a wretch who has a murder done,  
 And seeking refuge does from justice run,  
 Flies to some house in haste, where he's unknown,  
 Excites amazement in the lookers-on;  
 So did Achilles gaze, surpris'd to see  
 The godlike Priam's royal misery.

All on each other gaz'd, all in surprise  
 Stand mute, yet seem'd to gaze their eyes,  
 Till at length the solemn silence broke,

And thus the venerable suppliant spoke:  
 'O Achilles! at your feet behold  
 A prostrate king, in wretchedness grown old:  
 Think on your father, and then look on me,  
 His hoary age and helpless person see;



' So furrow'd are his cheeks, so white his hairs,  
 ' Such and so many his declining years :  
 ' Could you imagine (but that cannot be)  
 ' Could you imagine such his misery !  
 ' Yet it may come when he shall be oppress,  
 ' And neigh'ring princes lay his country waste ;  
 ' Ev'n at this time perhaps some powerful foe,  
 ' Who will no mercy, no compassion, show,  
 ' Ent'ring his palace, sees him feeble fly,  
 ' And seek protection where no help is nigh :  
 ' In vain he may your fatal absence mourn,  
 ' And wish in vain for your delay'd return :  
 ' Yet that he hears you live is some relief ;  
 ' Some hopes alleviate his excess of grief :  
 ' It gladdens his soul to think he once may see  
 ' His much-lov'd son ; would that were granted me !  
 ' But I, most wretched I ! of all bereft !  
 ' Of all my worthy sons how few are left !  
 ' Yet fifty goodly youths I had to boast,  
 ' When first the Greeks invaded Ilion's coast,  
 ' Nineteen, the joyful issue of one womb,  
 ' Are now, alas ! a mournful tribute to our tomb,  
 ' Merciless War this devastation wrought,  
 ' And their strong nerves to dissolution brought.  
 ' Still one was left, in whom was all my hope,  
 ' My age's comfort, and his country's prop,  
 ' Hector ! my darling, and my last defence,  
 ' Whose life alone their deaths could recompense,  
 ' And to complete my woes of countless woe,  
 ' Him you have slain - of him bereav'd me too !

' For his sake only hither am I come ;  
 ' Rich gifts I bring, and wealth an endless sum,  
 ' All to redeem that fatal prize you won ;  
 ' A worthless ransom for so brave a son.  
 ' Fear the just gods, Achilles ! and on me  
 ' With pity look ; think you your father see :  
 ' Such as I am he is, alone in this,  
 ' I can no equal have in miseries ;  
 ' Of all mankind most wretched and forlorn,  
 ' Bow'd with such weight, as never has been borne ;  
 ' Reduct to kneel and pray to you, from whom  
 ' The spring and source of all my sorrows come ;  
 ' With gifts to court mine and my country's bane,  
 ' And kiss those hands which have my children  
     slain.'

He spake. —

Now sadness o'er Achilles' face appears,  
 Priam he views, and for his father fears ;  
 That and compassion melt him into tears. }  
 Then gently with his hand he put away  
 Old Priam's face, but he still prostrate lay,  
 And there with tears and sighs afresh began  
 To mourn the fall of his ill-fatal son.  
 But passion different ways Achilles takes,  
 Now he Patroclus, now his father, mourns ;  
 Thus both with lamentations fill'd the place  
 Till sorrow ceased to melt the common face.

## THE LAMENTATIONS

OF

ANDROMACHE, HECUBA, AND HELEN,

OVER THE DEAD BODY OF HECTOR.

*Translated from the Greek of Homer, 'Ιλιάδ. α.*

Beginning at this Line,

'Ηὼς δὲ κρηόωντος ἐκιδύατο πῶτος ἐν αἴαν,

*Connexion of this with the former translation.*

PRIAM, at last, moves Achilles to compassion, and after having made him presents of great value, obtains the body of his son. Mercury awakens Priam early in the morning, and advises him to haste away with the body, lest Agamemnon should be informed of his being in the camp: he himself helps to harness the mules and horses, and conveys him safely, and without noise, chariot and all, from among the Grecian tents, then flies up to heaven, leaving Priam and his sons to travel on with the body towards Troy.

Now did the saffron Morn her beams display,  
 Gilding the face of universal day,  
 When mourning Priam to the town return'd;  
 Slowly his chariot mov'd, as that had mov'd;  
 The mules beneath the mangled body go,  
 As bearing (now) unusual weight of woe.  
 To Pergamus! high top Caucasus lies,  
 Thence she after the sad promission spies,  
 Her father and Idæus first appear,  
 Then Hector's corpse extended on a bier,

At which her boundless grief loud cries began,  
 And thus lamenting thro' the streets she ran:  
 ' Hither, ye wretched Trojans! hither all;  
 ' Behold the godlike Hector's funeral!  
 ' If e'er you went with joy to see him come  
 ' Adorn'd with conquest and with laurels home,  
 ' Assemble now, his ransom'd body see,  
 ' What once was all your joy now all your misery!  
 She spake, and straight the num'rous crowd  
 obey'd,

Nor man nor woman in the city stay'd;  
 Common consent of grief had made 'em one,  
 With clam'rous moan to Scæa's gate they flock'd;  
 There the lov'd body of their Hector met,  
 Which they with loud and fresh lamentings greet.  
 His rev'rend mother and his tender wife,  
 Equal in love, in grief had equal strife:  
 In sorrow they no moderation knew,  
 But, wildly wailing, to the chariot flew;  
 There strove the rolling wheels to hold, while each  
 Attempted first his breathless corpse to reach;  
 Aboud they beat their breasts and tore their hair,  
 Rending around with shrieks the suff'ring air.

Now that the throng of people stopp'd the  
 way,  
 Who would have there lamented all the day,  
 But Priam from his chariot rose, and spake;  
 ' Trojans! enough; cease with your sorrows  
 " make good."

‘ Give way to me, and yield the chariot room;  
‘ First let me bear my Hector’s body home,  
‘ Then mourn your fill.’ At this the crowd gave  
way,

Yielding like waves of a divided sea.

Idæus to the palace drove, then laid,  
With care, the body on a sumptuous bed,  
And round about were skilful singers plac’d,  
Who wept, and sigh’d, and in sad notes express’d  
Their moan; all in a chorus did agree  
Of universal, mournful harmony:  
When first Andromache her passion broke,  
And thus (close pressing his pale cheeks) she spoke.

ANDROMACHE’S LAMENTATION.

‘ O my lost Husband! let me ever mourn  
‘ Thy early fate and too untimely urn;  
‘ In the full pride of youth thy glories fade,  
‘ And thou in ashes must with them be laid.  
‘ Why is my heart thus miserably torn?  
‘ Why am I thus distress’d? why thus forlorn!  
‘ Am I that wretched thing a widow left?  
‘ Why do I live who am of thee bereft?  
‘ Yet I were bless’d were I alone undone;  
‘ Alas! my Child! where can an infant run?  
‘ Unhappy Orphan! thou in woe art marr’d;  
‘ Why were you born?—I am with blessings cur’d!  
‘ For long ere thou shalt be to manhood grown,  
‘ Wide Desolation will lay waste this town.

- ' Who is there now that can protection give,  
 ' Since he who was her strength no more doth live?  
 ' Who of her rev'rend matrons will have care?  
 ' Who save her children from the rage of war?  
 ' For he to all father and husband was,  
 ' And all are orphans now, and widows, by his loss.  
 ' Soon will the Grecians now insulting come,  
 ' And bear us captives to their distant home;  
 ' I, with my child, must the same fortune share,  
 ' And all alike be pris'ners of the war:  
 ' 'Mongst base-born wretches he his lot must  
     have,  
 ' And be to some inhuman lord a slave;  
 ' Else some avenging Greek, with fury fill'd,  
 ' Or for an only son or father kill'd  
 ' By Hector's hand, on him will vent his rage,  
 ' And with his blood his thirsty grief assuage;  
 ' For many fell by his relentless hand,  
 ' Biting that ground which with their blood was  
     stain'd.  
 ' Fierce was thy father (O my Child!) in war,  
 ' And never did his foe in battle spare;  
 ' Thence come these sull'rings which so much have  
     cost,  
 ' Much woe to all, but sure to me the most.  
 ' I saw him not when in the pangs of death,  
 ' Nor did my lips receive his latest breath.  
 ' Why held he not to me his dying hand?  
 ' And why receiv'd not I his last command?

- ' Something he would have said, had I been  
there,
- ' Which I should still in sad remembrance bear;
- ' For I could never, never, words forget,
- ' Which night and day I should with tears repeat.'

She spake, and wept afresh, when all around  
A general sigh diffus'd a mournful sound.

Then Hecuba, who long had been oppress'd  
With boiling passions in her aged breast,  
Mingling her words with sighs and tears, begun  
A lamentation for her darling son.

HECUBA'S LAMENTATION.

- ' Hector! my joy, and to my soul more dear
- ' Than all my other num'rous issue were;
- ' O my last comfort! and my best lov'd!
- ' Thou at whose fall ev'n Jove himself was mov'd,
- ' And sent a god his dread commands to bear,
- ' So far thou wert high Heav'n's peculiar care!
- ' From fierce Achilles' chains thy corpse was  
freed;
- ' So kind a fate was for none else decreed:
- ' My other sons, made pris'ners by his hands,
- ' Were sold like slaves, and shipp'd to foreign  
lands,
- ' Thou, too, wert sentenc'd by his barb'rous  
doom,
- ' And dragg'd, when dead, about Patroclus' tomb,

' His lov'd Patroclus, whom thy hands had  
     'slain,  
 ' And yet that cruelty was urg'd in vain,  
 ' Since all could not restore his life again.  
 ' Now fresh and glowing ev'n in death thou art,  
 ' And fair as he who fell by Phoebus' dart.'

Here weeping Hecuba her passion stay'd,  
 And universal moan again was made;  
 When Helen's lamentation hers supply'd,  
 And thus, aloud, that fatal beauty cry'd.

#### HELEN'S LAMENTATION.

' O Hector! thou wert rooted in my heart,  
 ' No brother there had half so large a part!  
 ' Not less than twenty years are now pass'd o'er  
 ' Since first I landed on the Trojan shore,  
 ' Since I with godlike Paris fled from home,  
 ' (Would I had dy'd before that day had come)  
 ' In all which time (so gentle was thy mind)  
 ' I ne'er could charge thee with a deed unkind;  
 ' Not one untender word, or look of scorn,  
 ' Which I too often have from others borne:  
 ' But you from their reproach still set me free,  
 ' And kindly have reprov'd their cruelty;  
 ' If by my sisters or the queen revil'd,  
 ' (For the good king, like you, was ever mild)  
 ' Your kindness still has all my grief beguil'd.  
 ' Ever in tears let me your loss bemoan,  
 ' Who had no friend alive but you alone.



' All will reproach me now where'er I pass,  
' And fly with horror from my hated face.'  
This said, she wept, and the vast throng was  
mov'd,

And with a gen'ral sigh her grief approv'd:  
When Priam (who had heard the mourning crowd)  
Rose from his seat, and thus he spake aloud:

' Cease your lamentings, Trojans! for awhile;  
' And fell down trees to build a fun'ral pile;  
' Fear not an ambush by the Grecians laid,  
' For with Achilles twelve days truce I made.

He spake, and all obey'd as with one mind;  
Chariots were brought, and mules and oxen join'd;  
Forth from the city all the people went,  
And nine days' space was in that labor spent;  
The tenth a most stupendous pile they made,  
And on the top the manly Hector laid,  
Then gave it fire; while all with weeping eyes  
Beheld the rolling flames and smoke arise.  
All night they wept, and all the night it burn'd;  
But when the rosy Morn with day return'd,  
About the pile the thronging people came,  
And with black wine quench'd the remaining  
flame.

His brothers then, and friends, search'd every  
where,

And gath'ring up his snowy bones with care,  
Wept o'er 'em; when an urn of gold was brought,  
Wrapt in soft purple palls, and richly wrought,

In which the sacred ashes were interr'd,  
Then o'er his grave a monument they rear'd.  
Meantime strong guards were plac'd, and careful  
    spies,  
To watch the Grecians, and prevent surprise.  
The work once ended, all the vast resort  
Of mourning people went to Priam's court;  
There they refresh'd their weary limbs with rest,  
Ending the fun'ral with a solemn feast.

# HOMER'S HYMN TO VENUS:

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE.

## TO THE READER

OF THE ENSUING HYMN.

OF the three greater hymns of Homer, *viz.* one to Apollo, one to Mercury, and one to Venus, this to Venus is the shortest; it is also the most simple in its design, and connected in its parts. The other two abound more in digressions both geographical and mythological, and contain many allusions to ancient customs and history, which, without a commentary, could not well be understood by the generality of readers. These considerations determined me to confine in the translation of this Hymn, to the subject which once entertained thoughts of translating the other three into English verse.

As I had often read with extraordinary pleasure, I could not but be sensible, notwithstanding the censures of some, that I had not denied, or at least doubted, the value of the subject.

A poem which is good in itself cannot really lose any thing of its value, though it should appear, upon a strict inquiry, not to be the work of so eminent an author as him to whom it was first ascribed; but all truth is so valuable in itself, that even where it is of least importance there is

a pleasure in the search after it, and a satisfaction in the vindication of it.

Tho' the beauties of this ensuing poem, in the original, want not even the name of Homer to recommend them, and much less does that mighty name stand in need of their reputation, yet if they are his, it is an injustice to him to ascribe them to any other; and it is a hardship to them to deprive them of the authority due to them, and to leave them to make their way thro' bad judgments purely by their own merit.

I will not trouble the reader with the inquiry my curiosity led me to make in this matter; I will only give him one reason, of many, why these Hymns may be received for genuine. The most suspected of them all is that to Apollo. (As for this to Venus, it were almost enough to induce me to think it legitimate, to observe that *Longinus* is not below him to copy from the beginning of his own admirable

The *Hymn to Apollo* has been supposed to have been written by *Proclus* of Chios, who was a famous scholar of *Alexander's* verses\*. To ob-

\* After the death of *Homer*, there were such persons who made a profession of repeating his verses; from the repetitions of whom, and of their descendants or successors, after they became a sect, the entire poems of *Homer*, in aftertimes, were collected and put in order. These were called *Homerists*, or *Homerists*: of whom see *Ellen. Var. Hist.* l. 13. c. 14. *Strabo*, l. 14. *Pindar* *Nem.* ody 3. *Celtes* *Roddy*. l. 7. c. 29.

viate which supposition we only reply, that this very Hymn to Apollo is quoted twice by Thucydides, in the third book of his history, and expressly quoted as the work of Homer.

After his second quotation, which consists of about half a score verses, Thucydides observes, that in those verses Homer has made mention of himself: hence it is beyond question Thucydides believed, or rather was assured, it was the work of Homer. He might be very well morally assured of it, for he lived within four hundred years of Homer\*, and that is no distance of time to render the knowledge of such things either uncertain or obscure in such a country as Greece, and to a man of such learning, power, and wisdom, as our author. The learned Casaubon, in his comment on a passage in the first book of Strabo†, takes the liberty to dissent from Strabo, and cites, as authority against him, part of the quotation made by Thucydides from the aforementioned Hymn of Homer. Strabo says, Homer has made no mention of what country he was. In one of the verses cited by Thucydides, Homer calls himself 'The blind man of rocky Chios‡.' Casaubon's note is

\* Herodotus says of himself, in Euterpe, he was but four hundred years after Homer. Thucydides was contemporary with Herodotus.

† Strabo lib. 1. p. 30.

‡ The original says—'The blind man who lives in rocky or sandy Chios, and whose poems shall be in highest esteem to all posterity.' which indeed only proves that he dwelt there, not that he was born there.

lows: *In Hymno Apollonis quem ego cur de-  
 beasus àθρρῶν, contra auctoritatem Thucydidis  
 causam nullam satis magnam video: in eo inquam  
 hymno, hæc de se Homerus, &c.*

Now, whether it be more reasonable, by the  
 example of so learned a man as Casaubon, to give  
 credit to the authority of Thucydides, the most  
 grave, wise, faithful, and consummate historian  
 that ever wrote, or to give into the scruples, con-  
 jectures, and suggestions of scholasticks and gram-  
 marians, I leave to the determination of each im-  
 partial reader.

### HOMER'S HYMN TO VENUS.

SING, Muse! the force and all-informing fire -  
Of Cyprian Venus, goddess of desire;  
Her charms th' immortal minds of gods can move,  
And tame the stubborn race of men to love:  
The wilder herds and rav'nous beasts of prey      5  
Her influence feel, and own her kindly sway:  
Thro' pathless air and boundless ocean's space  
She rules the feather'd kind and finny race:  
Whole Nature on her sole support depends,  
And far as life exists her care extends.      10

Of all the num'rous host of gods above,  
But three are found inflexible to love ;  
Blue-ey'd Minerva free preserves her heart,  
A virgin unbeguill'd by Cupid's art ;  
In shining arms the martial maid delights, 15  
O'er war presides, and well-disputed fights ;  
With thirst of fame she first the hero fir'd,  
And first the skill of useful arts inspir'd ;  
Taught artists first the carving tool to wield, 19  
Chariots with brass to arm, and form the fenceful  
She first taught modest maids in early bloom [shield;  
To shun the lazy life, and spin, or ply the loom.

Diana next the Paphian queen defies,  
Her smiling arts and proffer'd friendship flies;  
She loves with well-mouth'd bounds and cheerful  
horn, 25  
Or silver sounding voice, to wake the Morn,

To draw the bow, or dart the pointed spear,  
 To wound the mountain boar, or rouse the woodland  
 deer :

Sometimes of gloomy groves she likes the shades,  
 And there of virgin-nymphs the chorus leads ; 30  
 And sometimes seeks the town, and leaves the  
 plains,

And loves society where Virtue reigns.

The third celestial pow'r averse to love  
 Is Virgin Vesta, dear to mighty Jove,  
 Whom Neptune sought to wed, and Phœbus woo'd,  
 And both with fruitless labor long pursu'd ; 36  
 For she, severely chaste, rejected both,  
 And bound her purpose with a solemn oath,  
 A virgin life inviolate to lead

She swore, and Jove assenting bow'd his head. 40

But since her rigid choice the joys deny'd  
 Of nuptial rites, and blessings of a bride,  
 The bounteous Jove with gifts that want supply'd. }

High on a throne she sits amidst the skies,  
 And first is fed with fumes of sacrifice ; 45  
 For holy rites to Vesta first are paid,  
 And on her altar first-fruit off'rings laid ;  
 So Jove ordain'd in honor of the maid. }

These are the pow'rs above, and only these,  
 Whom love and Cytherea's arts displease : 50  
 Of other beings none in earth or skies \*  
 Her force resists or influence denies.  
 With ease her charms the Thunderer can bind,  
 And captivate with love th' almighty Mind :



E'en he, whose dread commands the gods obey, 55  
 Submits to her, and owns superior sway ;  
 Enslav'd to mortal beauties by her pow'r,  
 He oft' descends his creatures to adore ;  
 While to conceal the theft from Juno's eyes,  
 Some well-dissembled shape the god belies ; 60  
 Juno, his wife and sister, both in placé  
 And beauty first among th' ethereal race,  
 Whom all transcending in superior worth  
 Wise Saturn got, and Cybele brought forth,  
 And Jove, by never-erring counsel sway'd, 65  
 'The partner of his bed and empire made.

But Jove at length, with just resentment fir'd,  
 The laughing Queen herself with love inspir'd ;  
 Swift thro' her veins the sweet contagion ran,  
 And kindled in her breast desire of mortal man, 70  
 That she, like other deities, might prove  
 The pains and pleasures of inferior love,  
 And not insultingly the gods deride,  
 Whose sons were human by the mother's side :  
 Thus Jove ordain'd she now for man should burn,  
 And bring forth mortal offspring in her turn. 76

At the springs which flow from Ida's  
 Head,

His loving hands the young Anchises fed,  
 Whose godlike form and face the smiling queen  
 Beheld, and lov'd to madness soon as seen. 80  
 To Cyprus straight the wounded goddess flies,  
 Where Paphian temples in her honor rise,  
 And altars smoke with daily sacrifice. }

Soon as arriv'd, she to her shrine repair'd,  
 Where ent'ring quick, the shining gates she barr'd.  
 The ready Graces wait, her baths prepare, 86  
 And oint with fragrant oils her flowing hair;  
 Her flowing hair around her shoulders spreads,  
 And all adown ambrosial odour sheds:  
 Last in transparent robes her limbs they fold, 90  
 Enrich'd with ornaments of purest gold;  
 And thus attir'd her chariot she ascends,  
 And Cyprus left, her flight to Troy she bends.

On Ida she alights, then seeks the seat:  
 Which lov'd Anchises chose for his retreat; 95  
 And ever as she walk'd thro' lawn or wood,  
 Promiscuous herds of beasts admiring stood.  
 Some humbly follow, while some fawning meet,  
 And lick the ground, and crouch beneath her feet:  
 Dogs, lions, wolves, and bears, their eyes unite,  
 And the swift panther stops to gaze with fix'd  
 delight; 101

For ev'ry glance she gives soft fire imparts,  
 Enkindling sweet desire in savage hearts.  
 Inflam'd with love all single out their mates,  
 And to their shady dens each pair retreats. 105

Meantime the tent she spies so much desir'd,  
 Where her Anchises was alone retir'd,  
 Withdrawn from all his friends and fellow-swains,  
 Who fed their flocks beneath, and sought the plains:  
 In pleasing solitude the youth she found, 110  
 Intent upon his lyre's harmonious sound,  
 Before his eyes Jove's beauteous daughter stood,  
 In form and dress a huntress of the wood;

For had he seen the goddess undisguis'd, 114  
 The youth with awe and fear had been surpris'd.  
 Fix'd he beheld her, and with joy admir'd  
 To see a nymph so bright and so attir'd;  
 For from her flowing robe a lustre spread,  
 As if with radiant flame she were array'd:  
 Her hair, in part disclos'd, in part conceal'd, 120  
 In ringlets fell, or was with jewels held;  
 With various gold and gems her neck was grac'd,  
 And orient pearls heav'd on her panting breast:  
 Bright as the moon she shone, with silent light,  
 And charm'd his sense with wonder and delight.

Thus while Anchises gaz'd, thro' ev'ry vein 126  
 A thrilling joy he felt and pleasing pain.  
 At length he spake—' All hail, celestial Fair!  
 ' Who humbly dost to visit earth repair:  
 ' Whoe'er thou art, descended from above, 130  
 ' Latona, Cynthia, or the Queen of Love,  
 ' All hail! all honor shall to thee be paid;  
 ' Or art thou Themis\*? or the Blue-ey'd maid†?  
 ' Or art thou fairest of the Graces Three,  
 ' Who with the gods share immortality? 135  
 ' Or else some nymph, the guardian of these woods,  
 ' These caves, these fruitful hills, or crystal floods?  
 ' Whoe'er thou art, in some conspicuous field  
 ' I to thy honor will an altar build,  
 ' Where holy offerings I'll each hour prepare; 140  
 ' O prove but thou propitious to my pray'r!

\* Themis, the goddess of Equity and Right.

† Blue-ey'd maid, Pallas.

- ' Grant me among the Trojan race to prove
- ' A patriot worthy of my country's love ;
- ' Bless'd in myself, I beg I next may be
- ' Bless'd in my children and posterity ;           145
- ' Happy in health, long let me see the sun,
- ' And, lov'd by all, late may my days be done.'

He said.—Jove's beauteous daughter thus re-  
ply'd :

- ' Delight of humankind, thy sex's pride !
- ' Honor'd Anchises ! you behold in me           150
- ' No goddess bless'd with immortality,
- ' But mortal I, of mortal mother came,
- ' Otrecus my father, (you have heard the name)
- ' Who rules the fair extent of Phrygia's lands,
- ' And all her towns and fortresses commands. 155
- ' When yet an infant I to Troy was brought ;
- ' There was I nurs'd, and there your language  
taught ;
- ' Then wonder not if, thus instructed young,
- ' I like my own can speak the Trojan tongue.
- ' In me one of Diana's nymphs behold ;       160
- ' Why thus arriv'd I shall the cause unfold.

- ' As late our sports we practis'd on the plain,
- ' I and my fellow-nymphs of Cynthia's train,
- ' Dancing in chorus, and with garlands crown'd,
- ' And by admiring crowds encompass'd round, 165
- ' Lo ! hov'ring o'er my head I saw the god
- ' Who Argus slew, and bears the golden rod.
- ' Sudden he seiz'd, then bore me from their sight,
- ' Cutting thro' liquid air his rapid flight.

- ' O'er many states and peopled towns we past 170  
 ' O'er hills and valley, and o'er deserts waste ;  
 ' O'er barren moors and o'er unwholesome fens,  
 ' And woods where beasts inhabit dreadful dens :  
 ' 'Thro' all which pathless way our speed was  
     such,  
 ' We stopp'd not once the face of earth to touch.  
 ' Meantime he told me, while thro' air we fled, }  
 ' That Jove ordain'd I should Anchises wed,  
 ' And with illustrious offspring bless his bed. }  
 ' This said, and pointing to me your abode,  
 ' To heav'n again up-soar'd the swift-wing'd god.  
 ' Thus of necessity to you I come, 181  
 ' Unknown and lost, far from my native home.  
 ' But I conjure you, by the throne of Jove,  
 ' By all that's dear to you, by all you love,  
 ' By your good parents, (for no bad could e'er  
 ' Produce a son so graceful, good, and fair)  
 ' That you no wiles employ to win my heart,  
 ' But let me hence an untouch'd maid depart ;  
 ' Inviolate and guiltless of your bed,  
 ' Let me to your house and mother led : 190  
 ' Me to your father and your brothers show,  
 ' And our alliance first let them allow :  
 ' Let me be known, and my condition own'd,  
 ' And no unequal match I may be found.  
 ' Equality to them my birth may claim, 195 }  
 ' Worthy a daughter's or a sister's name,  
 ' Tho' for your wife of too inferior name. }

' Next let ambassadors to Phrygia haste,  
 ' To tell my father of my fortunes past,  
 ' And ease my mother in that anxious state, 200  
 ' Of doubts and fears which cares for me create.  
 ' They in return shall presents bring from thence  
 ' Of rich attire, and sums of gold immense :  
 ' You in peculiar shall with gifts be grac'd,  
 ' In price and beauty far above the rest. 205  
 ' This done, perform the rites of nuptial love,  
 ' Grateful to men below and gods above.'

She said, and from her eyes shot subtle fires,  
 Which to his heart insinuate desires :  
 Resistless love invading thus his breast, 210  
 The panting youth the smiling queen address'd.

' Since mortal you, of mortal mother came,  
 ' And Otreus you report your father's name,  
 ' And since th' immortal Hermes from above,  
 ' To execute the dread commands of Jove, 215  
 ' Your wondrous beauties hither has convey'd,  
 ' A nuptial life with me henceforth to lead ;  
 ' Know, now, that neither gods nor men have  
 pow'r  
 ' One minute to defer the happy hour ;  
 ' This instant will I seize upon thy charms, 220  
 ' Mix with thy soul, and melt within thy arms :  
 ' Tho' Phœbus, arm'd with his unerring dart,  
 ' Stood ready to transfix my panting heart ;  
 ' Tho' death, tho' hell, in consequence attend,  
 ' Thou shalt with me the genial bed ascend.' 225

He said, and sudden snatch'd her beauteous  
 hand ;  
 The goddess smil'd, nor did th' attempt withstand,  
 But fix'd her eyes upon the hero's bed,  
 Where soft and silken coverlets were spread,  
 And over all a counterpane was plac'd, 230  
 Thick sown with furs of many a savage beast,  
 Of bears and lions, heretofore his spoil,  
 And still remain'd the trophies of his toil.

Now to ascend the bed, they both prepare,  
 And he with eager haste disrobes the fair. 235

Her sparkling necklace first he laid aside,  
 Her bracelets next, and braided hair, unty'd ;  
 And now his busy hand her zone unbrac'd,  
 Which girt her radiant robe around her waist ;  
 Her radiant robe at last aside was thrown, 240  
 Whose rosy hue with dazzling lustre shone.

The Queen of Love the youth thus disarray'd,  
 And on a chair of gold her vestments laid.  
 Anchises now, (so Jove and Fate ordain'd)  
 The sweet extreme of ecstasy attain'd ; 245  
 And ~~as if~~ <sup>as if</sup> he was like th' immortals bless'd,  
 Not conscious of the goddess he possess'd.

But when the swains their flocks and herds  
 had fed,  
 And from the flow'ry field returning led  
 Their sheep to fold, and oxen to the shed, 250  
 In soft and pleasing chains of sleep profound  
 The wary goddess her Anchises bound ;

Then gently rising from his side and bed,  
 In all her bright attire her limbs array'd. 254

And now her fair-crown'd head aloft she rears,  
 Nor more a mortal, but herself, appears:  
 Her face refulgent, and majestic mien,  
 Confess'd the goddess, Love's and Beauty's queen.

Then thus aloud she calls. 'Anchises! wake;  
 Thy fond repose and lethargy forsake; 260  
 Look on the nymph who late from Phrygia  
 came;

'Behold me well—say if I seem the same.'

At her first call the chains of sleep were broke,  
 And starting from his bed Anchises woke;  
 But when he Venus view'd without disguise, 265  
 Her shining neck beheld, and radiant eyes,  
 Aw'd and abash'd, he turn'd his head aside,  
 Attempting with his robe his face to hide:  
 Confus'd with wonder, and with fear oppress'd,  
 In winged words he thus the Queen address'd:

'When first, O Goddess! I thy form beheld,  
 Whose charms so far humanity excell'd, 272  
 To thy celestial pow'r my vows I paid,  
 And with humility implor'd thy aid;  
 But thou, for secret cause to me unknown, 275  
 Didst thy divine immortal state disown.  
 But now I beg thee, by the filial love  
 Due to thy father, Ægis-bearing Jove,  
 Compassion on my human state to show,  
 Nor let me lead a life infirm below; 280



' Defend me from the woes which mortals wait,  
 ' Nor let me share of men the common fate :  
 ' Since never man with length of days was bless'd  
 ' Who in delights of love a deity possess'd.' 284

To him Jove's beauteous daughter thus reply'd ;  
 ' Be bold, Anchises ; in my love confide :  
 ' Nor me nor other god thou need'st to fear,  
 ' For thou to all the heav'nly race art dear.  
 ' Know from our loves thou shalt a son obtain,  
 ' Who over all the realm of Troy shall reign ;  
 ' From whom a race of monarchs shall descend,  
 ' And whose posterity shall know no end : 292  
 ' To him thou shalt the name *Aeneas* \* give,  
 ' As one for whose conception I must grieve,  
 ' Oft' as I think he to exist began 295  
 ' From my conjunction with a mortal man.

' But Troy, of all the habitable earth,  
 ' To a superior race of men gives birth,  
 ' Producing heroes of th' ethereal kind,  
 ' And next resembling gods in form and mind.  
 ' From thence great Jove to azure skies con-  
 ve 301

' To live with gods, the lovely Ganymede,  
 ' Where by th' immortals honor'd, (strange to  
 ' The youth enjoys a bless'd eternity : [see !]

\* *Aeneas*, signifying one who canst grief. By this passage it should seem as if the etymologists had erred, who, as he was the hero of Virgil's epic poem, have derived his name from *aiνειν*, to extol, or praise ; it appearing here expressly to be derived from *aiνειν*, grief, or sorrowful affect with grief.

- ' In bowls of gold he ruddy nectar pours, 305  
 ' And Jove regales in his unbended hours.  
 ' Long did the king, his sire, his absence mourn,  
 ' Doubtful by whom, or where, the boy was borne,  
 ' Till Jove at length, in pity of his grief,  
 ' Dispatch'd Argicides \* to his relief; 310  
 ' And more with gifts to pacify his mind,  
 ' He sent him horses of a deathless kind,  
 ' Whose feet outstripp'd in speed the rapid  
     wind ; }  
 ' Charging withal swift Hermes to relate 315  
 ' The youth's advancement to a heav'nly state,  
 ' Where all his hours are past in circling joy,  
 ' Which age can ne'er decay nor death destroy.  
 ' Now when this embassy the king receives,  
 ' No more for absent Gaiymede he grieves ;  
 ' The pleasing news his aged heart revives, 320  
 ' And with delight his swift-heel'd steeds he  
     drives.  
 ' But when the golden-thron'd Aurora made  
 ' Tithonus partner of her rosy bed,  
 ' (Tithonus, too, was of the Trojan line,  
 ' Resembling gods in face and form divine) 225  
 ' For him she straight the Thunderer address'd,  
 ' That with perpetual life he might be bless'd ; }  
 ' Jove heard her pray'r, and granted her request. }  
 ' But, ah ! how rash was she ! how indiscreet !  
 ' The most material blessing to omit ; 330  
     <sup>of immortality</sup>

\* The slayer of Argus—Mercury, so called, from having slain Argus.

' Neglecting, or not thinking, to provide  
 ' That length of days might be with strength  
   supply'd,  
 ' And to her lover's endless life engage  
 ' An endless youth, incapable of age.  
 ' But hear what fate befel this heav'nly fair, 335  
 ' In gold enthron'd, the brightest child of Air:  
 ' Tithonus, while of pleasing youth possess'd,  
 ' Is by Aurora with delight caress'd;  
 ' Dear to her arms, he in her court resides,  
 ' Beyond the verge of earth, and ocean's utmost  
   tides. 340

' But when she saw grey hairs begin to spread,  
 ' Deform his beard, and disadorn his head,  
 ' The goddess cold in her embraces grew,  
 ' His arms declin'd, and from his bed withdrew;  
 ' Yet still a kind of nursing care she show'd, 345  
 ' And food ambrosial and rich clothes bestow'd;  
 ' But when of age he felt the sad extreme,  
 ' And ev'ry nerve was shrunk and limb was lame,  
 ' Lock'd in a room her useless spouse she left,  
 ' Of youth, of vigour, and of voice, bereft\*. 350  
 ' On ~~terms like~~ these I never can desire  
 ' Thou shouldst to immortality aspire.  
 ' Couldst thou, indeed, as now thou art remain,  
 ' Thy strength, thy beauty, and thy youth retain;  
 ' Couldst thou for ever thus my husband prove,  
 ' I might live happy in thy endless love, 356

\* Tithonus was ~~at length~~ at length to have been turned into  
 a grasshopper.

- ' Nor should I e'er have cause to dread the day  
 ' When I must mourn thy loss and life's decay ;  
 ' But thou, alas ! too soon and sure must bend  
 ' Beneath the woes which painful age attend, 360  
 ' Inexorable age ! whose wretched state  
 ' All mortals dread, and all immortals hate.  
 ' Now know, I also must my portion share,  
 ' And for thy sake reproach and shame must bear :  
 ' For I, who heretofore in chains of love 365  
 ' Could captivate the minds of gods above,  
 ' And force 'em by my all-subduing charms  
 ' To sigh and languish in a woman's arms,  
 ' Must now no more that pow'r superior boast,  
 ' Nor tax with weakness the celestial host, 370  
 ' Since I myself this dear amends have made,  
 ' And am at last by my own arts betray'd.  
 ' Erring ~~and~~ them, with appetite deprav'd,  
 ' This hour by thee I have a son conceiv'd,  
 ' Whom hid beneath my zone I must conceal, 375  
 ' Till time his being and my shame reveal.  
 ' ~~Then~~ shall the nymphs who these fair woods  
 ' adorn,  
 ' In their deep bosoms nurse as soon as born :  
 ' They nor of mortal nor immortal seed  
 ' Are said to spring, yet on ambrosia feed, 380  
 ' And long they live\*, and oft' in chorus join  
 ' With gods and goddesses in dance divine.

\* Of wood nymphs there were the Dryades and the Hamadryades: the Dryades presided over woods and groves; the Hamadryades each over her particular tree. None of them were accounted immortal, but extremely long-lived. Aristotle.

- ' These the Sileni\* court ; these Hermes loves,  
 ' And their embraces seeks in shady groves. '  
 ' Their origin and birth these nymphs deduce 385  
 ' From common parent Earth's prolific juice :  
 ' With lofty firs which grace the mountain's brow,  
 ' Or ample-spreading oaks, at once they grow ;  
 ' All have their trees allotted to their care,  
 ' Whose growth, duration, and decrease, they  
     share. 390  
 ' But holy are these groves by mortals held,  
 ' And therefore by the axe are never fell'd ;

es, from Hesiod, computes the complete life of a man at ninety-six years; a crow, he says, lives nine times as long; a deer four times as long as a crow; a raven three times as long as a deer; the phoenix ten times as long as a raven; and these Hamadryades live ten times as long as the phoenix. But the most received opinion was, that they lived just as long as their trees. therefore this from Ausonius seems rather to relate to the Dryades, and the duration of a whole wood; for there are frequent instances where they were indifferently called Dryades and Hamadryades by the ancient poets. They were very sensible of good offices, and grateful to them who at any time preserved their trees. The Scholiast, upon a passage mentioning these nymphs in *Apollon. Argonaut.* l. 2. relates the following story, cited from Charon Lampascenus. "A young man, called Ræcus, observing a fair oak almost fallen to the earth, ordered it to be supported, and took such effectual care that he re-established it again to flourish in its place. The nymphs then appeared to him, and in return bid him ask what he pleased. The youth readily demanded of her the last favour, which she as readily promised, and, according to agreement, sent a bee to summon him at the time when he might be happy: but the young man happening to be gaming at dice when the bee came, was so offended with its buzzing, that he gave it ill words, and chid'd it from him. This reception of her ambassador so grieved the nymph, that in revenge she rendered him impotent." This story is also cited in part by *Nat. Com.* See *Ovid. Metam.* l. 8. of the fate of Erichthon for cutting down one of these animated trees.

\* The Satyrs, when they were in years, were called Sileni, as Pausanias reports in *Attic.* p. 41.

‘ But when the fate of some fair tree draws nigh,  
‘ It first appears to droop, and then grows dry;  
‘ The bark to crack and perish next is seen, 395  
‘ And last the boughs it sheds no longer green :  
‘ And thus the nymphs expire by like degrees,  
‘ And live and die coeval with their trees.

‘ These gentle nymphs, by my persuasion won,  
‘ Shall in their sweet recesses nurse my son, 400  
‘ And when his cheeks with youth’s first blushes  
    glow,

‘ To thee the sacred maids the boy shall show.

‘ More to instruct thee, when five years shall end,  
‘ I will again to visit thee descend,

‘ Bringing thy beauteous son to charm thy sight, 405  
‘ Whose godlike form shall fill thee with delight :

‘ Him will I leave thenceforward to thy care,

‘ And will that with him thou to Troy repair;

‘ There if inquiry shall be made, to know

‘ To whom thou dost so bright an offspring owe,

‘ Be sure thou nothing of the truth detect, 411

‘ But ready answer make as I direct :

‘ Say of a sylvan nymph the fair youth came,

‘ And Calycopis call his mother’s name :

‘ For, shouldst thou boast the truth, and madly own

‘ That thou in bliss had Cytherea known, 416

‘ Joye would his anger pour upon thy head,

‘ And with avenging thunder strike thee dead.

‘ Now all is told thee, and just caution giv’n ;

‘ Be secret thou, and dread the wrath of heav’n.’

She said, and sudden soar'd above his sight,  
Cutting thro' liquid air her heav'nward flight.  
All hail, bright Cyprian Queen! thee first I  
praise,  
Then to some other pow'r transfer my lays. 424

# **OVID'S ART OF LOVE. BOOK III.**

TRANSLATED INTO  
 ENGLISH VERSE.

*Wherein he recommends rules and instructions to  
 the fair sex in the conduct of their amours,  
 after having already composed two books for  
 the use of men upon the same subject.*

**T**HE men are arm'd, and for the fight prepare;—  
 And now we must instruct and arm the fair;  
 Both sexes, well appointed, take the field,  
 And mighty Love determine which shall yield.  
 Man were ignoble, when thus arm'd, to show  
 Unequal force against a naked foe:  
 No glory from such conquest can be gain'd,  
 And odds are always by the brave disdain'd.

But some exclaim, What frenzy rules your  
 mind?

Would you increase the craft of womankind? 10  
 Teach them new wiles and arts! as well you may  
 Instruct a snake to bite, or wolf to prey.  
 But sure too hard a censure they pursue,  
 Who charge on all the failings of a few.  
 Examine first impartially each fair,  
 Then as she merits or condemn or spare.  
 If Menelaus and the king of men  
 With justice of their sister-wives complain;



If false Eriphyle forsook her faith,  
 And for reward procur'd her husband's death, 20  
 Penelope was loyal still and chaste,  
 Tho' twenty years her lord in absence past.  
 Reflect how Laodamia's truth was try'd,  
 Who, tho' in bloom of youth and beauty's  
         pride,  
 To share her husband's fate untimely dy'd. }  
 Think how Alceste's piety was prov'd,  
 Who lost her life to save the man she lov'd  
 ' Receive me, Capaneus !' Evadne cry'd,  
 ' Nor death itself our nuptials shall divide;  
 ' To join thy ashes pleas'd I shall expire.' 20  
 She said, and leap'd amid the fun'ral fire.  
 Virtue herself a goddess we confess,  
 Both female in her name and in her dress:  
 No wonder, then, if to her sex inclin'd,  
 She cultivates with care a female mind.  
 But these exalted souls exceed the reach  
 Of that soft art which I pretend to teach.  
 My tender bark requires a gentle gale,  
 A little wind will fill a little sail. 39  
 Of sportive loves I sing, and show what ways }  
 The willing nymph must use her bliss to raise,  
 And how to captivate the man she'd please.  
 Woman is soft, and has a tender heart,  
 Apt to receive, and to retain Love's dart:  
 Man has a breast robust, and more secure;  
 It wounds him not so deep, nor hits so sure.

Men oft' are false; and if you search with care,  
 You'll find less fraud imputed to the fair.  
 The faithless Jason from Medea fled,  
 And made Creusa partner of his bed. 50  
 Bright Ariadne, on an unknown shore,  
 Thy absence, perjur'd Theseus! did deplore.  
 If then the wild inhabitants of air  
 Forbore her tender lovely limbs to tear,  
 It was not owing, Theseus! to thy care. }  
 Inquire the cause, and let Demophoon tell  
 Why Phyllis by a fate untimely fell:  
 Nine times, in vain, upon the promis'd day,  
 She sought th' appointed shore, and view'd the  
 sea;

Her fall the fading trees consent to mourn, 60  
 And shed their leaves round her lamented urn.

The prince so far for piety renown'd,  
 To thee, Eliza! was unfaithful found;  
 To thee forlorn, and languishing with grief,  
 His sword alone he left, thy last relief,  
 Ye ruin'd Nymphs! shall I the cause impart  
 Of all your woes? 'twas want of needful art.  
 Love of itself too quickly will expire,  
 But pow'ful art perpetuates desire.  
 Women had yet their ignorance bewail'd, 70  
 Had not this art by Venus been reveal'd.

Before my sight the Cyprian goddess shone,  
 And thus she said; 'What have poor women  
 done?

' Why is that weak defenceless sex expos'd,  
 ' On ev'ry side by men well-arm'd enclos'd ?  
 ' Twice are the men instructed by thy Muse,  
 ' Nor must she now to teach the sex refuse.  
 ' The bard who injur'd Helen in his song  
 ' Recanted after, and redress'd the wrong.  
 ' And you, if on my favor you depend, 80  
 ' The cause of women while you live defend.'

This said, a myrtle sprig which berries bore,  
 She gave me, (for a myrtle wreath she wore)  
 The gift receiv'd, my sense enlighten'd grew,  
 And from her presence inspiration drew.

Attend, ye Nymphs! by wedlock unconfin'd,  
 And hear my precepts, while she prompts my mind.  
 Ev'n now, in bloom of youth and beauty's prime,  
 Beware of coming age, nor waste your time :

Now while you may, and rip'ning years invite, 90  
 Enjoy the seasonable sweet delight ;

For rolling years, like stealing waters, glide,  
 Nor hope to stop their ever-ebbing tide :

Think not hereafter will the loss repay,

For ev'ry-morrow will the taste decay,

And leave less relish than the former day.

I've seen the time when on that wither'd thorn

The blooming rose vy'd with the blushing Morn ;

With fragrant wreaths I thence have deck'd my  
 head,

And see how leafless now, and how decay'd! 100

And you, who now the lovesick youth reject,

Will prove in age what pains attend neglect ;

None then will press upon your midnight hours,  
Nor wake to strew your street with morning  
    flow'rs :

Then nightly knockings at your door will cease,  
Whose noiseless hammer then may rust in peace.

. Alas! how soon a clear complexion fades!  
How soon a wrinkled skin plump flesh invades!  
And what avails it tho' the fair one swears  
She from her infancy had some gray hairs? 110

She grows all hoary in a few more years,  
And then the venerable truth appears.  
The snake his skin, the deer his horns, may cast,  
And both renew their youth and vigor past,  
But no receipt can human-kind relieve,  
Doom'd to decrepit age without reprieve.

Then crop the flow'r which yet invites your eye,  
And which ungather'd on its stalk must die.

Besides, the tender sex is form'd to bear,  
And frequent births too soon will youth impair:  
Continual harvest wears the fruitful field, 121  
And earth itself decays too often till'd.

Thou didst not, Cynthia! scorn the Latmian swain,  
Nor thou, Aurora! Cephalus disdain;  
'The Paphian Queen, who for Adonis' fate  
So deeply mourn'd, and who laments him yet,  
Has not been found inexorable since,

Witness Harmonia and the Dardan prince.  
'Then take example, Mortals! from above,  
And like immortals live; and like 'em love; 130

Refuse not those delights which men require,  
 Nor let your lovers languish with desire.  
 False tho' they prove, what loss can you sustain?  
 Thence let a thousand take, 'twill all remain.  
 Tho' constant use ev'n flint and steel impairs,  
 What you employ no diminution fears.  
 Who would to light a torch their torch deny?  
 Or who can dread drinking an ocean dry?  
 Still women lose, you cry, if men obtain:  
 What do they lose that's worthy to retain? 140  
 Think not this said to prostitute the sex,  
 But undeceive whom needless fears perplex.

Thus far a gentle breeze supplies our sail;  
 Now lanch'd to sea we ask a brisker gale.  
 And first we treat of dress, The well-dress'd vine  
 Produces plumpest grapes and richest wine;  
 And plenteous crops of golden grain are found  
 Alone to grace well-cultivated ground.  
 Beauty's the gift of gods, the sex's pride!  
 Yet to how many is that gift deny'd? 150  
 Art helps a face; a face, tho' heav'nly fair,  
 May quickly fade for want of needful care.  
 Hence, if women slighted dress,  
 Then men were ruder too, and lik'd it less.  
 If Hector's spouse was clad in stubborn stuff,  
 A soldier's wife became it well enough.  
 Ajax, to shield his ample breast, provides  
 Ev'n lusty bulls, and tans their sturdy hides;  
 And might not he, d'ye think, be well caress'd,  
 And yet his wife not elegantly dress'd? 160

With rude simplicity Rome first was built,  
 Which now we see adorn'd, and carv'd, and gilt.  
 This Capitol with that of old compare,  
 Some other Jove you'd think was worshipping'd there.  
 That lofty pile, where Senates dictate law,  
 When Tatius reign'd, was poorly thatch'd with  
 straw;

And where Apollo's fane refulgent stands,  
 Was heretofore a track of pasture-lands.  
 Let ancient manners other men delight;  
 But me the modern please, as more polite: 170  
 Not that materials now in gold are wrought,  
 And distant shores for orient pearls are sought;  
 Nor for that hills exhaust their marble veins,  
 And structures rise whose bulk the sea restrains;  
 But that the world is civiliz'd of late,  
 And polish'd from the rust of former date.  
 Let not the nymph with pendants load her car,  
 Nor in embroid'ry or brocade appear;  
 Too-rich a dress may sometimes check desire,  
 And cleanliness more animate love's fire. 180  
 The hair dispos'd may gain or lose a grace,  
 And much become, or misbecome the face.  
 What suits your features of your glass inquire,  
 For no one rule is fix'd for head attire.  
 A face too long should part and flat the hair,  
 Lest upward comb'd the length too much appear:  
 So Laodamia dress'd. A face too round  
 Should show the ears, and with a tow'r be crown'd.

On either shoulder one her locks displays,  
 Adorn'd like Phœbus when he sings his lays: 190  
 Another all her tresses ties behind:  
 So dress'd, Diana hunts the fearful hind.  
 Dishevell'd locks most graceful are to some,  
 Others the binding fillets more become.  
 Some plait, like spiral shells, their braided hair,  
 Others the loose and waving curl prefer.  
 But to recount the sev'ral Dresses worn,  
 Which artfully each sev'ral face adorn,  
 Were endless, as to tell the leaves on trees,  
 The beasts on Alpine hills, or Hybla's bees. 200  
 Many there are, who seem to alight all care,  
 And with a pleasant negligence ensnare;  
 Whole mornings oft' in such a dress are spent,  
 And all is art that looks like accident.  
 With such disorder Iôle was grac'd  
 When great Alcides first the nymph embrac'd:  
 So Ariadne came to Bacchus' bed,  
 When with the conqueror from Crete she fled.  
 Nature, indulgent to the sex, repays  
 The losses they sustain by various ways. 210  
 Men ill supply those hairs they shed in age,  
 Lost like autumnal leaves when north winds rage.  
 Women with juice of herbs gray locks disguise,  
 And Art gives color which with Nature vies.  
 The well-wove tow'rs they wear their own art  
 thought,  
 But only are their own as what they've bought:



## TRANSLATIONS.

Nor need they blush to buy heads ready drest,  
 And choose at public shops what suits 'em best.

Costly apparel let the fair one fly,  
 Enrich'd with gold, or with the Tyrian dye. 220  
 What folly must in such expense appear,  
 When more becoming colors are less dear?  
 One with a dye is ting'd of lovely blue,  
 Such as, thro' air serene, the sky we view;  
 With yellow lustre see another spread,  
 As if the Golden Fleece compos'd the thread.  
 Some of the sea-green wave the cast display;  
 With this the Nalads their bright forms array:  
 And some the saffron hue will well adorn;  
 Such is the mantle of the blushing Morn. 230  
 Of myrtle berries one the tincture shows:  
 In this of amethysts the purple glows,  
 And that more imitates the paler rose. }  
 Nor Thracian cranes forget, whose silv'ry plumes  
 Give patterns which employ the mimic looms:  
 Not almond nor the chesnut dye disclaim,  
 Nor others which from wax derive their name.  
 As fields you find with various flow'rs o'erspread,  
 When vineyards bud, and winter's frost is fled,  
 So various are the colors you may try, 240  
 Of which the thirsty wool imbibes the dye.  
 Try every one, what best becomes you wear,  
 For no complexion all alike can bear.  
 If fair the skin, black may become it best;  
 In black the lowly fair Briscis drest:



If brown the nymph, let her be cloth'd in white;  
Andromeda so charm'd the wond'ring sight.

I need not warn you of two pow'rful smells,  
Which sometimes health or kindly heat expels;  
Nor from your tender legs to pluck with care 250  
The casual growth of all unseemly hair.  
Tho' not to nymphs of Caucasus I sing,  
Nor such who taste remote the Mysian spring,  
Yet let me warn you that thro' no neglect  
You let your teeth disclose the least defect.  
You know the use of white to make you fair,  
And how with red lost color to repair;  
Imperfect eyebrows you by art can mend,  
And skin, when wanting, o'er a scar extend.  
Nor need the fair one be ashamed who tries 260  
By art to add new lustre to her eyes.

A little book I've made, but with great care,  
How to preserve the face, and how repair;  
In that the nymphs by time or chance annoy'd,  
May see what pains to please 'em I've employ'd:  
But still beware that from your lover's eye  
You keep conceal'd the med'cines you apply:  
Tho' art is hid, yet must that art be hid,  
Lest whom it would invite it should forbid.  
Who would not take offence to see a face 270  
All daub'd and dripping with the melted grease?  
And tho' your unguents bear th' Athenian name,  
The wool's unsav'ry scent is still the same.  
Marrow of stag and your pointment try,  
Nor clean your furry teeth, when men are by:

For many things when done afford delight,  
 Which yet while doing may offend the sight.  
 Ev'n Myro's statues, which for art surpass  
 All others, once were but a shapeless mass. 279  
 Rude was that gold which now in rings is worn,  
 As once the robe you wear was wool unshorn.  
 Think how that stone rough in the quarry grew,  
 Which now a perfect Venus shows to view.  
 Whi'e we suppose you sleep repair your face,  
 Lock'd from observers in some secret place.  
 Add the last hand before yourselves you show;  
 Your need of art why should your lover know?  
 For many things when most conceal'd are best,  
 And few of strict inquiry bear the test.  
 Those figures which in theatres are seen 280  
 Gilded without, are common wood within;  
 But no spectators are allow'd to pry  
 Till all is finish'd which allures the eye.

Yet I must own it oft' affords delight  
 To have the fair one comb her hair in sight;  
 To view the flowing honors of her head  
 Fall on her neck, and o'er her shoulders spread.  
 But let her look that she with care avoid  
 All fretful humors while she's so employ'd;  
 Let her not still undo, with peevish haste, 300  
 All that her woman does, who does her best.  
 I hate a vixen that her maid assails,  
 And scratches with her bodkin or her nails,  
 While the poor girl in blood and tears must mope,  
 And her heart curses what her hands adorn.

Let her who has no hair, or has but some,  
Plant centinels before her dressing-room,  
Or in the fane of the good goddess dress,  
Where all the male-kind are debarr'd access.

'Tis said that I (but 'tis a tale devis'd) 310  
A lady at her toilet once surpris'd,  
Who starting, snatch'd in haste the tow'r she wore,  
And in her hurry plac'd the hinder part before.  
But on our foes fall ev'ry such disgrace,  
Or barb'rous beauties of the Parthian race.  
Ungraceful 'tis to see without a horn  
The lofty hart, whom branches best adorn,  
A leafless tree, or an unverdant mead,  
And as ungrateful is a hairless head.

But think not these instructions are design'd  
For first-rate beauties of the finish'd kind; 320  
Not to a Semele or Leda bright,  
Nor an Europa, these my rules I write;  
Nor the fair Helen do I teach, whose charms  
Stirr'd up Atrides and all Greece to arms:  
Thee to regain well was that war begun,  
And Paris well defended what he won:  
What lover and what husband would not fight  
In such a cause, where both are in the right?

The crowd I teach, some homely and some  
fair, 330  
But of the former sort the larger share.  
The handsome least require the help of Art,  
Rich in themselves, and pleas'd with Nature's  
part.

When calm the sea, at ease the pilot lies,  
But all his skill exerts when storms arise.

Faults in your person or your face correct,  
And few are seen that have not some defect.  
The nymph too short her seat should seldom quit,  
Lest when she stands she may be thought to sit;  
And when extended on her couch she lies, 340  
Let length of petticoats conceal her size.  
The lean of thick-wrought stuffs her clothes should  
choose,

And fuller made than what the plumper use.  
If pale, let her the crimson juice apply;  
If swarthy, to the Pharian varnish fly.  
A leg too lank tight garters still must wear;  
Nor should an ill-shap'd foot be ever bare.  
Round shoulders bolster'd will appear the least;  
And lacing strait confines too full a breast.  
Whose fingers are too fat and nails too coarse, 350  
Should always shun much gesture in discourse.  
And you whose breath is touch'd this caution take,  
Nor fasting nor too near another speak,  
Let not the nymph with laughter much abound  
Whose teeth are black, uneven, or unsound:  
You hardly think how much on this depends,  
And how a laugh or spoils a face or mends.  
Gape not too wide, lest you disclose your gums,  
And lose the dimple which the cheek becomes;  
Nor let your sides too strong concussions shake,  
Lest you the softness of the sex forsake. 361

In some distortions quite the face disguise;  
 Another laughs, that you would think she cries.  
 In one too hoarse a voice we hear betray'd,  
 Another's is as harsh as if she bray'd.

What cannot art attain! many, with ease,  
 Have learn'd to weep both when and how they  
 please.

Others thro' affectation lisp, and ~~lip~~  
 In imperfection charms to catch mankind.  
 Neglect no means which may promote your ends;  
 Now learn what way of walking recommends. 374  
 Too masculine a motion shocks the sight,  
 But female grace allures with strange delight.  
 One has an artful swing and jut behind,  
 Which helps her coats to catch the swelling wind;  
 Swell'd with the wanton wind they loosely flow,  
 And ev'ry step and graceful motion slow.  
 Another, like an Umbrian's sturdy spouse,  
 Strides all the space her petticoat allows.  
 Between extremes in this a mean adjust, 380

too nice a gait, nor too robust.  
 nowy-white your neck, you still should wear  
 and the shoulder of the left arm bare:  
 sights ne'er fail to fire any am'rous heart,  
 And make me pant to kiss the naked part.

Sirens, tho' monsters of the stony main,  
 Can ships when under sail with songs detain;  
 Scarce could Ulysses by his friends be bound,  
 When first he listen'd to the charming sound.

~~Singing~~ insinuates: learn, all ye Maids! 390

Of when a face forbids a voice persuades,

Whether on theatres loud strains we hear,

Or in Ruelles some soft Egyptian air.

Well shall she sing of whom I make my choice,

And with her lute accompany her voice.

The rocks were stirr'd, the beasts to listen staid, }  
 When on his lyre melodious Orpheus play'd; }

Ev'n Cerberus and hell that sound obey'd;

And stones officious were thy walls to raise,

O Thebes! attracted by Amphion's lays; 400

The dolphin, dumb itself, thy voice admir'd,

And was, Arion! by thy songs inspir'd.

Of sweet Callimachus the works rehearse,

And read Philetas' and Anacreon's verse.

Tersitian plays may much the mind improve,

But softest Sappho best instructs to love.

Propertius, Gallus, and Tibullus, read,

And let Naronian verse to these succeed:

Then mighty Maro's work with care peruse,

Of all the Latin bards the noblest Muse:

Ev'n I, 'tis possible, in after-days,

May 'scape oblivion, and be nam'd with them;

My labor'd lines some readers may approve,

Since I've instructed either sex in love.

Whatever book you read of this soft art,

Read with a lover's voice and lover's heart.

Tender Epistles, too, by me are fram'd,

A work before unthought-of and unusual.

'Such was your sacred will, O tuneful Nine!  
Such thine, Apollo! and Lyæus! thine. 420

Still unaccomplish'd may the maid be thought,  
Who gracefully to dance was never taught;  
That active dancing may to love engage,  
Witness the well-kept dancers of the stage.

Of some odd trifles I'm ashamed to tell,  
Tho' it becomes the sex to trifle well;  
To raffle prettily, or slur a dye,  
Implies both cunning and dexterity.  
Nor is't amiss at chess to be expert,  
For games most thoughtful sometimes most divert.  
Learn ev'ry game, you'll find it prove of use; 434  
Parties begun at play may love produce.  
But easier 'tis to learn how bets to lay,  
Than how to keep your temper while you play:  
Unguarded then, each breast is open laid,  
And while the head's intent, the heart's betray'd.  
Then base desire of gain, then rage, appears,  
Quarrels and brawls arise, and anxious fears;  
Then clamors and revilings reach the sky,  
While losing gamesters all the gods defy. 440  
Then horrid oaths are utter'd ev'ry cast;  
They grieve, and curse, and storm, may weep, at  
last.

Good Jove avert such shameful faults as these  
From ev'ry nymph whose heart's inclin'd to please!  
Soft recreations fit the female kind,  
Nature for men has rougher sports design'd;

To wield the sword, and hurl the pointed spear,  
To stop or turn the steed in full career.

Tho' martial fields ill suit your tender frames,  
Nor may you swim in Tiber's rapid streams, 450  
Yet when Sol's burning wheels from Leo drive,  
And at the glowing Virgin's sign arrive,  
'Tis both allow'd and fit you should repair  
To pleasant walks, and breathe refreshing air.  
To Pompey's Gardens, or the shady groves  
Which Cæsar honors, and which Phœbus loves;  
Phœbus, who sunk the proud Egyptian fleet,  
And made Augustus' victory complete:  
Or seek those shades where monuments of fame  
Are rais'd to Livia's and Octavia's name; 460  
Or where Agrippa first adorn'd the ground,  
When he with naval victory was crown'd.  
'To Isis' fane, to theatres, resort,  
And in the Circus see the noble sport;  
In ev'ry public place by turns be shown;  
In vain you're fair while you remain unknown.  
Should you in singing 'Thamyras transcend,  
Your voice unheard, who could your skill com-  
mend?

Had not Appelles drawn the sea-born queen,  
Her beauties still beneath the waves had been. 470

Poets inspir'd write only for a name,  
And think their labors well repaid with fame.

In former days I own the poets were  
Of gods and kings the most peculiar care.



Majestic awe was in the name allow'd,  
 And they with rich possessions were endow'd.  
 Ennius with honors was by Scipio grac'd,  
 And next his own the poet's statue plac'd:  
 But now their ivy crowns bear no esteem, 479  
 And all their learning's thought an idle dream.  
 Still there's a pleasure that proceeds from praise. }  
 What could the high renown of Homer raise, }  
 But that he sung his Iliad's deathless lays? }

Who could have been of Danaë's charms assur'd,

Had she grown old within her tow'r immur'd?  
 This as a rule let ev'ry nymph pursue,  
 That 'tis her int'rest oft' to come in view.

A hungry wolf at all the herd will run,  
 In hopes thro' many to make sure of one:  
 So let the fair the gazing crowd assail, 490  
 That over one at least she may prevail.  
 In ev'ry place to please be all her thought;  
 Where sometimes least we think the fish is caught;  
 Sometimes all day we hunt the tedious soil,  
 Anon the stag himself shall seek the toil.

How could Andromeda once doubt relief,  
 Whose charms were heighten'd and adorn'd by  
 grief?

The widow'd fair who sees her lord expire, }  
 While yet she weeps may kindle new desire, }  
 And Hymen's torch relight with fun'ral fire. }

Beware of men who are too sprucely dress'd; 501  
 And look, you fly with speed a fop profess'd:

Such tools to you, and to a thousand more,  
 Will tell the same dull story o'er and o'er.  
 This way and that unsteadily they rove,  
 And, never fix'd, are fugitives in love.  
 Such flutt'ring things all women sure should hate,  
 Light as themselves, and more effeminate.  
 Believe me; all I say is for your good;  
 Had Priam been believ'd, Troy still had stood. 510

Many with base designs will passion feign,  
 Who know no love but sordid love of gain;  
 But let not powder'd heads nor essenc'd hair  
 Your well-believing easy hearts insnare.  
 Rich clothes are oft' by common sharpeners worn,  
 And diamond rings felonious hands adorn:  
 So may your lover burn with fierce desire  
 Your jewels to enjoy and best attire.  
 Poor Cloe robb'd, runs crying thro' the streets,  
 And as she runs, ' Give me my own,' repeats. 520  
 How often, Venus! hast thou heard such cries,  
 And laugh'd amidst thy Appian votaries?  
 Some so notorious are, their very name  
 Must ev'ry nymph whom they frequent defame.  
 Be warn'd by ills which others have destroy'd.  
 And faithless men with constant care avoid:  
 Trust not a Theseus, fair Athenian maid!  
 Who has so oft' th' attesting gods betray'd;  
 And thou, Demophaon! heir to Theseus' crimes,  
 Hast lost thy credit to all future times. 530

Promise for promise equally afford,  
 But once a contract made, keep well your word;

For ~~she~~ for any act of hell is fit,  
 And, undismay'd, may sacrilege commit,  
 With impious hands could quench the vestal fire,  
 Poison her husband, in her arms, for hire,  
 Who first to take a lover's gift complices,  
 And then detrauds him, and his claim denies.

But hold, my Muse! check thy unruly horse,  
 And more in sight pursue th' intended course. 540

If love epistles tender lines impart,  
 And billet-doux are sent to sound your heart,  
 Let all such letters by a faithful maid  
 Or confidant be secretly convey'd:  
 Soon from the words you'll judge, if read with  
     care,

When feign'd a passion is, and when sincere.  
 Ere in return you write, some time require;  
 Delays, if not too long, increase desire:  
 Nor let the pressing youth with ease obtain,  
 Nor yet refuse him with too rude disdain. 550  
 Now let his hopes, now let his fears, increase,  
 But by degrees let fear to hope give place.

Be sure avoid set phrases when you write;  
 The usual way of speech is more polite.  
 How have I seen the puzzled lover vex'd  
 To read a letter with hard words perplex'd!  
 A style too coarse takes from a handsome face,  
 And makes us wish an uglier in its place.

But since (tho' chastity be not your care)  
 You from your husband still would hide th' affair

Write to no stranger till his truth be try'd, 561  
Nor in a foolish messenger confide.

What agonies that woman undergoes  
Whose hand the traitor threatens to expose;  
Who, rashly trusting, dreads to be deceiv'd,  
And lives for ever to that dread enslav'd!  
Such treachery can never be surpast,  
For those discov'ries sure as lightning blast.  
Might I advise, fraud should with fraud be paid;  
Let arms repel all who with arms invade. 570

But since your letters may be brought to light,  
What if in sev'ral hands you learn'd to write?  
My curse on him who first the sex betray'd,  
And this advice so necessary made.  
Nor let your pocket-book two hands contain;  
First rub your lover's out, then write again.  
Still one contrivance more remains behind,  
Which you may use as a convenient blind;  
As if to women writ, your letters frame,  
And let your friend to you subscribe a female  
name. 580

Now greater things to tell my Muse! prepare,  
And clap on all the sails the bark can bear.  
Let no rude passions in your looks find place,  
For fury will deform the finest face;  
It swells the lips, and blackens all the veins,  
While in the eye a Gorgon horror reigns.

When on her fute divine Minerva play'd,  
And in a fountain saw the change it made,

Swelling her cheek, she flung it quick aside, \*  
 'Nor is thy music so much worth,' she cry'd. 590  
 Look in your glass when you with anger glow,  
 And you'll confess you scarce yourselves can know:  
 Nor with excessive pride insult the sight,  
 For gentle looks alone to love invite.  
 Believe it as a truth that's daily try'd,  
 There's nothing more detestable than pride.  
 How have I seen some airs disgust create,  
 Like things which by antipathy we hate!  
 Let looks with looks, and smiles with smiles, be  
 paid,

And when your lover bows incline your head: 600  
 So love preluding, plays at first with hearts,  
 And after wounds with deeper piercing darts.  
 Nor me a melancholy mistress charms;  
 Let sad Tecmessa weep in Ajax' arms:  
 Let mourning beauties sullen heroes move;  
 We cheerful men like gaiety in love.  
 Let Hector in Andromache delight,  
 Who in bewailing Troy wastes all the night:  
 Had they not both borne children (to be plain)  
 I no'er could think they'd with their husbands  
 lain. 610

I no idea in my mind can frame  
 That either one or t'other doleful dame  
 Could toy, could fondle, or could call their lord  
 My life! my soul! or speak endearing words.

Why from comparisons should I refrain,  
 Or fear small things by greater to explain?

TRANSCITIONS.

Observe what conduct prudent gen'ral use,  
 And how their sev'ral officers they choose :  
 To one a charge of infantry commit,  
 Another for the horse is thought more fit. 620  
 So you your sev'ral lovers should select,  
 And as you find 'em qualify'd direct.  
 The wealthy lover store of gold should send,  
 The lawyer should in courts your case defend :  
 We who write verse with verse alone should bribe ;  
 Most apt to love is all the tuneful tribe :  
 By us your fame shall thro' the world be blaz'd ;  
 So Nemesis, so Cynthia's name was rais'd.  
 From east to west Lycoris' praises ring,  
 Nor are Corinna's silent, whom we sing. 630  
 No fraud the poet's sacred breast can bear ;  
 Mild are his manners, and his heart sincere.  
 Nor wealth he seeks, nor feels ambition's fires,  
 But shuns the bar, and books and shades requires.  
 Too faithfully, alas ! we know to love,  
 With ease we fix ; but we with pain remove ;  
 Our softer studies with our souls combine,  
 And both to tenderness our hearts incline.  
 Be gentle, Virgins ! to the poet's pray'r ;  
 The god that fills him, and the Muse rever ; 640  
 Something divine is in us, and from heav'n,  
 'Th' inspiring spirit can alone be giv'n.  
 'Tis sin a price from poets to exact ;  
 But 'tis a sin no woman fears to act :  
 Yet hide, howe'er, your avarice from sight,  
 Lest you too soon your new admirer fright.

As skilful riders rein with diff'rent force  
 A new-back'd courser and a well-train'd horse,  
 Do you by diff'rent management engage  
 The man in years and youth of greener age. 650  
 This, while the wiles of love are yet unknown,  
 Will gladly cleave to you, and you alone;  
 With kind caresses oft' indulge the boy,  
 And all the harvest of his heat enjoy.  
 Alone, thus bless'd, of rivals most beware;  
 'Nor love nor empire can a rival bear.'  
 Men more discreetly love when more mature,  
 And many things which youth disdains endure;  
 No windows break, nor houses set on fire,  
 Nor tear their own or mistresses attire. 660  
 In youth the boiling blood gives fury vent;  
 But men in years more calmly wrongs resent:  
 As wood when green, or as a torch when wet,  
 They slowly burn, but long retain their heat.  
 More bright is youthful flame, but sooner dies;  
 Then swiftly seize the joy that swiftly flies.

Thus all betraying to the beauteous foe,  
 How surely to enslave ourselves we show.  
 To trust a traitor you'll no scruple make,  
 Who is a traitor only for your sake. 670

Who yields too soon will soon her lover love;  
 Would you retain him long, then long refuse:  
 Oft' at your door make him for entrance wait,  
 There let him lie, and threaten, and entreat.  
 When cloy'd with sweets, bitters the taste restore.  
 Ships by fair winds are sometimes run ashore.

TRANSLATIONS.

Hence springs the coldness of a marry'd life,  
 The husband when he pleases has his wife.  
 Bar but your gate, and let your porter cry,  
 ' Here's no admittance, Sir ; I must deny ;' 680  
 The very husband, so repuls'd, will find  
 A growing inclination to be kind.

Thus far with foils you've fought ; those laid  
 aside, }  
 I now sharp weapons for the sex provide,  
 Nor doubt against myself to see 'em try'd. }

When first a lover you design to charm,  
 Beware lest jealousies his soul alarm ;  
 Make him believe, with all the skill you can,  
 That he, and only he's the happy man.  
 Anon by due degrees small doubts create, 690  
 And let him fear some rival's better fate :  
 Such little arts make love its vigor hold,  
 Which else would languish, and too soon grow old.  
 Then strains the courser to outstrip the wind,  
 When one before him runs, and one he hears be-  
 hind.

Love, when extinct, suspicions may revive ;  
 I own when mine's secure 'tis scarce alive :  
 Yet one precaution to this rule belongs,  
 Let us at most suspect, not prove, our wrongs.  
 Sometimes, your lover to incite the more, 700  
 Pretend your husband's spies beset the door :  
 Tho' free as Thais, still affect a fright ;  
 For seeming danger heightens the delight.



Oft' let the youth in thro' your window steal,  
 Tho' he might enter at the door as well ;  
 And sometimes let your maid surprise pretend,  
 And beg you in some hole to hide your friend.  
 Yet ever and anon dispel his fear,  
 And let him taste of happiness sincere ;  
 Lest, quite dishearten'd with too much fatigue, 710  
 He should grow weary of the dull intrigue.

But I forget to tell how you may try  
 Both to evade the husband and the spy.

That wives should of their husbands stand in  
 awe,

Agrees with justice, modesty, and law ;  
 But that a mistress may be lawful prize,  
 None but her keeper I am sure denies.  
 For such fair nymphs these Precepts are design'd,  
 Which ne'er can fail, join'd with a willing mind.  
 Tho' stuck with Argus' eyes your keeper were,  
 Advis'd by me you shall elude his care. 721

When you to wash or bathe retire from sight,  
 Can he observe what letters then you write ?  
 Or can his caution against such provide,  
 Which in her breast your confidant may hide ?  
 Can he the note beneath her garter view,  
 Or that which, more conceal'd, is in her shoe ?  
 Yet these perceiv'd, you may her back undress,  
 And writing on her skin your mind express.  
 New milk, or pointed spires of flax, when grown,  
 Will ink supply, and letters mark unnoted 731

Fair will the paper show, nor can be read  
Till all the writing's with warm ashes spread.

Acrisius was with all his care betray'd,  
And in his tow'r of brass a grandsire made.  
Can spies avail when you to plays resort,  
Or in the Circus view the noble sport?  
Or can you be to Isis' fane pursu'd,  
Or Cybelle's, whose rites all men exclude?  
Tho' watchful servants to the bagnio come, 740  
They're ne'er admitted to the bathing-room.  
Or when some sudden sickness you pretend,  
May you not take to your sick bed a friend?  
False keys a private passage may procure,  
If not, there are more ways besides the door.  
Sometimes with wine your watchful foll'wer treat;  
When drunk you may with ease his care defeat;  
Or, to prevent too sudden a surpris,  
Prepare a sleeping draught to seal his eyes:  
Or let your maid, still longer time to gain, 750  
As inclination for his person feign:  
With faint resistance let her drill him on,  
And after competent delays be won.

But what need all these various doubtful wiles,  
Since gold the greatest vigilance beguiles?  
Believe me, men and gods with gifts are pleas'd;  
Ev'n angry Jove with off'rings is appeas'd.  
With presents fools and wise alike are caught;  
Give but enough, the husband may be bought.  
But let me warn you, when you bribe a spy, 760  
That you for ever his connivance buy;

Pay him his price at once, for with such men  
You'll know no end of giving now and then.

Once I remember, I with cause complain'd  
Of jealousy, occasion'd by a friend.  
Believe me, apprehensions of that kind  
Are not alone to our false sex confin'd.  
Trust not too far your she-companions truth,  
Lest she sometimes should intercept the youth :  
That very confidant that lends the bed 770  
May entertain your lover in your stead :  
Nor keep a servant with too fair a face,  
For such I've known supply her lady's place.

But whither do I run with heedless rage,  
Teaching the foe unequal war to wage ?  
Did ever bird the fowler's net prepare ?  
Was ever hound instructed by the hare ?  
But all self-ends and int'rest set apart,  
I'll faithfully proceed to teach my art ;  
Defenceless and unarm'd expose my life, 780  
And for the Lemnian ladies whet the knife.

Perpetual fondness of your lover feign,  
Nor will you find it hard belief to gain ;  
Full of himself, he your design will aid ;  
To what we wish 'tis easy to persuade.  
With dying eyes his face and form survey,  
Then sigh, and wonder he so long could stay :  
Now drop a tear your sorrows to assuage,  
Anon reproach him, and pretend to rage.  
Such proofs as these will all distrust remove, 790  
And make him pity your excessive love :

Scarce to himself will he forbear to cry,  
 ' How can I let this poor fond creature die!'  
 But chiefly one such fond behaviour fires,  
 Who courts his glass, and his own charms admires;  
 Proud of the homage to his merit done,  
 He'll think a goddess might with ease be won.

Light wrongs, be sure, you still with mildness  
 bear,

Nor straight fly out when you a rival fear:  
 Let not your passions o'er your sense prevail, 800  
 Nor credit lightly ev'ry idle tale:  
 Let Procis' fate a sad example be  
 Of what effects attend credulity.

Near where his purple head Hymettus shows,  
 And flow'ring hills, a sacred fountain flows,  
 With soft and verdant turf the soil is spread,  
 And sweetly-smelling shrubs the ground o'erslade:  
 There rosemary and bays their odors join,  
 And with the fragrant myrtle's scent combine:  
 There tamarisks with thick-leav'd box are found,  
 And cytissus and garden pines abound, 811  
 While thro' the boughs soft winds of zephyr pass,  
 Tremble the leaves, and tender tops of grass:  
 Hither would Cephalus retreat to rest,  
 When tir'd with hunting, or with heat oppress'd,  
 And thus to Air the panting youth would pray,  
 ' Come, gentle Aura! come, this heat allay.'  
 But some tale-bearing too officious friend,  
 By chance o'erheard him as he thus complain'd,

Who with the news to Procris quick repair'd, 820  
 Repeating word for word what she had heard.  
 Soon as the name of Aura reach'd her ears,  
 With jealousy surpris'd and fainting fears,  
 Her rosy color fled her lovely face,  
 And agonies, like death, supply'd the place;  
 Pale she appear'd as are the falling leaves,  
 When first the vine the winter's blast receives;  
 Of ripen'd quinces such the yellow hue,  
 Or when unripe we cornel-berries view.  
 Reviving from her swoon, her robes she tore, 830  
 Nor her own faultless face to wound forbore.  
 Now all dishevell'd to the wood she flies,  
 With Bacchanalian fury in her eyes:  
 Thither arriv'd, she leaves below her friends,  
 And all alone the shady hill ascends.  
 What folly, Procris! o'er thy mind prevail'd?  
 What rage, thus fatally to lie conceal'd?  
 Whoe'er this Aura be (such was thy thought)  
 She now shall in the very fact be caught.  
 Anon thy heart repents its rash designs, 840  
 And now to go and now to stay inclines.  
 Thus love with doubts perplexes still thy mind,  
 And makes thee seek what thou must dread to  
     find:  
 But still thy rival's name rings in thy ears,  
 And more suspicious still the place appears;  
 But more than all excessive love deceiv'ds,  
 Which all it fears too easily believes.

And now a chiliness run thro' ev'ry vein,  
 Soon as she saw where Cephalus had lain.  
 'Twas noon, when he again retir'd to shun 850  
 The scorching ardor of the mid-day sun ;  
 With water first he sprinkled o'er his face,  
 Which glow'd with heat, then sought his usual  
 place.

Procris, with anxious, but with silent care,  
 View'd him extended, with his bosom bare,  
 And heard him soon th' accustom'd words repeat,  
 ' Come, Zephyr ! Aura ! come allay this heat.'  
 Soon as she found her error from the word,  
 Her color and her temper were restor'd :  
 With joy she rose to clasp him in her arms, 860  
 But Cephalus the rustling noise alarms ;  
 Some beast, he thinks, he in the bushes hears,  
 And straight his arrows and his bow prepares.  
 Hold ! hold ! unhappy youth !—I call in vain ;  
 With thy own hand thou hast thy Procris slain.  
 ' Me, me,' she cries, ' thou'st wounded with thy  
 ' dart !

' But Cephalus was wont to wound this heart :  
 ' Yet lighter on my ashes earth will lie,  
 ' Since, tho' untimely, I unrivall'd die.  
 ' Come, close with thy dear hand my eyes in death,  
 ' Jealous of Air, to Air I yield my breath.' 871  
 Close to his heavy heart her cheek he laid,  
 And wash'd with streaming tears the wound he  
 made ;

At length the springs of life their currents leave,  
And her last gasp her husband's tips receive.

Now to pursue our voyage we must provide,  
Till safe to port our weary bark we guide.

You may expect, perhaps, I now should teach  
What rules to treats and entertainments reach.  
Come not the first invited to a feast;           850  
Rather come last, as a more grateful guest;  
For that of which we fear to be depriv'd,  
Meets with the surest welcome when arriv'd.  
Besides, complexions of a coarser kind  
From candlelight no small advantage find.  
During the time you eat observe some grace,  
Nor let your unwip'd hands besmear your face;  
Nor yet too squeamishly your meat avoid,  
Lest we suspect you were in private cloy'd.  
Of all extremes in either kind beware,           890  
And still before your belly's full forbear.  
No glutton nymph, however fair, can wound,  
'Tho' more than Helen she in charms abound.

I own I think of wine the mod'rate use  
More suits the sex, and sooner finds excuse;  
It warms the blood, adds lustre to the eyes,  
And Wine and Love have always been allies:  
But carefully from all intemp'rance keep,  
Nor drink till you see double, lisp, or sleep;  
For in such sleeps brutalities are done,           900  
Which tho' you loath you have no pow'r to shun.

And now th' instructed nymph, from table led,  
Should next be taught how to behave in bed:

But modesty forbids, nor more my Muse  
 With weary wings the labor'd flight pursues;  
 Her purple swans unyok'd, the chariot leave,  
 And needful rest (their journey done) receive.

Thus with impartial care my art I show,  
 And equal arms on either sex bestow;  
 While men and maids, who by my rules improve,  
 Ovid must own their master is in love. 911



## SATIRE XI. OF JUVENAL.

*The Argument.*

THE design of this Satire is to expose and reprehend all manner of intemperance and debauchery, but more particularly that exorbitant luxury used by the Romans in their feasting. The poet draws the occasion from an invitation which he here makes to his friend to dine with him; very artfully preparing him, with what he has to expect from his treat, by beginning the Satire with a particular invective against the vanity and folly of some persons who, having but mean fortunes in the world, attempted to live up to the height of men of great estates and quality. He shows us the miserable end of such spendthrifts and gluttons, with the manner and courses which they took to bring themselves to it; advising men to live within bounds, and to proportion their inclinations to the extent of their fortune. He gives his friend a bill of fare of the entertainment he has provided for him, and from thence he takes occasion to reflect upon the temperance and frugality of the greatest men in former ages, to which he opposes the riot and intemperance of the present; attributing to the latter a visible remissness in the care of Heaven over the Roman state. He instances some lewd practices at their feasts, and by the by touches the nobility, with making vice and debauchery consist with their principal pleasures. He concludes with a repeated invitation to his friend, advising him (in one particular somewhat freely) to a neglect of all cares and disquiets for the present, and a moderate use of pleasures for the future.

If noble ~~Athenians~~ make splendid feasts,  
 And with expensive food indulge his guests,  
 His wealth and ~~quality~~ support the treat,  
 Nor is it luxury in him, but state:  
 But when poor Rutilius spends all he's worth,  
 In hopes of setting one good dinner forth.

'Tis downright madness, for what greater jests  
Than begging gluttons, or than beggars' feasts?

But Rutilus is now notorious grown,  
And proves the common theme of all the town.

A man in his full tide of youthful blood, 11  
Able for arms, and for his country's good,  
Urg'd by no pow'r, restrain'd by no advice,  
But following his own inglorious choice,  
'Mongst common fencers practises the trade,  
That end debasing for which arms were made;  
Arms, which to man ne'er-dying fame afford,  
But his disgrace is owing to his sword.

Many there are of the same wretched kind,  
Whom their despairing creditors may find 20  
Lurking in shambles, where with borrow'd coin  
They buy choice meats, and in cheap plenty dine;  
Such whose sole bliss is eating; who can give  
But that one brutal reason why they live:  
And yet, what's more ridiculous of these,  
The poorest wretch is still most hard to please;  
And he whose thin transparent rags declare  
How much his tatter'd fortune wants repair,  
Would ransack ev'ry element for choice  
Of ev'ry fish and fowl at any price: 30  
If brought from far it very dear has cost,  
It has a flavor then which pleases most,  
And he devours it with a greater gust.

In riot thus, while money lasts, he lives,  
And that exhausted, still new pledges gives,  
Till forc'd of <sup>his</sup> necessity to eat,  
He comes to pawn his dish to buy his meat

Nothing of silver or of gold he spares,  
 Not what his mother's sacred image bears;  
 The broken relic he with speed devours,      40  
 As he would all the rests of 's ancestors  
 If wrought in gold, or if, expos'd to sale,  
 They'd pay the price of one luxurious meal.  
 'Thus certain ruin treads upon his heels,  
 The stings of hunger soon, and want, he feels;  
 And thus is he reduc'd at length to serve  
 Fencers for miserable scraps, or starve.

Imagine now you see a plenteous feast,  
 The question is, at whose expense 'tis drest?  
 In great Ventidius we the bounty prize,      50  
 In Rutilus the vanity despise.  
 Strange ignorance! that the same man who knows  
 How far yond' mount above this molehill shows,  
 Should not perceive a difference as great  
 Between small incomes and a vast estate!  
 From heav'n to mortals, sure that rule was sent,  
 Of, 'Know thyself,' and by some god was meant  
 To be our never-erring pilot here,  
 Thro' all the various courses which we steer.  
 Thersites, tho' the most presumpt'ous Greek,      60  
 Yet durst not for Achilles' armour speak,  
 When scarce Ulysses had a good pretence,  
 With all th' advantage of his eloquence.  
 Whoe'er attempts weak causes to support,  
 Ought to be very sure he's able for't,  
 And not mistake strong lungs and impudence  
 For harmony of words and force of sense:

Fools only make attempts beyond their skill;  
A wise man's pow'r 's the limit of his will.

If Fortune has a niggard been to thee, 70  
Devote thyself to thrift, not luxury,  
And wisely make that kind of food thy choice  
To which necessity confines thy price.  
Well may they fear some miserable end  
Whom Gluttony and Want at once attend,  
Whose large voracious throats have swallow'd all,  
Both land and stock, int'rest and principal:  
Well may they fear, at length, vile Pollio's fate,  
Who sold his very ring to purchase meat;  
And tho' a knight 'mongst common slaves now  
stands, 80

Begging an alms with undistinguish'd hands.  
Sure sudden death to such should welcome be,  
On whom each added year heaps misery,  
Scorn, poverty, reproach, and infamy. }  
But there are steps in villainy which these  
Observe to tread and follow by degrees.  
Money they borrow, and from all that lend,  
Which never meaning to restore, they spend;  
But that and their small stock of credit gone,  
Lest Rome should grow too warm, from thence  
they run; 90

For of late years 'tis no more scandal grown  
For debt and roguery to quit the town,  
Than in the midst of Summer's scorching heat  
From crowds, and noise, and bus'ness, to retreat.

One only grief such fugitives can find,  
 Reflecting on the pleasures left behind,  
 The plays and loose diversions of the place,  
 But not one blush appears for the disgrace.  
 Ne'er was of modesty so great a dearth,  
 That, out of count'nance, Virtue's fled from earth;  
 Baffled, expos'd to ridicule and scorn, 101  
 She's with Astrea gone, not to return.

This day, my Persicus, thou shalt perceive  
 Whether myself I keep those rules I give,  
 Or else an unsuspected glutton live:  
 If mod'rate fare and abstinence I prize  
 In public, yet in private gormandize.  
 Evander's feast reviv'd to-day thou'lt see;  
 The poor Evander I, and thou shalt be  
 Alcides and Æneas both to me. 110

Meantime I send you now your bill of fare;  
 Be not surpris'd that 'tis all homely cheer;  
 For nothing from the shambles I provide,  
 But from my own small farm the tend'rest kid,  
 And fattest of my flock, a suckling yet,  
 That ne'er had nourishment but from the teat:  
 No bitter willow-tops have been its food,  
 Scarce grass; its veins have more of milk than  
 blood.

Next that shall mountain 'asperagus be laid,  
 Pull'd by some plain but cleanly country maid;  
 The largest eggs, yet warm within the nest, 121  
 Together with the hens which laid 'em, drest;

Clusters of grapes preserv'd for half a-year,  
 Which plump and fresh as on the vines appear;  
 Apples of a ripe flavor, fresh and fair,  
 Mix'd with the Syrian and the Signian pear,  
 Mellow'd by winter from the cruder juice,  
 Light of digestion now, and fit for use.

Such food as this would have been heretofore  
 Accounted riot in a senator: 130

When the good Curius thought it no disgrace  
 With his own hands a few small herbs to dress,  
 And from his little garden cull'd a feast  
 Which fetter'd slaves would now disdain to taste:  
 For scarce a slave but has to dinner now  
 The well-dress'd paps of a fat pregnant sow.

But heretofore 'twas thought a sumptuous  
 treat

On birthdays, festivals, or days of state,  
 A salt dry fitch of bacon to prepare:  
 If they had fresh meat 'twas delicious fare! 140  
 Which rarely happen'd: and 'twas highly priz'd  
 If aught was left of what they sacrific'd.  
 To entertainments of this kind would come  
 The worthiest and the greatest men in Rome;  
 Nay, seldom any at such treats were seen  
 But those who had at least thrice Consul been,  
 Or the Dictator's office had discharg'd,  
 And now, from honorable toil enlarg'd,  
 Retir'd to husband and manure their land,  
 Humbling themselves to those they might com-  
 mand. 150

Then might y' have seen the good old 'gen'ral  
haste,

Before th' appointed hour, to such a feast,  
His spade aloft, as 'twere in triumph held,  
Proud of the conquest of some stubborn field.  
'Twas then, when pious Consuls bore the sway,  
And Vice, discourag'd, pale and trembling lay;  
Our Censors then were subject to the law;  
Ev'n Pow'r itself of Justice stood in awe;  
It was not then a Roman's anxious thought 159  
Where largest tortoise-shells were to be bought;  
Where pearls might of the greatest price be had,  
And shining jewels to adorn his bed,  
That he at vast expence might toll his head.  
Plain was his couch, and only rich his mind;  
Contentedly he slept, as cheaply as he din'd.  
The soldier then, in Grecian arts unskill'd,  
Returning rich with plunder from the field,  
If cups of silver or of gold he brought,  
With jewels set, and exquisitely wrought,  
To glorious trapping straight the plate he turn'd,  
And with the glitt'ring spoil his horse adorn'd, 171  
Or else a helmet for himself he made,  
Where various warlike figures were inlaid;  
The Roman Wolf suckling the Twins was there,  
And Mars himself, arm'd with his shield and spear,  
Hov'ring above his crest did dreadful show.  
As threatening death to each resisting foe.  
No use of silver but in arms was known;  
Splendid they were in war, and there alone: 179

No sideboards then with gilded plate were dress'd,  
 No sweating slaves with massive dishes press'd;  
 Expensive riot was not understood,  
 But earthen platters held their homely food.  
 Who would not envy them that age of bliss,  
 That sees with shame the luxury of this?  
 Heav'n, unwearied then, did blessings pour,  
 And pitying Jove foretold each dang'rous hour;  
 Mankind were then familiar with the god;  
 He snuff'd their incense with a gracious nod,  
 And would have still been bounteous as of old,  
 Had we not left him for that idol, Gold. 191  
 His golden statues hence the god have driv'n,  
 For well he knows where our devotion's giv'n;  
 'Tis gold we worship, tho' we pray to Heav'n. }  
 Woods of our own afforded tables then,  
 Tho' none can please us now but from Japan.  
 Invite my Lord to dine, and let him have  
 The nicest dish his appetite can crave,  
 But let it on an oaken board be set,  
 His Lordship will grow sick, and cannot eat: 200  
 Something's amiss, he knows not what to think;  
 Either your ven'son's rank or ointments stink.  
 Order some other table to be brought,  
 Something at great expence in India bought.  
 Beneath whose orb large yawning panthers lie,  
 Carr'd on rich pedestals of ivory,  
 He finds no more of that offensive smell;  
 The meat improves, and my Lord grows well.



An iv'ry table is a certain whet ;  
 You would not think how heartily he'll eat, 218  
 As if new vigor to his teeth were sent,  
 By sympathy from those o' th' elephant.

But such fine feeders are no guests for me,  
 Riot agrees not with frugality .  
 Then that unfashionable man am I ;  
 With me they'd starve for want of ivory,  
 For not one inch does my whole house afford,  
 Nor in my very tables or chess-board ;  
 Of bone the handles of my knives are made,  
 Yet no ill taste from thence affects the blade, 220  
 Or what I carve ; nor is there ever left  
 Any unsav'ry haut-goût from the haft.

A hearty welcome to plain wholesome meat  
 You'll find, but serv'd up in no formal state :  
 No sew'rs nor dext'rous carvers have I got,  
 Such as by skilful Trypherus are taught,  
 In whose fam'd schools the various forms appear  
 Of fishes, beasts, and all the fowls o' th' air,  
 And where, with blunted knives, his scholars learn  
 How to dissect, and the nice joints discern ; 221  
 While all the neighb'rh'ood are with noise oppress'd,  
 From the harsh carving of his wooden feast.  
 On me attends a raw unskilful lad,  
 On fragments fed, in homely garments clad,  
 At once my carver and my Ganymede ;  
 With diligence he'll serve us while we dine,  
 And in plain beechen vessels fills our wine,

No beauteous boys I keep, from Phrygia brought,  
 No catamites, by shameful panders taught;  
 Only to me two homebred youths belong, 240  
 Unskill'd in any but their mother-tongue;  
 Alike in feature both, and ~~Perb~~, appear,  
 With honest faces, tho' with uncurl'd hair.  
 This day thou shalt my rural pages see,  
 For I have drest 'em both to wait on thee:  
 Of country swains they both were born, and one  
 My ploughman's is, t'other my shepherd's son;  
 A cheerful sweetness in his looks he has,  
 And innocence unartful in his face;  
 Tho' sometimes sadness will o'ercast the joy, 250  
 And gentle sighs break from the tender boy:  
 His absence from his mother oft' he'll mourn,  
 And with his eyes look wishes to return,  
 Longing to see his tender kids again,  
 And feed his lambs upon the flow'ry plain:  
 A modest blush he wears, not form'd by art;  
 Free from deceit his face, and full as free his  
 heart:

Such looks, such bashfulness, might well adorn  
 The cheeks of youths that are more nobly born;  
 But noblemen those humble graces scorn. 260  
 This youth to-day shall my small treat attend  
 And only he with wine shall serve my friend,  
 With wine from his own country brought, and  
 made [shade  
 From the same vines beneath whose fruitful  
 He and his wanton kids have often play'd.

But you, perhaps, expect a modish feast,  
 With am'rous songs and wanton dances grac'd,  
 Where sprightly females, to the middle bare,  
 Trip lightly o'er the ground, and frisk in air,  
 Whose pliant limbs in various postures move, 270  
 And twine and bound as in the rage of love:  
 Such sights the languid nerves to action stir,  
 And jaded Lust springs forward with this spur:  
 Virtue would shrink to hear this lewdness told,  
 Which husbands now do with their wives behold;  
 A needful help to make 'em both approve  
 The dry embraces of long-wedded Love:  
 In nuptial cinders this revives the fire,  
 And turns their mutual loathing to desire:  
 But she who by her sex's charter must 280  
 Have double pleasure paid, feels double lust;  
 Apace she warms with an immoderate heat,  
 Strongly her bosom heaves and pulses beat;  
 With glowing cheeks and trembling lips she  
     lies,  
 With arms expanded and with naked thighs,  
 Sucking in passion both at ears and eyes.  
 But this becomes not me nor my estate;  
 These are the vicious follies of the great.  
 Let him who does on iv'ry tables dine,  
 Whose marble floors with drunken spawnings  
     shine; 290  
 Let him lascivious songs and dances have,  
 Which or to see or hear the lowliest slave,

The vilest prostitute in all the stews,  
 With bashful indignation would refuse.  
 But fortune there extenuates the crime ;  
 What's vice in me is only mirth in him :  
 The fruits which murder, cards, or dice, afford, }  
 A vestal ravish'd, or a matron whor'd,  
 Are laudable diversions in a lord.

But my poor entertainment is design'd 300  
 To afford you pleasures of another kind :  
 Yet with your taste your hearing shall be fed,  
 And Homer's sacred lines and Virgil's read,  
 Either of whom does all mankind excel,  
 Tho' which exceeds the other none can tell.  
 It matters not with what ill tone they're sung ;  
 Verse so sublimely good no voice can wrong.

Now then be all thy weighty cares away, }  
 Thy jealousies and fears, and while you may  
 To peace and soft repose give all the day. 310 }  
 From thoughts of debt or any worldly ill  
 Be free ; be all uneasy passions still.  
 What tho' thy wife do with the morning light  
 (When thou in vain hast toil'd and drudg'd all  
 night)

Steal from thy bed and house, abroad to roam,  
 And having quenoh'd her flame come breathless  
 home,

Fleck'd in her face, and with disorder'd hair,  
 Her garments ruffled, and her bosom bare ;  
 With ears still tingling, and her eyes on fire,  
 Half drown'd in sin, still burning in desire, 320

Whilst you are forc'd to wink, and seem content,  
 Swelling with passion which you dare not vent;  
 Nay, if you would be free from night alarms,  
 You must seem fond and doting on her charms,  
 Take her (the last of twenty) to your arms.

Let this and ev'ry other anxious thought,  
 At th' entrance of my threshold be forgot;  
 All thy domestic griefs at home be left,  
 The wife's adult'ry with the servant's theft,  
 And (the most racking thought which can intrude)  
 Forget false friends and their ingratitude. 331

Let us our peaceful mirth at home begin,  
 While Megalensian shows are in the Circus seen:  
 There (to the bane of horses) in high state  
 The Prætor sits on a triumphal seat,  
 Vainly with ensigns and with robes adorn'd,  
 As if with conquest from the wars return'd.  
 This day all Rome, (if I may be allow'd,  
 Without offence to such a num'rous crowd,  
 To say all Rome) will in the Circus sweat. 340  
 Echoes already do their shouts repeat:  
 Methinks I hear the cry—' Away, away!  
 ' The green have won the honor of the day.'

Oh! should these sports be but one year for-  
 borne,  
 Rome would in tears her lov'd diversion mourn;  
 For that would now a cause of sorrow yield,  
 Great as the loss of Cannæ's fatal field.  
 Such shows as these were not for us design'd,  
 But vig'rous youth to active sports inclin'd.

On beds of roses laid, let us repose,  
While round our heads refreshing slumbers flow;  
Our aged limbs we'll check in Pausanias' rays,  
And live this day devoted to our ease.  
Early to-day we'll to the bath repair,  
Nor need we now the common censure fear;  
On festivity it is allow'd no crime  
To bathe and eat before the usual time;  
But that continu'd would a loathing give,  
Nor could you thus a week together live,  
For frequent was would the delight exclude;  
Pleasure's at toil when constantly pursu'd.

## PARAPHRASE

UPON

HORACE, LIB. I. ODE XIX.

*Mater, parva Cupidinum, &c.*

I.

THE tyrant Queen of soft desires,  
 With the resistless aid of sprightly wine  
 And wanton ease, conspires  
 To make my heart its peace resign,  
 And readmit Love's long rejected fires.  
 For beauteous Glycera I burn,  
 The flames so long repell'd with double force  
 return:

Matchless her face appears, and shines more bright  
 Than polish'd marble when reflecting light;  
 Her very coyness warms,  
 And with a grateful sullenness she charms;  
 Each look darts forth a thousand rays,  
 Whose lustre an unwary sight betrays;  
 My eyeballs swim, and I grow giddy while I gaze.

II.

She comes! she comes! she rushes in my veins;  
 At once all Venus enters, and at large she reigns;  
 Cyprus no more with her abode is blest;  
 I am her palace, and her throne my breast.

conceit.

K

Of savage Scythian arms no more I write,  
Or Parthian archers, who in flying fight,  
And make rough war their sport;  
Such idle themes no more can move,  
Nor any thing but what's of high import:  
And what's of high import but love?  
Vervain and gums, and the green turf, prepare;  
With wine of two years old your cups be fill'd,  
After our sacrifice and prayer  
The goddess may incline her heart to yield,

END OF CONGREVE'S POEMS.